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ROBERT GREENE**

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THE PLAYS & POEMS OF ROBERT GREENE

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

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VOL. II

FRIER BACON AND FRIER BONGAY. JAMES THE FOURTH
THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD. A MAIDENS DREAME
POEMS FROM THE NOVELS. NOTES TO PLAYS AND POEMS
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INTRODUCTION TO FRIER BACON AND FRIER BONGAY

THIS play was first published in quarto by Edward White in 1594, and in the May of that year it was entered on the Stationers' Registers, thus:—

<p>'ADAM ISLIP EDWARD WHITE</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">xliii^{to} die Maij</p> <p>Entred for his Cople under th(e h)andes of bothe the wardens a booke entituled <i>the Historye of ffryer BACON and ffryer BOUNGAYE . . . vj^d Cj^r</i></p>
--	--

It was reprinted also in quarto in 1630 and in 1655¹. The text printed here is that of the first Quarto collated with that of the second and third.

Of the time of its composition and of its first appearance there is no record. It would seem from an entry in Henslowe's *Diary* that it had been performed in February, 1594.

'R^d at fryer bacone, the 19 of february, Satterdaye . . . xvij^e iij^d.' Collier's Transcript, p. 20.

Henslowe does not note that it was a new play, and it probably was not. In the *Diary* it heads the list of plays performed by 'my lord Stranges mene.' With regard to its composition and first appearance we have nothing to guide us but conjecture and inference. In point of merit it stands with *James IV* at the head of Greene's dramas. The versification and style, as well as its merit from a dramatic and idyllic point of view, seem to warrant us in concluding that its composition must have been subsequent to that of *Alphonsus*, the *Looking Glasse*, and *Orlando Furioso*. It is as plainly the work of a comparatively practised hand as they are the work of a tiro in his apprenticeship. If we assign it to the end of 1591 or the beginning of 1592 we shall probably not be far from the mark. Mr. F. G. Fleay (see Ward's Introduction, Appendix B) very ingeniously deduces from l. 137, 'Lacie, thou knowst next friday is S. Iames,' that the play was produced before August 1589. He observes that dramatic authors always used the almanac of the current year, and that St. James's day fell on a Friday in 1578, 1589, and 1595. Of these dates the first would be too early, the third too late, and thus we are limited to 1589. But this is as obviously unsatisfactory as the conclusion he draws from the curtail-

¹Owing presumably to an error of Malone, Dyce, Lowndes, Grosart, Dr. Ward, and others, have recorded an edition of 1599. But no such edition is, so far as I can ascertain, in existence. Malone had two copies, now in the Bodleian Library, both of them the 1630 reprint, one of them has lost its title-page, and this copy Malone supposed to be an edition dated 1599, and has in his own hand entered it as such. If he had collated it with the reprint of 1630 he would have seen that it was merely a copy of that. I cannot find that before Malone there was any trace or tradition of an edition dated 1599. Baker, in his *Biographia Dramatica* (ed. 1782), makes no mention of such an edition. Its alleged existence seems to be due to Malone's mistaken note.

ment of Greene's motto (Id.). Dr. Ward sees 'no reason against the assumption that it was written before February 1589, very possibly in 1588 or even in 1587.' But surely there are strong reasons against such an assumption. As I have already shown, there is no evidence at all that Greene was engaged in dramatic composition before 1590. Of one thing it seems to me that there can be little doubt, that it stands in the same relation to Marlowe's *Faustus* as *Alphonsus* stood to his *Tamburlaine*, not indeed in the sense of borrowing from it, but in the fact that it was intended to rival it¹. The date of the first appearance of Marlowe's play is not known, but such evidence as we have seems to point to some period between 1588 and 1589²; that it preceded Greene's play must, in the absence of certain proof, be a matter of inference, but it is inference equivalent to moral certainty. Nothing of course can be deduced from the obvious parallel between Faust's words (Scene i. 86, Ward's ed.):—

'I'll haue them wall all Germany with brass,'

and Burden's words in *Frier Bacon* (ll. 200-1):—

'Thou meanst ere many yeares or daies be past,
To compass England with a wall of brasse,'

repeated afterwards by the Friar (ll. 343-4):—

'And Hell and Heccate shall faile the Frier,
But I will circle England round with brasse.'

because Greene found them in the romance on which his drama was based (see Appendix to Introduction, p. 6), and the presumption in favour of *Faustus* having preceded Greene's play is so overwhelmingly strong that we cannot suppose that Marlowe borrowed from Greene. In all probability the line was one of the interpolations introduced into the play after Marlowe's death, and in that case was derived from Greene or from the romance on which Greene drew. But this need not be pressed, for, as Dr. Ward observes, it was a 'traditional boast which was probably quite familiar from the story-book of Friar Bacon.' In the *Looking Glasse*, Greene, for the passage was plainly written by Greene, had already borrowed from *Faustus*: compare the scene where the Usurer is presented in his despair (ll. 1948-53):—

'Hell gapes for me, heauen will not hold my soule.
You mountaines, shroude me from the God of truth:
Mee-thinkes I see him sit to iudge the earth;
See how he blots me out of the booke of life!
Oh burthen more than Ætna that I beare!
Couer me hilles, and shroude me from the Lord.'

¹ I entirely agree with Dr. Wagner in his remarks on this subject in his Introduction to his edition of Marlowe's *Faustus*.

² For the whole question of the probable date of the production and first appearance of Marlowe's *Faustus* see Dr. Ward's Introduction to his edition of *Faustus* and *Frier Bacon and Frier Bungay*, 4th edition, pp. xxx-xxxv.

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with Faust's (Scene xiv. 83-7, Ward's ed.):—

'Mountains and hills come, come and fall on me
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God.
No, no!
Then will I headlong run into the earth;
Earth gape. O no it will not harbour me.'

Compare again the words of the Usurer (ll. 1955-8):—

'In life no peace: each murmuring that I heare,
Mee-thinks the sentence of damnation soundes,
"Die reprobate, and hie thee hence to hell."

The euill Angell tempteth him, offering the knife and rope.

What fiend is this that tempts me to the death?'

with those of Faust at whose side also is standing the Evil Angel (Scene vi. 20-3, Ward's ed.):—

'Fearful echoes thunder in my ears.
Faustus thou art damn'd, these swords and kniues,
Poison, guns, halters and enucom'd steele
Are laid before me to despatch myself.'

Again (Id. ll. 14-17):—

'Faustus. Who buzzeth in my ears I am a spirit.
Be I a deuill, yet God may pity me,
Aye God will pity me, if I repent.'

compared with the words of the Usurer (ll. 1960-3):—

'What second charge is this?
Mee-thinks I heare a voice amidst mine eares,
That bids me staie, and tels me that the Lord
Is mercifull to those that do repent.'

But the whole position and scene where the Usurer is presented in his despair is so analogous to the scene in *Faustus* that it can hardly be doubted that it was a reminiscence of the scene in Marlowe's tragedy¹. There are, it must be admitted, no parallels in details and particulars between *Frier Bacon* and *Faustus* beyond what can be accounted for from similarities in the romances from which each derived its plot, the *Faustbuch* and *The Famous Historie of Friar Bacon*. It is probable that Marlowe's play directed Greene's attention to magicians and magic as subjects for dramatic treatment, and inspired him with the idea of competing with Marlowe by treating in his own way a kindred theme. And his treatment of it is certainly widely different, as he entirely eliminates, with the exception of one incident, the tragical element. Greene had no doubt the tact to know where his strength lay, and where his rival's strength lay. And he had his reward; he produced a work which, as Henslowe's entries show, became as popular in comedy as Marlowe's was in tragedy.

¹ These parallels with Dr. Faustus are not affected by the fact that the germ of this passage is found in Lodge's *Alarum against Usurers*. See note on *Looking Glasse*, vol. i. p. 292, l. 292.

Of equal interest is the relation of *Frier Bacon* to *Faire Em*. It is scarcely necessary to say that the well-known passage in the address to the Gentlemen Students prefixed to Greene's *Farewell to Follie*¹ proves conclusively that Greene had no part in the composition of that play, and that to assign it to him is absurd. But the resemblance it bears to *Frier Bacon* generally, and particularly in the opening scene, is so striking that it would be interesting to know whether the resemblance is merely accidental, or whether it was the result of conscious imitation. It is difficult to think it was accidental, and the question then arises whether *Faire Em* preceded *Frier Bacon* or *Frier Bacon* preceded *Faire Em*. I have already stated my reasons for thinking that *Frier Bacon* was not composed before 1590. All that can be known with certainty about *Faire Em* is that it was on the stage in or before 1591, for in that year appeared Greene's attack on it in the *Farewell to Follie*. Now, part of the plot of *Faire Em* is probably founded on a ballad licensed to Henry Carre, March 2, 1580-1, under the title of *The Miller's Daughter of Manchester*²; its style and versification point to an earlier period than 1591; it was evidently composed not originally for the London stage, but for Lord Strange's men to act in Lancashire and Cheshire, where its many local allusions would alone be intelligible³; after being acted in the provinces it must have won its way to the London boards. So that in all probability when Greene refers to it, it must have been a play of some standing. Simpson is inclined to assign its composition to 1587⁴. On the whole then, though it is not possible to speak with certainty, it is in the highest degree probable that *Faire Em* preceded *Frier Bacon*⁵. If it did, it may have given Greene the model for that part in *Frier Bacon* in which the Prince, Lacy, and Margaret are the principal figures, a love comedy perplexed with disguises and cross-affections. At the opening of the play, William the Conqueror and the Marquis Lubec stand in precisely the same relation to each other as the Prince and Lacy do in Greene's play, first with regard to Blanche, and afterwards with regard to Mariana. Margaret sometimes reminds us of *Faire Em*, and sometimes of Mariana; the sentiments are often identical; there is the same blending of rustic and courtly life; the blank verse is often indistinguishable from Greene's. It would not be too much to say that in tone, colour, and style *Faire Em* stands in the same relation to *Frier Bacon* as *Tamburlaine* stands to *Alphonsus*.

¹ Works (Grosart), vol. ix. pp. 232-3.

² Simpson's *School of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. 377.

³ Id. 372.

⁴ Id.

⁵ Dr. Ward (Introduction to *Frier Bacon and Frier Bungay*, pp. cxlvii-viii) is of opinion that *Faire Em* was subsequent in appearance to Greene's play, and that the resemblances between them are to be referred to imitations of Greene. Had this been the case, is it likely that Greene would have been silent about what he might fairly have described as plagiarism from his drama?

Greene has founded his play on an old romance written probably towards the end of the sixteenth century, the earliest extant edition of which is dated 1627. The title-page is as follows :—

'The Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon. Containing the wonderfull things that he did in his Life: Also the manner of his Death; With the Liues and Deaths of the two Coniurers, Bungye and Vandermast. Very pleasant and delightfull to be read. Bliidschap doet, het leuen ver Langhen. Printed at London by G. P. for Francis Groue, and are to be sold at his shop at the vpper end of Sno'v Hill, against the Saracens head. 1627.'

This is in black-letter; the British Museum copy is imperfect, and I have therefore supplied the deficiencies from another quarto printed, it is supposed—for it is undated—in 1630. Dyce and Dr. Ward have contented themselves with extracts from the reprint in the second volume of Thoms's *Prose Romances*. I have given in the Appendix to this Introduction all those portions of the romance which have furnished Greene with material. A comparison of the drama with the romance will show that Greene in the most charming part of his work owes nothing to the original. His indebtedness to the romance extends indeed no further than the part played by Bacon. The only hint in the romance of the love portion is in chapter xv, where it is said that a fair maid called Mellisant had two suitors, a knight and a gentleman, and that of the two she preferred the gentleman, which may have suggested Margaret's preference of Lacy to the Prince. The rest belongs to Greene. There is not, so far as we know, any foundation either in fact or tradition for Edward's intrigue with 'the fair maid of Fressingfield' or for the visit of Henry III, the King of Castile, and the Emperor of Germany to Oxford.

The historical personages and the part they play will not of course bear examination for a moment, and this part of the drama is full of the absurdest fictions and anachronisms. Henry III, indeed, paid several visits to Oxford (see the first book of Anthony à Wood's *History and Antiquities of the University*), but the Emperor of Germany, who was Frederic II, was never in England, nor, so far as is known, was the King of Castile, Ferdinand III. The whole account given of Prince Edward is incorrect. He married Eleanor of Castile sixteen years before he went on the Crusade referred to by Greene, and he married, not in England, but by proxy in Spain, nor did he ever distinguish himself before the walls of Damascus. His relations with Friar Bacon are as purely fictitious as his connexion with the Fair Maid of Fressingfield. No scholar or magician of the name of Vandermast is known. Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, and Warren are historical personages, but there is nothing which connects Lacy with any maid of Fressingfield, and Warren was not Earl of Sussex but Earl of Surrey.

APPENDIX TO INTRODUCTION

CHAP. II. 1630

How the King sent for Frier Bacon, and of the wonderful things that he shewed the King and Queen.—

The King being in Oxfordshire at a Nobleman's house was very desirous to see this famous Frier, for he had heard many times of the wondrous things that he had done by his art.

The King, Queen and Nobles sate then all down: they having so done the Frier waving his wand, and presently was heard such excellent Musick that they were all amazed, for they all said they had never heard the like. . . . Then waved he his wand again, and there was another kind of Musick heard, and whilst it was a playing, there was suddenly before them a Table richly covered with all sorts of delicates: Then desired he the King and Queen to taste of some certain rare fruits that were on the Table, which they and the Nobles there presently did, and were very highly pleased with the taste.

CHAP. V

How Fryer Bacon made a Brasen head to speake, by the which hee would have walled England about with Brasse.—

Fryer Bacon reading one day of the many Conquests of England, bethought himself how hee might keepe it hereafter from the like Conquests, and to make himselfe famous hereafter to all posterities: This (after great study) hee found could be no way so well done as one; which was to make a head of Brasse, and if he could make this head to speake (and heare it when it speakes) then might hee be able to wall all England about with Brasse. To this purpose he got one Fryer Bungey to assist him, who was a great Schollar and a magician, (but not to bee compared with Frier Bacon): These two with great study and paines so framed a head of Brasse, that in the inward parts thereof there was all things (like as is in a naturall mans head): this being done, they were as farre from perfection of the worke as they were before, for they knew not how to give those parts that they had made motion, without which it was impossible that it should speake: Many bookes they read, yet could not finde out any hope of what they sought, so that at the last they concluded to raise a spirit, and to know of him that which they could not attaine to by their owne studies. To do this they prepared all things ready and went one evening to a wood thereby, and after many ceremonies used, they spake the words of conjuration, which the Devill straight obeyed and appeared unto them, asking what they would? Know, said Frier Bacon, that wee have made an artificiall head of brasse, which wee would have to speake, to the furtherance of which wee have raised thee; and being raised, wee will here keepe thee, unlesse thou tell to us the way and manner how

to make this Head to speak. The Devill told him that he had not that power of himselfe : beginner of lyes (said Fryer Bacon) I know that thou dost dissemble, and therefore tell it us quickly, or else wee will here bind thee to remaine during our pleasures. At these threatnings the Devill consented to doe it, and told them, that with a continuall fume of the six hottest Simples it should have motion, and in one month space speake, the Time of the moneth or day hee knew not: also hee told them, that if they heard it not before it had done speaking, all their labour should be lost : they, being satisfied, licensed the Spirit for to depart.—

Then went these two learned Fryers home againe, and prepared the Simples ready, and made the fume, and with continuall watching attended when this Brasen head would speake : thus watched they for three weekes without any rest, so that they were so weary and sleepy, that they could not any longer retaine from rest : then called Fryer Bacon his man Miles, and told him, that it was not unknowne to him what paines Fryer Bungy and himselfe had taken for three weekes space, onely to make, and to heare the Brasen-head speake, which if they did not, then had they lost all their labour, and all England had a great losse thereby : therefore hee intreated Miles that he would watch whilest that they sleep, and call them if the Head speake. Feare not, good Master (said Mailes) I will not sleepe, but harken and attend upon the head, and if it doe chance to speake, I will call you : therefore I pray take you both your rests and let mee alone for watching this head. After Fryer Bacon had given him a great charge : The second time, Fryer Bungy and he went to sleepe, and left Miles alone to watch the Brasen head : Miles, to keepe him from sleeping, got a Tabor and Pipe, and being merry disposed, sung this Song to a Northren tune,

Of Cam'st thou not from New-Castle
To couple is a custome,
All things thereto agree :
Why should not I then love ?
Since love to all is free.
But I'll have one that's pretty,
Her cheekes of scarlet die ?
For to breed my delight,
When that I ligge her by.
Though vertue be a Dowry,
Yet I'll chuse money store :
If my love prove untrue,
With that I can get more.
The faire is oft unconstant,
The blacke is often proud.
I'll chuse a lovely browne,
Come fiddler scrape thy crowd.

Come fidler scrape thy crowd,
 For Peggie the browne is she,
 Must be my Bride, God guide
 That Peggie and I agree.

With his owne Musicke, and such songs as these spent he his time, and kept from sleeping, at last, after some noyse the Head spake these two words, Time is. Miles hearing it to speake no more, thought his Master would be angry if hee waked him for that, and therefore hee let them both sleepe, and began to mocke the Head in this manner: Thou Brazen-faced Head, hath my Master tooke all this paines about thee, and now dost thou requite him with two words, Time is: had he watched with a Lawyer so long as he hath watched with thee, he would have given him more, and better words then thou hast yet, if thou can speake no wiser, they shall sleepe till doomes day for me: Time is: I know Time is, and that you shall heare good-man Brazen-face.

To the tune of Daintie come thou to me.

Time is for some to plant,
 Time is for some to sowe;
 Time is for some to graft
 The horne as some do know.
 Time is for some to eate,
 Time is for some to sleepe,
 Time is for some to laugh,
 Time is for some to weepe.
 Time is for some to sing,
 Time is for some to pray,
 Time is for some to creepe,
 That have drunke all the day.
 Time is to cart a Bawd,
 Time is to whip a Whore,
 Time is to hang a Theefe,
 And time is for much more.

Doe you tell us Copper-nose, when Time is, I hope we Schollers know our Times, when to drinke drunke, when to kisse our Hostis, when to goe on her score, and when to pay it, that time comes seldome. After halfe an hour had passed, the Head did speake againe, two words, which were these: Time was. Miles respected these words as little as he did the former, and would not wake them, but still scoffed at the Brasen head, that it had learned no better words, and had such a Tutor as his Master: and in scorne of it sung this Song.

To the tune of A rich Merchant Man.
 Time was when thou a Kettle
 Wert fill'd with better matter:
 But Fryer Bacon did thee spoyle,
 When he thy sides did batter.

Time was when conscience dwelled
With men of occupation :
Time was when Lawyers did not thrive
So well by mens vexation.
Time was when Kings and Beggars
Of one poore stuffe had being :
Time was when office kept no knaves :
That time it was worth seeing.
Time was a bowle of water
Did give the face reflection,
Time was when women knew no paint :
Which now they call complexion.

Time was : I know that Brazen-face, without your telling, I know Time was, and I know what things there was when Time was, and if you speake no wiser, no Master shall be waked for mee. Thus Miles talked and sung till another halfe houre was gone, then the Brazen-head spake againe these words ; Time is past : and therewith fell downe, and presently followed a terrible noyse, with strange flashes of fire, so that Miles was halfe dead with feare : at this noyse the two Fryers awakened, and wondred to see the whole roome so full of smoake, but that having vanished they might perceive the Brazen-head broken and lying on the ground : at this sight they grieved, and called Miles to know how this came. Miles halfe dead with feare, said that it fell downe of it selfe, and that with the noyse and fire that followed hee was almost frighted out of his wits : Fryer Bacon asked him if hee did not speake ? Yes (quoth Miles) it spake, but to no purpose. I'll have a Parret speake better in that time that you have beene teaching this Brazen-head. Out on thee villaine (said Fryer Bacon) thou hast undone us both, hadst thou but called us when it did speake, all England had bin walled round about with Brasse, to its glory and our eternall fames : what were the words it spake ? Very few (said Miles) and those were none of the wisest that I have heard neither : first he said Time is. Hadst thou call'd us then (said Fryer Bacon) wee had beene made for ever : then (said Miles) halfe an houre after it spake againe and said, Time was. And wouldst thou not call us then (said Bungy ?) Alas (said Miles) I thought he would have told me some long Tale, and then I purposed to have called you : then halfe an houre after he cried Time is past, and made such a noyse, that hee hath waked you himselfe mee thinkes. At this Fryer Bacon was in such a rage, that hee would have beaten his man, but he was restrained by Bungy : but nevertheles for his punishment he with his Art struck him dumbe for one whole months space. Thus that great worke of these learned Fryers was overthrowen (to their great griefes) by this simple fellow.

CHAP. VII

How Fryer Bacon over-came the German Conjurer Vandermast, and make a spirit of his owne carry him into Germany.

The King of England after hee had taken in the towne, shewed great mercy to the Inhabitants, giving some of them their lives freely, and others hee set at libertie for their Gold: the Towne hee kept as his owne, and swore the Chiefe Citizens to be his true subjects. Presently after the King of France sent an Ambassadour to the King of England, for to intreat a peace betweene them. This Ambassadour being come to the King he feasted him (as it is the manner of Princes to doe) and with the best sports as he had then, welcomed him. The Ambassadour seeing the King of England so free in his Love, desired likewise to give him some taste of his good liking, and to that intent sent for one of his fellowes (being a Germane, and named Vandermast) a famous Conjurer, who being come, hee told the King, that since his Grace had beene so bountifull in his love to him, he would shew him (by a servant of his) such wonderfull things, that his Grace had never seene the like before. The King demaunded of him, of what nature those things were that hee would doe? The Ambassadour answered, that they were things done by the Art of Magicke. The King hearing of this, sent straight for Fryer Bacon, who presently came, and brought Fryer Bungey with him.

When the Banquet was done, Vandermast did aske the King, if hee desired to see any Spirit of any man deceased; and if that he did, hee would raise him in such manner and fashion as he was in when that hee lived.

Fryer Bungey then began to shew his Art; and after some turning and looking on his Booke, he brought up among them the Hysperian Tree, which did beare golden Apples; these Apples were kept by a waking Dragon, that lay under the Tree: Hee having done this, bid Vandermast finde one that durst gather the fruit. Then Vandermast did raise the ghost of Hercules in his habit that he wore when that he was living, and with his club on his shoulder; Here is one said Vandermast, that shall gather fruit from this Tree: this is Hercules, that in his life time gathered of this fruit, and made the Dragon couch: and now againe shall hee gather it in spight of all opposition: As Hercules was going to plucke the fruit, Fryer Bacon held up his wand, at which Hercules stayed and seemed fearefull. Vandermast bid him for to gather of the fruit, or else hee would torment him. Hercules was more fearefull, and said, I cannot, nor I dare not; for here great Bacon stands, whose charmes are farre more powerful than thine, I must obey him, Vandermast. Hereat Vandermast curst Hercules, and threatned him: But Fryer Bacon laughed, and bid him not to

chafe himselfe ere that his journey was ended ; for seeing (said he) that Hercules will doe nothing at your command, I will have him doe you some service at mine : with that hee bid Hercules carry him home into Germany. The Devill obeyed him, and tooke Vandermast on his backe, and went away with him in all their sights. Hold Fryer, cried the Embassadour, I will not loose Vandermast for half my land. Content your selfe my Lord, answered Fryer Bacon, I have but sent him home to see his wife, and ere long he may returne. The King of England thanked Fryer Bacon, and forced some gifts on him for his service that hee had done for him ; for Fryer Bacon did so little respect money, that he never would take any of the King.

CHAP. XV. 1630

(Ed. 1627 has not the later chapters.)

How Fryer Bacon did help a young man to his sweetheart, which Fryer Bungey would have married to another ; and of the mirth that was at the wedding.

An Oxford-shire Gentleman had long time loved a fair Maid, called Millisant ; this love of his was as kindly received of her, as it was freely given of him, so that there wanted nothing to the finishing of their joys, but the consent of her father, who would not grant that she should be his wife (though formerly he had been a means to further the match) by reason there was a Knight that was a suitor to her, and did desire that he might have her to his wife : but this Knight could never get from her the least token of good will : so surely was her love fixed upon the Gentleman.

Fryer Bacon (knowing him for a vertuous gentleman) pityed him : and to give his griefs some release, shewed him a glass, wherein any one might see anything done (within fifty miles space) that they desired : So soon as he had looked in the glass, he saw his Love Millisant with her Father, and the Knight, ready to be married by Fryer Bungey : At the sight of this he cryed out that he was undone, for now should he lose his life in losing of his Love. Fryer Bacon bids him take comfort for he would prevent the marriage.

CHAP. XVIII

How two young gentlemen that came to Fryer Bacon to know how their Fathers did, killed one another, and how Fryer Bacon for grief did break his rare glass, wherein he could see anything that was done within fifty miles about him.

(After introductory paragraph describing the wonderful glass.)

It happened one day that there came to him two young Gentlemen, (that were Countrymen, and Neighbours Children) for to know of him

by his Glass, how their Fathers did : he being no niggard of his cunning, let them see his glass, wherein they streight beheld their wishes, which they (through their own follies) bought at their lives losses as you shall hear.

The Fathers of these two Gentlemen, (in their sons absence) were become great foes ; this hatred between them was grown to that height, that wheresoever they met, they had not only words but blows.

Just at that time, as it should seem, that their sons were looking to see how they were in health, they were met and had drawn, and were together by the ears.

Their Sons seeing this, (and having been always great friends) knew not what to say to one another, but beheld each other with angry looks : At last one of their Fathers, as they might perceive in the Glass, had a fall ; and the other taking advantage, stood over him ready to strike him : The Son of him that was down, could then contain himself no longer, but told the other young man, that his Father had received wrong. He answered again, that it was fair. At last there grew such foul words between them, and their bloods were so heated, that they presently stabb'd one another with their daggers, and so fell down dead.

Fryer Bacon seeing them fall, ran to them, but it was too late ; for they were breathless ere he came. This made him to grieve exceedingly : he judging that they had received the cause of their deaths by this his Glass, took the Glass in his hand, and uttered words to this effect.

Wretched Bacon, wretched in thy knowledge, in thy understanding wretched, for thy Art hath been the ruine of these two Gentlemen. Had I been busied in those holy things, the which mine Order tyés me to, I had not had that time that made this wicked Glass : Wicked I well may call it, that is the causer of so vile an Act ; would it were sensible, then should it feel my wrath, but being as it is, I'll ruine it for ruining of them : And with that he broke his rare and wonderful glass, whose like the whole World had not. In this grief of his, there came news to him, of the deaths of Vandermast and Fryer Bungey This did increase his grief, and made him so sorrowful, that in three days he would not eat anything, but kept his Chamber.

CHAP. XIX

How Fryar Bacon burnt his Books of Magick, and gave himself to the study of Divinity only, and how he turned Anchorite.

In the time that Frier Bacon kept his chamber, he fell into divers meditations : Sometimes into the vanity of Arts and Sciences : then would he condemn himself for studying of those things that were so Contrary to his Order, and soul's health, and would say, that Magick made a man a Devil ; Sometimes would he meditate on Divinity ;

then would he cry out upon himself for neglecting the study of it, and for studying Magick : Sometimes would he meditate on the shortness of man's life, then would he condemn himself for spending a time so short, so ill as he had done his : So would he go from one thing to another, and in all condemn his former studies.

And that the world should know how truly he did repent his wicked life, he caused a great fire to be made, and sending for many of his Friends, Scholars, and others, he spake to them after this manner : My good Friends and fellow Students, it is not unknown unto you, how that through mine Art I have attained to that credit, that few men living ever had : Of the wonders that I have done all England can speak, both King and Commons : I have unlocked the secrets of Art and Nature, and let the world see those things, that have lain hid ever since the death of Hermes, that rare and profound Philosopher : My studies have found out the secrets of the Stars, the Books that I have made of them do serve for presidents to our greatest Doctors, so excellent hath my judgment been therein.

I likewise have found out the secrets of Trees, Plants, and Stones, with their several uses ; yet all this knowledge of mine I esteem so lightly, that I wish that I were ignorant, and knew nothing ; for the knowledge of these things, as I have truly found, serveth not to better a man in goodness, but only to make him proud, and think too well of himself. What hath all my knowledge of Natures Secrets gained me ? Only this, the loss of a better knowledge, the loss of divine Studies, which makes the immortal part of man, (his soul) blessed.

I have found that my Knowledge hath been a heavy burthen, and hath kept down my good thoughts : but I will remove the Cause, which are these books ; which I do purpose here before you all to burn. They all intreated him to spare the Books, because in them there were those things that after ages might receive great benefit by. He would not hearken unto them, but threw them all into the fire, and in that flame burnt the greatest learning in the world.

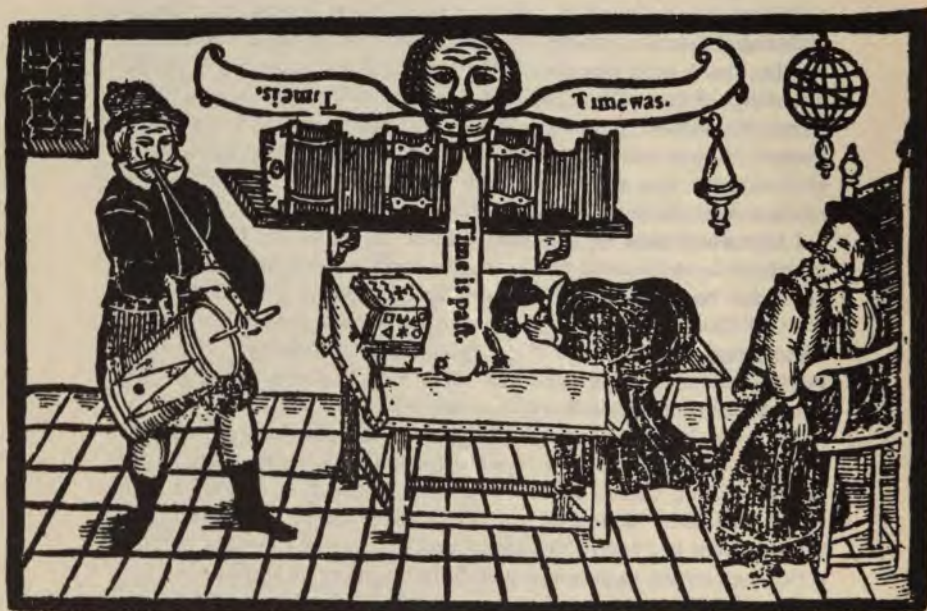
Then did he dispose of all his goods, some part he gave to poor Scholars, and some he gave to other (poor folks), nothing left he for himself. Then caused he to be (made) in the Church-wall a cell, where he locked himself in, and there remained to his death. His time he spent in Prayer, Meditation, and such divine exercises, and did seek by all means to persuade men from the study of Magick.

Thus lived he some two years space in that Cell, never coming forth ; his meat and drink he received in at a window, and at that window he did discourse with those that came to him ; his grave he digged with his own nails, and was laid there when . . . Life and Death of this famous Fryer . . . part of his life a Magician, and died a true penitent Sinner, and an Anchorite.

THE
HONORABLE
HISTORIE OF
FRIER BACON, AND
FRIER BONGAR.

As it was lately plaid by the Prince *Palatine* his Seruants.

Made by *Robert Greene*, Master of Arts.



LONDON,
Printed by ELIZABETH ALDE dwelling
neere Christ-Church. 1630.



THE
HONORABLE HISTORIE
of frier Bacon, and frier Bongay.

As it was plaide by her Maiesties seruants.

Made by *Robert Greene* Maister of Arts.



LONDON,
Printed for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop, at
the little North dore of Poules, at the signe of
the Gun. 1594.

1<DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING HENRY THE THIRD.
PRINCE EDWARD, *his son*.
EMPEROR OF GERMANY.
KING OF CASTILE.
DUKE OF SAXONY.
LACY, *Earl of Lincoln*.
WARREN, *Earl of Sussex*.
ERMSBY, *a Gentleman*.
RALPH SIMNELL, *the King's Fool*.
FRIAR BACON.
MILES, *Friar Bacon's poor scholar*.
FRIAR BUNGAY.
JAQUES VANDERMAST.
BURDEN, }
MASON, } *Doctors of Oxford*.
CLEMENT, }
LAMBERT, }
SERLSBY, } *Gentlemen*.
Two scholars, their sons.
Keeper.
THOMAS, }
RICHARD, } *Clowns*.
Constable.
A Post.
Lords, Clowns, &c.
ELINOR, *daughter to the King of Castile*.
MARGARET, *the Keeper's daughter*.
JOAN, *a country wench*.
Hostess of the Bell at Henley.
A devil.
*Spirit in the shape of HERCULES*¹.>

¹ Adapted from Dyce—not in original.

THE HONORABLE HISTORIE OF FRIER
BACON, AND FRIER BONGAY AS IT
WAS PLAID BY HER MAIESTIES
SERVANTS.

〈ACT I.〉

〈SCENE I. *At Framlingham.*〉

*Enter, Edward the first, malcontented with Lacy earle of Lincolne,
Iohn Warren earle of Sussex, and Ermsbie gentleman: Raph
Simmell the Kings foole.*

Lacie. Why lookes my lord like to a troubled skie,
When heauens bright shine is shadowed with a fogge?
Alate we ran the deere, and through the Lawndes
Stript with our naggess the loftie frolicke bucks,
That scudded fore the teisers like the wind: 5
Nere was the Deere of merry *Fresingfield*
So lustily puld down by iolly mates,
Nor sharde the Farmers such fat venison,
So franckly dealt, this hundred yeares before:
Nor haue I seene my lord more frolicke in the chace, 10
And now changde to a melancholie dumpe.

Warren. After the Prince got to the keepers lodge,
And had been iocand in the house a while,
Tossing of ale and milke in countrie cannes;
Whether it was the countries sweete content, 15
Or els the bonny damsell fild vs drinke,
That seemd so statly in her stammell red,
Or that a qualme did crosse his stomacke then,
But straight he fell into his passions.

Ermsbie. Sirra *Raphe*, what say you to your maister? 20
Shall he thus all amort liue malecontent?

Raphe. Heerest thou, *Ned*? nay looke if hee will speake
to me.

For Quartos see Introduction, p. I.

13 iucond Q² 3

14 of] off Dyce, Ward

Edward. What sayst thou to me, foole?

Raphe. I pree thee tell me, *Ned*, art thou in loue with the 25
keepers daughter?

Edward. How if I be, what then?

Raphe. Why then, sirha, Ile teach thee how to deceiue
loue.

Edward. How, *Raphe*? 30

Raphe. Marrie, Sirha *Ned*, thou shalt put on my cap and
my coat, and my dagger, and I will put on thy clothes,
and thy sword, and so thou shalt be my foole.

Edward. And what of this?

Raphe. Why, so thou shalt beguile Loue, for Loue is such a 35
proud scab, that he will neuer meddle with fooles nor chil-
dren. Is not *Raphes* counsell good, *Ned*?

Edward. Tell me, *Ned Lacie*, didst thou marke the mayd,
How liuely in her country weedes she lookt?

A bonier wench all *Suffolke* cannot yeeld, 40

All *Suffolke*, nay all *England*, holds none such.

Raphe. Sirha *Will Ermsby*, *Ned* is deceiued.

Ermsbie. Why, *Raphe*?

Raphe. He saies all *England* hath no such, and I say, and
Ile stand to it, there is one better in *Warwickshire*. 45

Warren. How proouest thou that, *Raphe*?

Raphe. Why, is not the *Abbot* a learned man, and hath
red many bookes? and thinkest thou he hath not more
learning than thou to choose a bonny wench? yes, I
warrant thee, by his whole grammer. 50

Ermsby. A good reason, *Raphe*.

Edward. I tell the, *Lacie*, that her sparkling eyes

Doe lighten forth sweet Loues alluring fire:

And in her tresses she doth fold the looks

Of such as gaze vpon her golden haire: 55

Her bashfull white mixt with the mornings red

Luna doth boast vpon her louely cheekes:

Her front is beauties table where she paints

The glories of her gorgious excellence:

Her teeth are shelues of pretious Margarites, 60

25 prethee Q3
47 not om. Q2 3
55 such a gaize Q3

39 liuely] lovely Dyce, Ward
hath he read Q2
58 where] when Q3

45 one] not Q3
49 warrant I thee Q2 3

Richly enclosed with ruddie curroll cleues.

Tush, *Lacie*, she is beauties ouermatch,

If thou suruaist her curious imagerie.

Lacie. I grant, my lord, the damsell is as faire

As simple *Suffolks* homely towns can yeeld :

65

But in the Court be quainter dames than she,

Whose faces are enrich with honours taint,

Whose bewties stand vpon the stage of fame,

And vaunt their trophies in the courts of loue.

Edward. Ah, *Ned*, but hadst thou watcht her as my self, 70

And seene the secret bewties of the maid,

Their courtly coinesse were but foolery.

Ermsbie. Why, how watcht you her, my lord?

Edward. When as she swept like *Venus* through the house,

And in her shape fast foulded vp my thoughtes :

75

Into the Milkhouse went I with the maid,

And there amongst the cream-boles she did shine,

As *Pallace* mongst her Princely huswiferie :

She turnd her smocke ouer her Lilly armes,

And diued them into milke to run her cheese :

80

But, whiter than the milke, her christall skin,

Checked with lines of Azur, made her blush,

That art or nature durst bring for compare.

Ermsbie, if thou hadst seene as I did note it well,

How bewtie plaid the huswife, how this girle

85

Like *Lucrece* laid her fingers to the worke,

Thou wouldest with *Tarquine* hazard *Roome* and all

To win the louely mayd of *Fresingfield*.

Raphe. Sirha *Ned*, wouldst faine haue her?

Edward. I, *Raphe*.

90

Raphe. Why, *Ned*, I haue laid the plot in my head; thou shalt haue her alreadie.

Edward. Ile giue thee a new coat and learne me that.

Raphe. Why, sirra *Ned*, weel ride to *Oxford* to Frier *Bacon*;

oh, he is a braue scholler, sirra, they say he is a braue 95

Nigromancer, that he can make women of deuils, and

hee can iuggle cats into Costermongers.

Edward. And how then, *Raphe*?

63 surpast Q3
78 *Pallas* Q2 3

66 than] then Q2 3

69 Court of Loue Q2 3

Raphe. Marry, sirha, thou shalt go to him, and because thy father *Harry* shall not misse thee, hee shall turne me 100 into thee; and Ile to the Court, and Ile prince it out, and he shall make thee either a silken purse, full of gold, or else a fine wrought smocke.—

Edward. But how shall I haue the mayd? 105

Raphe. Marry, sirha, if thou beest a silken purse full of gold, then on sundaies sheele hang thee by her side, and you must not say a word. Now, sir, when she comes into a great prease of people, for feare of the cut-purse on a sodaine sheele swap thee into her plackerd; then, sirha, 110 being there you may plead for your selfe.

Ermsbie. Excellent pollicie!

Edward. But how if I be a wrought smocke?

Raphe. Then sheele put thee into her chest and lay thee into Lauender, and vpon some good day sheele put thee 115 on, and at night when you go to bed, then being turnd from a smocke to a man, you may make vp the match.

Lacie. Wonderfully wisely counselled, *Raphe*!

Edward. *Raphe* shall haue a new coate.

Raphe. God thanke you when I haue it on my backe, *Ned.* 120

Edward. *Lacie*, the foole hath laid a perfect plot;

For why our countrie *Margret* is so coy,
And standes so much vpon her honest pointes,
That marriage or no market with the mayd:

Ermsbie, it must be nigromaticke spels 125
And charmes of art that must inchaine her loue,
Or else shall *Edward* neuer win the girle.

Therefore, my wags, wee le horse vs in the morne,
And post to *Oxford* to this iolly Frier:

Bacon shall by his magicke doe this deed. 130

Warren. Content, my lord, and thats a speedy way
To weane these head-strong puppies from the teat.

Edward. I am vnknowne, not taken for the Prince;
They onely deeme vs frolicke Courtiers,
That reuell thus among our lieges game: 135
Therefore I haue deuised a pollicie.

Lacie, thou knowst next friday is *S. Iames*,

100 *Henry Q3*
110 sudden *Q2 3*

101 into thee] to thee *Q2 3*
placked *Q3*

109 presse *Q2 3*
125 nigromantick *Q3*

And then the country flockes to *Harlston* faire;
 Then will the Keepers daughter frolicke there,
 And ouer-shine the troupe of all the maids, 140
 That come to see and to be seene that day.
 Haunt thee disguisd among the countrie swaines;
 Fain thart a farmers sonne, not far from thence;
 Espie her loues, and who she liketh best :—
 Coat him, and court her to 'controll the clowne ; 145
 Say that the Courtier tyred all in greene,
 That helpt her handsomly to run her cheese,
 And fild her fathers lodge with venison,
 Commends him, and sends fairings to herselfe.
 Buy something worthie of her parentage, 150
 Not worth her beautie ; for, *Lacie*, then the faire
 Affords no Iewell fitting for the mayd :
 And when thou talkest of me, note if she blush ;
 Oh then she loues ; but if her cheekes waxe pale,
 Disdaine it is. *Lacie*, send how she fares, 155
 And spare no time nor cost to win her loues.
Lacie. I will, my lord, so execute this charge,
 As if that *Lacie* were in loue with her.
Edward. Send letters speedily to *Oxford* of the newes.
Raphe. And, sirha *Lacie*, buy me a thousand thousand 160
 million of fine bels.
Lacie. What wilt thou doe with them, *Raphe*?
Raphe. Mary, euery time that *Ned* sighs for the Keepers
 daughter, Ile tie a bell about him : and so within three or
 foure daies I will send word to his father *Harry*, that his 165
 sonne and my maister *Ned* is become Loues morris dance.
Edward. Well, *Lacie*, looke with care vnto thy charge,
 And I will hast to *Oxford* to the Frier,
 That he by art, and thou by secret gifts,
 Maist make me lord of merrie *Fresingfield*. 170
Lacie. God send your honour your harts desire.

Exeunt.

138 Hurlston Q3 164 so that in Q3 165 Henry Q3 166 morris-
 dance(r) Dyce, Ward

⟨SCENE II. *Friar Bacon's Cell at Oxford.*⟩

Enter frier Bacon, with Miles his poore Scholer with bookes under his arme, with them Burden, Mason, Clement, three doctors.

Bacon. Miles where are you?

Miles. *Hic sum, dostissime & reuerendissime doctor.*

Bacon. *Attulisti tnost libros meos de Necromantia?*

Miles. *Ecce quam bonum & quam iocundum, habitares libros* 175
in unum.

Bacon. Now Maisters of our Academicke State,
That rule in *Oxford* Vizroies in your place,
Whose heads containe Maps of the liberall arts,
Spending your time in deapth of learned skill, 180
Why flocke you thus to *Bacons* secret Cell,
A Frier newly stalde in *Brazennose?*
Say whats your mind, that I may make replie.

Burden. *Bacon,* we hear, that long we haue suspect,
That thou art read in Magicks myserie; 185
In Piromancie to diuine by flames;
To tell by Hadromaticke ebbes and tides;
By Aeromancie to discouer doubts,
To plaine our questions, as *Apollo* did.

Bacon. Well, maister *Burden,* what of all this? 190

Miles. Marie, sir, he doth but fulfill by rehearsing of these
names the Fable of the Fox and the grapes; that which
is aboue vs pertains nothing to vs.

Burden. I tell thee, *Bacon,* *Oxford* makes report,
Nay, *England* and the court of *Henrie* saies 195
Thart making of a brazen head by art,
Which shall vnfold strange doubts and Aphorismes,
And read a lecture in Philosophie,
And by the helpe of Diuels and ghastly fiends,
Thou meanst ere many yeares or daies be past, 200
To compasse *England* with a wall of brasse.

Bacon. And what of this?

173 *doctissime Dyce, Ward* 174 *nos] nostros Ward after Fleay*
175 *iocundum, habitare Q2 3* 178 *Vice roies Q2 3* 182 *Brazednose Q3*
186 *Piromancy Q2 3* 187 *hydromatic Dyce: hydromancy Ward*
188 *Aeromancy Q2: Eromancy Q3* 189 *our] out Q3, Dyce, Ward*

Miles. What of this, Maister? why he doth speak mystically, for he knowes if your skill faile to make a brazen head, yet mother waters strong ale will fit his turne to 205 make him haue a copper nose.

Clement. *Bacon*, we come not greeuing at thy skill,
But ioying that our Academie yeelds
A man supposde the woonder of the world:
For if thy cunning worke these myracles, 210
England and *Europe* shall admire thy fame,
And *Oxford* shall in characters of brasse,
And statues such as were built vp in *Rome*,
Eternize Frier *Bacon* for his art.

Mason. Then, gentle Frier, tell vs thy intent. 215

Bacon. Seeing you come as friends vnto the frier,
Resolue you doctors, *Bacon* can by bookes
Make storming *Boreas* thunder from his caue,
And dimme faire *Luna* to a darke Eclipse.
The great arch-ruler, potentate of hell, 220
Trembles, when *Bacon* bids him, or his fiends,
Bow to the force of his Pentageron.
What art can worke, the frolicke frier knowes,
And therefore will I turne my Magicke bookes,
And straine out Nigromancie to the deepe. 225
I haue contrivd and framde a head of brasse
(I made *Belcephon* hammer out the stuffe),
And that by art shall read Philosophie:
And I will strengthen *England* by my skill,
That if ten *Caesars* livd and raignd in *Rome*, 230
With all the legions *Europe* doth containe,
They should not touch a grasse of *English* ground:
The worke that *Ninus* reard at *Babylon*,
The brazen walles framde by *Semiramis*,
Carued out like to the portall of the sunne, 235
Shall not be such as rings the *English* strond
From *Douer* to the market place of *Rie*.

Burden. Is this possible?

Miles. Ile bring ye two or three witnesses.

Burden. What be those? 240

208 ioyeng Q1 227 *Belcephon* Q3 staffe Q3 234 *Semiramais* Q3
235 protall Q3 237 *Rye* Q2 3 239 two] to Q1

Miles. Marry, Sir, three or foure as honest diuels, and good companions as any be in hell.

Mason. No doubt but magicke may doe much in this;
For he that reades but Mathematicke rules
Shall finde conclusions that auaille to worke 245
Wonders that passe the common sense of men.

Burden. But *Bacon* roues a bow beyond his reach,
And tels of more than magicke can performe,
Thinking to get a fame by fooleries.
Haue I not past as farre in state of schooles, 250
And red of many secrets? yet to thinke
That heads of Brasse can vtter any voice,
Or more, to tell of deepe philosophie,
This is a fable *Aesop* had forgot.

Bacon. *Burden*, thou wrongst me in detracting thus; 255
Bacon loues not to stufte him selfe with lies:
But tell me fore these Doctors, if thou dare,
Of certaine questions I shall moue to thee.

Burden. I will, aske what thou can.

Miles. Marrie, Sir, heele straight be on your pickpacke to 260
knowe whether the feminine or the masculin gender be
most worthie.

Bacon. Were you not yesterday, maister *Burden*, at *Henly*
vpon the *Thembs*?

Burden. I was, what then? 265

Bacon. What booke studied you there on all night?

Burden. I? none at all; I red not there a line.

Bacon. Then doctors, Frier *Bacons* art knowes nought.

Clement. What say you to this, maister *Burden*, doth hee
not touch you? 270

Burden. I passe not of his friuolous speeches.

Miles. Nay, maister *Burden*, my maister, ere hee hath done
with you, will turne you from a doctor to a dunce, and
shake you so small, that he will leaue no more learning in
you than is in *Balaams* Asse. 275

Bacon. Maisters, for that learned *Burdens* skill is deepe,

241 of the honest Deuils Q3 246 sence Q2 3 250 fare Q3
251 read Q2 3 and *passim* 254 *Aesop* Q2 : *Esop* Q3 263 *Henley* Q3
264 vpon *Themes* Q2 : vpon *Theames* Q3 266 thereon *Dyce*, *Ward*
275 *Balams* Q2 3

And sore he doubts of *Bacons Cabalisme*,
 Ile shew you why he haunts to Henly oft :
 Not, doctors, for to tast the fragrant aire :
 But there to spend the night in Alcumie, 280
 To multiplie with secret spels of art ;
 Thus priuat steales he learning from vs all.
 To prooue my sayings true, Ile shew you straight,
 The booke he keepes at *Henly* for him selfe.

Miles. Nay, now my maister goes to coniuration, take heede. 285

Bacon. Maisters, stand still, feare not, Ile shewe you but
 his booke.

Heere he coniures.

Per omnes deos infernales Belcephon.

Enter a woman with a shoulder of mutton on a spit, and a Deuill.

Miles. Oh, maister, cease your coniuration, or you spoile
 all; for heeres a shee diuell come with a shoulder of 290
 mutton on a spit: you haue mard the diuels supper, but
 no doubt hee thinkes our Colledge fare is slender, and
 so hath sent you his cooke with a shoulder of mutton,
 to make it exceed.

Hostesse. Oh where am I, or whats become of me?

Bacon. What art thou? 295

Hostesse. Hostesse at *Henly*, mistresse of the *Bell*.

Bacon. How camest thou heere?

Hostesse. As I was in the kitchen mongst the maydes,
 Spitting the meate against supper for my guesse,
 A motion mooued me to looke forth of dore: 300
 No sooner had I pried into the yard,
 But straight a whirlwind hoisted me from thence,
 And mounted me aloft vnto the cloudes.
 As in a trance I thought nor feared nought,
 Nor know I where or whether I was tane: 305
 Nor where I am, nor what these persons be.

Bacon. No? know you not maister *Burden*?

Hostesse. Oh yes, good Sir, he is my daily guest.

What, maister *Burden*! twas but yesternight,
 That you and I at *Henly* plaid at cardes. 310

280 Alcumy Q2 3

292 faire Q3

305 whither Q2

283 saying Q2 3

299 'gainst *Dyce, Ward*

290 heeres] her's Q2 3

302 wirlewind Q3

Burden. I knowe not what we did. A poxe of all coniuring
Friers.

Clement. Now, iolly Frier, tell vs, is this the booke that

Burden is so carefull to looke on?

Bacon. It is: but, *Burden*, tell me now, 315

Thinkest thou that *Bacons* Nicromanticke skill

Cannot performe his head and wall of Brasse,

When he can fetch thine hostesse in such post?

Miles. Ile warrant you, maister, if maister *Burden* could
coniure as well as you, hee would haue his booke eurie 320
night from *Henly* to study on at *Oxford*.

Mason. *Burden*, what! are you mated by this frolicke Frier?

Looke how he droops, his guiltie conscience

Drives him to bash and makes his hostesse blush.

Bacon. Well, mistres, for I wil not haue you mist, 325

You shall to *Henly* to cheere vp your guests

Fore supper ginne. *Burden*, bid her adew,—

Say farewell to your hostesse fore she goes.

Sirha, away, and set her safe at home.

Hostesse. Maister *Burden*, when shall we see you at *Henly*? 330

Exeunt Hostesse and the Deuill.

Burden. The deuill take thee and *Henly* too.

Miles. Maister, shall I make a good motion?

Bacon. Whats that?

Miles. Marry, Sir, nowe that my hostesse is gone to prouide
supper, coniure vp another spirite and send doctor *Burden* 335
flying after.—

Bacon. Thus, rulers of our Accademicke State,

You haue seene the Frier frame his art by prooffe:

And as the colledge called *Brazennose*

Is vnder him, and he the maister there, 340

So surely shall this head of brasse be framde,

And yeeld forth strange and vncoth Aphorismes:

And *Hell* and *Hecate* shall faile the Frier,

But I will circle *England* round with brasse.

Miles. So be it, & *nunc* & *semper*, Amen. 345

Exeunt Omnes.

318 thine] thy Q3	323 drops Q3	325 Mistris Q2 3	329 her
safe] her selfe Q3	335 vp om. Q2	339 Brasen-nose Q3	340 he
om. Q2	and he om. Q3	345 munc Q3	

{SCENE III. *At Harleston.*}

Enter Margaret the faire Mayd of Fresingfield, with Thomas and Ione, and other clownes: Lacie disguised in countrie apparell.

Thomas. By my troth, *Margret*, heeres a wether is able to make a man call his father whorson; if this wether hold, wee shall haue hay good cheape, and butter and cheese at *Harlston* will beare no price.

Margret. *Thomas*, maides when they come to see the faire 350
Count not to make a cope for dearth of hay:

When we haue turnd our butter to the salt,
And set our cheese safely vpon the racks,
Then let our fathers price it as they please.

We countrie sluts of merry *Fresingfield* 355

Come to buy needlesse noughts to make vs fine,
And looke that yong-men should be francke this day,
And court vs with such fairings as they can.

Phoebus is blythe and frolicke lookes from heauen,
As when he courted louely *Semele*, 360

Swearing the pedlers shall haue emptie packs,
If that faire wether may make chapmen buy.

Lacie. But, louely *Peggie*, *Semele* is dead,
And therefore *Phoebus* from his pallace pries,
And seeing such a sweet and seemly saint, 365
Shewes all his glories for to court your selfe.

Margret. This is a fairing, gentle sir, indeed,
To sooth me vp with such smooth flatterie;
But learne of me, your scoffes to broad before:
Well *Ione*, our bewties must abide their iestes, 370
We serue the turne in iolly *Fresingfield*.

Ione. *Margret*, a farmers daughter for a farmers sonne:
I warrant you, the meanest of vs both
Shall haue a mate to leade vs from the Church.
But, *Thomas*, whats the newes? what, in a dumpe? 375
Giue me your hand, we are neere a pedlers shop;
Out with your purse, we must haue fairings now.

Thomas. Faith, *Ione*, and shall: Ile bestow a fairing on you,

S. D. Fresinfield Q3 disguisen Q3 346 her's Q3 adle Q3
348 chape Q2 3 351 cohe Q3 353 safely om. Q2 354 father Q3
price] prize Dyce and Ward 366 glory Q3 369 your scoffe's Q2:
you scoffe's Q3 370 beauty Q3 372 Joane Q3

and then we will to the Tauern, and snap off a pint of
wine or two. 380

All this while Lacie whispers Margret in the eare.

Margret. Whence are you, sir? of *Suffolke*? for your tearmes
Are finer than the common sort of men.

Lacie. Faith, louely girle, I am of *Beckles* by,
Your neighbour, not aboue six miles from hence,
A farmers sonne, that neuer was so quaint 385
But that he could do courtesie to such dames :
But trust me, *Margret*, I am sent in charge,
From him that reueld in your fathers house,
And fild his Lodge with cheere and venison,
Tyred in greene : he sent you this rich purse, 390
His token that he helpt you run your cheese,
And in the milkehouse chatted with your selfe.

Margret. To me? you forget your selfe.

Lacie. Women are often weake in memorie.

Margret. Oh pardon, sir, I call to mind the man, 395
Twere little manners to refuse his gift,
And yet I hope he sends it not for loue :
For we haue little leisure to debate of that.

Ione. What, *Margret*, blush not! mayds must haue their loues.

Thomas. Nay, by the masse, she lookes pale as if she were 400
angrie.

Richard. Sirha, are you of *Beckles*? I pray, how dooth goodman
Cob? my father bought a horse of him. Ile tell you, *Marget*,
a were good to be a gentlemans iade, for of all things the
foule hilding could not abide a doongcart. 405

Margret. How different is this farmer from the rest,
That earst as yet hath pleasd my wandring sight!
His words are wittie, quickened with a smile,
His courtesie gentle, smelling of the Court ;
Facill and debonaire in all his deeds, 410
Proportiond as was *Paris*, when, in gray,
He courted *Aenon* in the vale of *Troy*.
Great lords haue come and pleaded for my loue :

379 we will goe to Q3 off] of Q3 S. D. whisper Q3 381, 382 Q9
print as prose 391 help your run Q3 393 you forget your selfe
Dyce and Ward assign to Lacy 402 Beckles Q2 3 doth Q2
404 gentlemans Q3 405 dung-cart Q2 3

Who but the Keepers lasse of *Fresingfield*?
 And yet me thinks this Farmers iolly sonne 415
 Passeth the prowdest that hath pleasd mine eye.
 But, *Peg*, disclose not that thou art in loue,
 And shew as yet no signe of loue to him,
 Although thou well wouldst wish him for thy loue;
 Keepe that to thee till time doth serue thy turne, 420
 To shew the greefe wherein thy heart doth burne.
 Come, *Ione* and *Thomas*, shall we to the faire?
 You, *Beckls* man, will not forsake vs now.
Lacie. Not whilst I may haue such quaint girls as you.
Margret. Well, if you chauce to come by *Fresingfield*, 425
 Make but a step into the Keepers lodge;
 And such poore fare as Woodmen can affoord,
 Butter and cheese, creame, and fat venison,
 You shall haue store, and welcome therewithall.
Lacie. Gramarcies, *Peggie*, looke for me eare long. 430
Exeunt Omnes.

ACT II.

(SCENE I. *The Court at London.*)

*Enter Henry the third, the emperour, (the Duke of Saxony), the King
 of Castile, Elinor his daughter, Iaques Vandermast a Germaine.*

Henrie. Great men of *Europe*, monarks of the West,
 Ringd with the wals of old *Oceanus*,
 Whose loftie surge is like the battelments
 That compast high built *Babell* in with towers, 435
 Welcome my lords, welcome braue westerne kings,
 To *Englands* shore, whose promontorie cleuees
 Shewes *Albion* is another little world;
 Welcome sayes English *Henrie* to you all,
 Chiefly vnto the louely *Eleanour*, 440
 Who darde for *Edwards* sake cut through the Seas,
 And venture as *Agenors* damsell through the deepe,
 To get the loue of *Henries* wanton sonne.

Castile. *Englands* rich Monarch, braue *Plantagenet*,

415 joylly Q2 3 soone Q3 416 bleas'd Q3 427 stept Q2
 428 fair Q3 431 ere Q2 3 S. D. Germane Q2 3 434 surges Q4:
 corr. Dyce 442 And venture as Agenor's damsel did sugg. Dyce

The *Pryen* mounts swelling aboue the clouds, 445
 That ward the welthie *Castile* in with walles,
 Could not detaine the beautious *Eleanour*;
 But hearing of the fame of *Edwards* youth,
 She darde to brooke *Neptunus* haughtie pride,
 And bide the brunt of froward *Eolus*. 450

Then may faire *England* welcome her the more.

Elinor. After that English *Henrie* by his lords
 Had sent prince *Edwards* louely counterfeite,
 A present to the *Castile* *Elinor*,
 The comly pourtrait of so braue a man, 455
 The vertuous fame discoursed of his deeds,
Edwards couragious resolution,
 Done at the holy land fore *Damas* walles,
 Led both mine eye and thoughts in equall links,
 To like so of the English Monarchs sonne, 460
 That I attempted perrils for his sake.

Emperour. Where is the Prince, my lord?

Henrie. He posted down, not long since, from the court,
 To *Suffolke* side, to merrie *Fremingham*,
 To sport himselfe amongst my fallow deere : 465
 From thence, by packets sent to *Hampton* house,
 We heare the Prince is ridden, with his lords,
 To *Oxford*, in the Academie there
 To heare dispute amongst the learned men,
 But we will send foorth letters for my sonne, 470
 To will him come from *Oxford* to the Court.

Empe. Nay, rather, *Henrie*, let vs, as we be,
 Ride for to visite *Oxford* with our traine.
 Faine would I see your Vniuersities,
 And what learned men your Academie yields, 475
 From *Haspurg* haue I brought a learned clarke,
 To hold dispute with English Orators.
 This doctor, surnam'd *Iaques Vandermast*,
 A Germaine borne, past into *Padua*,
 To *Florence*, and to faire *Bolonia*, 480
 To *Paris*, *Rheims*, and stately *Orleans*,

454 *Castile*] costly Q3 456 discovered Q3 459 Lad Q3 466 Hamton
 Q3 468 the om. Q3 473 Ozford Q3 478 surmamde Q1 Vander-
 man Q3 481 straitly Q3

And talking there with men of art, put downe
 The chieftest of them all in Aphorismes,
 In Magicke, and the Mathematicke rules :
 Now let vs, *Henrie*, trie him in your schooles. 485
Henrie. He shal, my lord ; this motion likes me wel.
 Weele progresse straight to *Oxford* with our trains,
 And see what men our Academie brings.
 And, woonder *Vandermast*, welcome to me :
 In *Oxford* shalt thou find a iollie frier, 490
 Cald Frier *Bacon*, *Englands* only flower :
 Set him but Non-plus in his magicke spels,
 And make him yeeld in Mathematicke rules,
 And for thy glorie I will bind thy browes,
 Not with a poets garland made of Baies, 495
 But with a coronet of choicest gold.
 Whilst then we tfit to *Oxford* with our troupes,
 Lets in and banquet in our English court.

Exit.

(SCENE II. *At Oxford.*)

Enter Raphe Simnell in Edwardes apparrell, Edward, Warren, Ermsby disguised.

Raphe. Where be these vacabond knaues, that they attend
 no better on their maister? 500

Edward. If it please your honour, we are all ready at an inch.

Raphe. Sirha *Ned*, Ile haue no more post horse to ride on :
 Ile haue another fetch.

Ermsbie. I pray you, how is that, my Lord?

Raphe. Marrie, sir, Ile send to the Ile of *Eely* for foure or 505
 fiue dozen of Geese, and Ile haue them tide six and six
 together with whipcord ; Now vpon their backes will
 I haue a faire field bed, with a Canapie ; and so
 when it is my pleasure Ile flee into what place I please ;
 this will be easie. 510

Warren. Your honour hath said well ; but shall we to
Brasennose Colledge before we pull off our bootes?

Ermsbie. *Warren*, well motioned ; wee will to the Frier

483 Aphorismes Q3 485 Schoole Q3 491 flowre Q2 3 497 fit]
 sit Q2 : set *Dyce and Ward* 499 vagabond Q2 3 501 all om. Q2 3
 502 post-horses Q3 503 fetcht Q3 508 Canopy Q2 3 512 Brasennose Q3

Before we reuell it within the towne.

Raphe, see you keepe your countenance like a Prince. 515

Raphe. Wherefore haue I such a companie of cutting knaues to wait vpon me, but to keep and defend my countenance against all mine enemies? Haue you not good swords and bucklers?—

Enter Bacon and Miles.

Ermsbie. Stay, who comes heere? 520

Warren. Some scholler; and weele aske him where Frier *Bacon* is.

Bacon. Why, thou arrant dunce, shal I neuer make thee good scholler? doth not all the towne crie out, and say, Frier *Bacons* subsiser is the greatest blockhead in all Oxford? 525 why, thou canst not speake one word of true Latine.

Miles. No sir, yes, what is this els; *Ego sum tuus homo*, I am your man? I warrant you, sir, as good *Tullies* phrase as any is in *Oxford*.

Bacon. Come on, sirha; what part of speech is *Ego*?

Miles. *Ego*, that is I; marrie, *nomen substantiuo*. 530

Bacon. How prooue you that?

Miles. Why, sir, let him prooue himselfe and a will; I can be hard, felt, and vnderstood.

Bacon. Oh grosse dunce!

Here beate him.

Edw. Come, let vs breake off this dispute between these two. 535

Sirha, where is *Brazennose Colledge*?

Miles. Not far from *Copper-Smithes hall*.

Edward. What, doest thou mocke me?

Miles. Not I, sir, but what would you at *Brazennose*?

Ermsbie. Marrie, we would speake with frier *Bacon*. 540

Miles. Whose men be you?

Ermsbie. Marrie, scholler, heres our maister.

Raphe. Sirha, I am the maister of these good fellowes. Mayst thou not know me to be a Lord by my reparrell?

Miles. Then heeres good game for the hawke; for heers the 545 maister foole, and a couie of Cockscombs: one wise man I thinke would spring you all.

Edward. Gogs wounds! *Warren*, kill him.

527 yes om. Q3: yet Dyce and Ward 529 on om. Q2 3 533 heard
Q2 3 535 off] of Q3 536 Braison-nose Q3

Warren. Why, *Ned*, I thinke the deuill be in my sheath,
I cannot get out my dagger. 550

Ermsbie. Nor I mine. Swones, *Ned*, I thinke I am bewicht.

Miles. A companie of scabbes! the proudest of you all
drawe your weapon if he can. See how boldly I speak
now my maister is by.

Edward. I striue in vaine; but if my sword be shut, 555
And coniured fast by magicke in my sheath,
Villaine, heere is my fist.

Strike him a box on the eare.

Miles. Oh, I beseech you coniure his hands too, that he
may not lift his armes to his head, for he is light
fingered! 560

Raphe. *Ned*, strike him, Ile warrant thee by mine honour.

Bacon. What meanes the English prince to wrong my man?

Edward. To whom speakest thou?

Bacon. To thee.

Edward. Who art thou? 565

Bacon. Could you not iudge, when all your swords grew fast,
That frier *Bacon* was not farre from hence?

Edward. King *Henries* sonne and Prince of *Wales*,

Thy foole disguisd cannot conceale thy selfe:

I know both *Ermsbie* and the *Sussex* Earle, 570

Els frier *Bacon* had but little skill.

Thou comest in post from merrie *Fresingfield*,

Fast fancied to the Keepers bonny lasse,

To craue some succour of the iolly frier;

And *Lacie*, Earle of *Lincolne*, hast thou left, 575

To treat faire *Margret* to allow thy loues:

But friends are men, and loue can baffle lords;

The Earle both woes and courtes her for himselfe.

Warren. *Ned*, this is strange; the frier knoweth al.

Ermsbie. *Appollo* could not vtter more than this. 580

Edward. I stand amazed to heare this iolly frier,

Tell euen the verie secrets of my thoughts:

But, learned *Bacon*, since thou knowest the cause

Why I did post so fast from *Fresingfield*,

555 be] by Q2 558 hand Q2 3 to Q3 569 fool disguise Ward
572 poast Q2 3 575 Eare Q1 578 woos Q2 3 580 Appollo Q2 3
581 here of this Q3 583 knew Q3

Helpe, Frier, at a pinch, that I may haue 585

The loue of louely *Margret* to my selfe,
And as I am true Prince of *Wales*, Ile giue
Liuing and lands to strength thy colledge state.

Warren. Good Frier, helpe the Prince in this.

Ralph. Why, seruant *Ned*, will not the frier doe it?—Were 590
not my sword glued to my scabberd by coniuration,
I would cut off his head, and make him do it by force.

Miles. In faith, my lord, your manhood and your sword
is all alike, they are so fast coniured that we shall
neuer see them. 595

Ermsbie. What, doctor, in a dumpe? tush, helpe the prince,
And thou shalt see how liberall he will prooue.

Bacon. Craue not such actions greater dumps than these?
I will, my lord, straine out my magicke spels;
For this day comes the earle to *Fresingfeld*, 600
And fore that night shuts in the day with darke
Theile be betrothed ech to other fast:
But come with me; wee le to my studie straight,
And in a glasse prospectiue I will shew
Whats done this day in merry *Fresingfeld*. 605

Edward. Gramercies, *Bacon*, I will quite thy paine.

Bacon. But send your traine, my lord, into the towne,
My scholler shall go bring them to their Inne:
Meane while wee le see the knauerie of the Earle.

Edward. *Warren*, leaue me: and *Ermsbie*, take the foole; 610
Let him be maister and go reuell it,
Till I and Frier *Bacon* talke a while.

Warren. We will, my lord.

Raphe. Faith, *Ned*, and Ile lord it out till thou comest;
Ile be Prince of *Wales* ouer all the blacke pots in Oxford. 615
Exeunt.

(SCENE III. *Friar Bacon's Cell.*)

Bacon and Edward goes into the study.

Bacon. Now, frolick *Edward*, welcome to my Cell;
Heere tempers Frier *Bacon* many toies,

587 as I am the Prince Q ₃	588 Colledge' Q ₂ : college-state Dyce
and Ward 596 Wat Q ₁	600 to] of Q ₂ 3 601 shut Q ₃
602 each Q ₂ 3 603 thy study Q ₃	606 quit Q ₃ 607 your] thy Q ₃
into] unto Q ₃ 608 go and bring Q ₃	611 master, Q ₂ 3, Dyce and Ward

And holds this place his consistorie court,
 Wherein the diuels pleads homage to his words.
 Within this glasse prospectiue thou shalt see 620
 This day whats done in merry *Fresingfield*
 Twixt louely *Peggie* and the *Lincolne* earle.
Edward. Frier, thou gladst me: now shall *Edward* trie
 How *Lacie* meaneth to his soueraigne lord.
Bacon. Stand there and looke directly in the glasse. 625

Enter Margret and Frier Bungay.

Bacon. What sees my lord?
Edward. I see the Keepers louely lasse appeare,
 As bright-some as the parramour of *Mars*,
 Onely attended by a iolly frier.
Bacon. Sit still, and keepe the christall in your eye. 630
Margret. But tell me, frier *Bungay*, is it true,
 That this faire courtious countrie swaine,
 Who saies his father is a farmer nie,
 Can be lord *Lacie*, Earle of *Lincolnshire*?
Bungay. *Peggie*, tis true, tis *Lacie* for my life, 635
 Or else mine art and cunning both doth faile,
 Left by prince *Edward* to procure his loues;
 For he in greene that holpe you runne your cheese,
 Is sonne to *Henry*, and the prince of *Wales*.
Margret. Be what he will his lure is but for lust: 640
 But did lord *Lacie* like poore *Margret*,
 Or would he daine to wed a countrie lasse,
 Frier, I would his humble handmayd be,
 And for great wealth quite him with courtesie.
Bungay. Why, *Margret*, doest thou loue him? 645
Margret. His personage, like the pride of vaunting *Troy*,
 Might well auouch to shadow *Hellens* rape:
 His wit is quicke and readie in conceit,
 As *Greece* afforded in her chiefest prime.
 Courteous, ah Frier, full of pleasing smiles. 650
 Trust me, I loue too much to tell thee more,

619 pleade Q2	624 his <i>Dyce</i> : this Qq	628 bright-some <i>Dyce</i> :
bright-sunne Qq	Paramour Q2: paramont Q3	631 it is true, Q3
634 <i>Lincolnshire</i> Q3	635 true] time Q3	636 doth] doe Q2
638 helpe Q3	to run Q2 3	640 lure] loue Q3
646 a pride Q3	647 rape <i>Dyce</i> : cape Qq	645 thou om. Q2 3

Suffice to me he is *Englands* parramour.

Bungay. Hath not ech eye that viewd thy pleasing face
Surnamed thee faire maid of *Fresingfield*?

Margret. Yes, *Bungay*, and would God the louely Earle 655
Had that in esse, that so many sought.

Bungay. Feare not, the Frier will not be behind
To shew his cunning to entangle loue.

Edward. I thinke the Frier courts the bonny wench;

Bacon, me thinkes he is a lustie churle. 660

Bacon. Now looke, my lord.

Enter Lacie.

Edward. Gogs wounds, *Bacon*, heere comes *Lacie*.

Bacon. Sit still, my lord, and marke the commedie.

Bungay. Heeres *Lacie*; *Margret*, step aside awhile.

Lacie. *Daphne*, the damsell that caught *Phaebus* fast, 665

And lockt him in the brightnesse of her lookes,

Was not so beauteous in *Appollos* eyes

As is faire *Margret* to the *Lincolne* Earle.

Recant thee, *Lacie*, thou art put in trust:

Edward, thy soueraignes sonne, hath chosen thee, 670

A secret friend, to court her for himselfe:

And darest thou wrong thy Prince with trecherie?

Lacie, loue makes no exception of a friend,

Nor deemes it of a Prince but as a man:

Honour bids thee controll him in his lust; 675

His wooing is not for to wed the girle,

But to intrap her and beguile the lasse:

Lacie, thou louest; then brooke not such abuse,

But wed her, and abide thy Princes frowne:

For better die, then see her liue disgracde. 680

Margret. Come, Frier, I will shake him from his dumps.

How cheere you, sir? a penie for your thought:

Your early vp, pray God it be the neere.

What, come from *Beckles* in a morne so soone?

Lacie. Thus watchfull are such men as liue in loue, 685

Whose eyes brooke broken slumbers for their sleepe,

652 English Q3
670 the soueraigne son Q3
675 thee] me Q2 3
684 what 'are come Q2 3

658 or entangle Q3
671 to court him her Q3
680 better om. Q2 3

665 *Phoebus* Q3
673 acception Q1
682 your] my Q3

- I tell thee, *Peggie*, since last *Harlston* faire
 My minde hath felt a heape of passions.
Margret. A trustie man, that court it for your friend.
 Woo you still for the courtier all in greene? 690
 I maruell that he sues not for himselfe.
Lacie. *Peggie*, I pleaded first to get your grace for him;
 But when mine eies suruaid your beautilous lookes,
 Loue, like a wagge, straight diued into my heart,
 And there did shrine the Idea of your selfe: 695
 Pittie me though I be a farmers sonne,
 And measure not my riches, but my loue.
Margret. You are verie hastie; for to garden well,
 Seeds must haue time to sprout before they spring:
 Loue ought to creepe as doth the dials shade, 700
 For timely ripe is rotten too too soone.
Bungay. *Deus hic*; roome for a merry Frier!
 What, youth of *Beckles*, with the Keepers lasse?
 Tis well; but tell me, heere you any newes.
Margret. No, Frier: what newes? 705
Bungay. Heere you not how the purseuants do post
 With proclamations through ech country towne?
Lacie. For what, gentle frier? tell the newes.
Bungay. Dwelst thou in *Beckles*, and heerst not of these news?
Lacie, the Earle of *Lincolne*, is late fled 710
 From *Windsor* court, disguised like a swaine,
 And lurkes about the countrie heere vnknowne.
Henrie suspects him of some trecherie,
 And therefore doth proclaime in euery way,
 That who can take the *Lincolne* earle shall haue, 715
 Paid in the Exchequer, twentie thousand crownes.
Lacie. The earle of *Lincoln*! Frier, thou art mad:
 It was some other: thou mistakest the man:
 The earle of *Lincolne*! why, it cannot be.
Margret. Yes, verie well, my lord, for you are he: 720
 The keepers daughter tooke you prisoner,
 Lord *Lacie*, yeeld, Ile be your gailor once.
Edward. How familiar they be, *Bacon*!

689 it om. Q3 690 Woo] Woe Q3 698 You are verie hastie for to Q,
 corr. Dyce: You are over hastie for to sugg. J. C. Smith 705 Dyce and
 Ward assign to Lacy 706 Purseuants Q3 709 of om. Q2
 717 thou art] art thou Q3

Bacon. Sit still and marke the sequell of their loues.

Lacie. Then am I double prisoner to thy selfe: 725

Peggie, I yeeld; but are these newes in iest?

Margret. In iest with you, but earnest vnto me:

For why these wrongs do wring me at the heart.

Ah, how these earles and noble men of birth

Flatter and faine to forge poore womens ill. 730

Lacie. Beleeue me, lasse, I am the *Lincolne* Earle:

I not denie, but, tyred thus in rags,

I liued disguisd to winne faire *Peggies* loue.

Margret. What loue is there where wedding ends not loue?

Lacie. I meant, faire girle, to make thee *Lacies* wife. 735

Margret. I little thinke that earles wil stoop so low.

Lacie. Say, shall I make thee countesse ere I sleep?

Marg. Handmaid vnto the earle, so please himselfe:

A wife in name, but seruant in obedience.

Lacie. The *Lincolne* countesse, for it shalbe so: 740

Ile plight the bands, and seale it with a kisse.

Edward. Gogs wounds, *Bacon*, they kisse! Ile stab them.

Bacon. Oh, hold your handes, my lord, it is the glasse!

Edward. Coller to see the traitors gree so well

Made me thinke the shadowes substances. 745

Bacon. Twere a long poinard, my lord, to reach betweene

Oxford and *Fresingfield*; but sit still and see more.

Bungay. Well, lord of *Lincolne*, if your loues be knit,

And that your tongues and thoughts do both agree,

To auoid insuing iarres, Ile hamper vp the match. 750

Ile take my portace forth, and wed you heere,

Then go to bed and seale vp your desires.

Lacie. Frier, content; *Peggie*, how like you this?

Margret. What likes my lord is pleasing vnto me.

Bungay. Then hand-fast hand, and I wil to my booke. 755

Bacon. What sees my lord now?

Edward. *Bacon*, I see the louers hand in hand,

The Frier readie with his portace there

To wed them both: then am I quite vndone.

Bacon, helpe now, if ere thy magicke serude, 760

724 sequell of there loue Q3 730 forge] forgoe Q3 732 I not deny
but, *Dyce and Ward* 735 meane Q3, *Dyce, Ward* 741 seale] saile Q3
745 Made me [to] think *Dyce, Ward* 760 bis in Q2 3: thy] the Q3 primo

Helpe, *Bacon*, stop the marriage now,
 If diuels or nigromansie may suffice,
 And I will giue thee fortie thousand crownes.
Bacon. Feare not my lord, Ile stop the iolly Frier
 For mumbling vp his orisons this day. 765
Lacie. Why speakst not, *Bungay*? Frier, to thy booke.

Bungay is mute, crying Hud hud.

Margret. How lookest thou, frier, as a man distraught?
 Reft of thy sences, *Bungay*? shew by signes
 If thou be dum what passions holdeth thee. 770

Lacie. Hees dumbe indeed: *Bacon* hath with his diuels
 Incharnted him, or else some strange disease
 Or Appoplexie hath possest his lungs:
 But, *Peggie*, what he cannot with his booke
 Weele twixt vs both vnite it vp in heart. 775

Margret. Els let me die, my lord, a miscreant.

Edward. Why stands frier *Bungay* so amazd?

Bacon. I haue strook him dum, my lord; and if your honor
 please
 Ile fetch this *Bungay* straightway from *Fresingfield*,
 And he shall dine with vs in *Oxford* here. 780

Edward. *Bacon*, doe that, and thou contentest me.

Lacie. Of courtesie, *Margret*, let vs lead the frier
 Vnto thy fathers lodge, to comfort him
 With brothes to bring him from this haplesse trance.

Margret. Or els, my lord, we were passing vnkinde 785
 To leaue the frier so in his distresse.

Enter a deuill, and carrie Bungay on his backe.

Margret. O helpe, my lord! a deuill, a deuill, my lord!
 Looke how he carries *Bungay* on his backe!
 Lets hence, for *Bacons* spirits be abroad. 790

Exeunt.

Edward. *Bacon*, I laugh to see the iolly Frier
 Mounted vpon the diuell, and how the Earle

765 For] From *Ward* after *Wagner* 769 Reft if thy siences Q3
 770 passion Q2 3 772 Inchant Q3 773 Apoplexie Q2: Apoplexie
 hath passed him longs Q3 777 *Bungay MS. corr. in Q3: Bacon Qq*
 779 straightway] straight *Ward, sugg. Dyce* 784 boths Q3 790 *Bacon Q3*
 791 laugh] loue Q3

Flees with his bonny lasse for feare.
 Assoone as *Bungay* is at *Brasennose*,
 And I haue chatted with the merrie frier, 795
 I will in post hie me to *Fresingfield*,
 And quite these wrongs on *Lacie* ere it be long.
Bacon. So be it, my lord, but let vs to our dinner :
 For ere we haue taken our repast awhile,
 We shall haue *Bungay* brought to *Brasennose*. 800
Exeunt.

⟨SCENE IV. *The Regent-house at Oxford.*⟩

Enter three doctors, Burden, Mason, Clement.

Mason. Now that we are gathered in the regent house,
 It fits vs talke about the Kings repaire ;
 For he, troopt with all the western Kings,
 That lie alongst the Dansick seas by East,
 North by the clime of frostie *Germanie*, 805
 The *Almain* Monarke, and the *Saxon* duke,
Castile, and louely *Ellinor* with him,
 Haue in their iests resolved for *Oxford* towne.
Burden. We must lay plots of stately tragedies,
 Strange comick showes, such as proud *Rossius* 810
 Vaunted before the *Romane* Emperours,
 To welcome all the westerne Potentates.
Clement. But more ; the King by letters hath foretold
 That *Fredericke*, the *Almaine* Emperour,
 Hath brought with him a Germane of esteeme, 815
 Whose surname is *Don Iaquesse Vandermast*,
 Skilfull in magicke and those secret arts.
Mason. Then must we all make sute vnto the frier,
 To Frier *Bacon*, that he vouch this taske,
 And vndertake to counteruaile in skill 820
 The German, els theres none in *Oxford* can
 Match and dispute with learned *Vandermast*.
Burden. *Bacon*, if he will hold the German play,

793 his] the Q3 795 om. Q2 3 796 in post] not passe Q3
 802 Kings] long Q2 3 803 troopt] trooped Dyce 804 Dancing Q3
 806 *Almaine* Manarke Q3 *Saxon Dyce: Scoon Qq* 807 Castle Q3
 809 of] for Q3 810 Camicke Q3 811 Romans Q3 812 Qq give
 to *Clement*

Will teach him what an English Frier can doe :
The diuell I thinke dare not dispute with him. 825

Clement. Indeed, mas doctor, he <dis>pleasured you,
In that he brought your hostesse, with her spit,
From *Henly*, posting vnto *Brazennose*.

Burden. A vengeance on the Frier for his paines.
But leauing that, lets hie to *Bacon* straight, 830
To see if he will take this taske in hand.

Clement. Stay, what rumor is this? the towne is vp in a
Mutinie: what hurly burlie is this?

Enter a Constable, with Raphe, Warren, Ermsbie and Miles.

Constable. Nay, maisters, if you were nere so good, you shall
before the doctors to aunswer your misdemeanour. 835

Burden. Whats the matter, fellow?

Constable. Marie, sir, heres a companie of rufflers that, drinking
in the Tauerne, haue made a great braule, and almost
kilde the vintner. 840

Miles. Salue, doctor *Burden*! this lubberly lurdn,
Ill shapte and ill faced, disdained and disgraced,
What he tels vnto *vobis*, *mentitur de nobis*.

Burden. Who is the maister and cheefe of this crew?
Miles. *Ecce asinum mundi, figura rotundi*; 845

Neat sheat and fine, as briske as a cup of wine.

Burden. What are you?

Raphe. I am, father doctor, as a man would say, the Bel-
wether of this cōpany: these are my lords, and I the
prince of *Wales*. 850

Clement. Are you *Edward*, the Kings sonne?

Raphe. Sirra *Miles*, bring hither the tapster that drue the
wine; and I warrant when they see how soundly I haue
broke his head, theile say twas done by no lesse man
than a prince. 855

Mason. I cannot beleeeue that this is the prince of *Wales*.

Warren. And why so, sir?

Mason. For they say the prince is a braue and a wise
gentleman.

War. Why, and thinkest thou, doctor, that he is not so? 860

824 Will *Dyce*: Weele Q1: We'le Q2 3
pleasured Q7 830 hie *om.* Q2 3

826 displeased *Dyce*:
845 *fugura* Q1

Darst thou detract and derogat from him,
Being so louely and so braue a youth?

Ermsbie. Whose face, shining with many a sugred smile,
Bewraies that he is bred of princely race.

Miles. And yet, maister doctor, to speake like a proctor, 865
And tell vnto you, what is veriment and true,
To cease of this quarrell, looke but on his apparrell;
Then marke but my talis, he is great prince of *Walis*,
The cheefe of our gregis, and *filius regis*,
Then ware what is done, for he is *Henries* white sonne. 870

Raphe. Doctors, whose doting night caps are not capable of
my ingenious dignitie, know that I am *Edward Plantagenet*,
whom if you displease, will make a shippe that shall hold
all your colleges, and so carrie away the Niniuersitie, with
a fayre wind, to the Bankeside in *Southwarke*: how sayst 875
thou, *Ned Warraine*, shall I not do it?

Warren. Yes my good lord; and if it please your lordship,
I wil gather vp al your old pantophles, and with the corke
make you a Pinnis of fíue hundred tunne, that shall serue
the turne maruellous well, my lord. 880

Ermsbie. And I, my lord, will haue Pioners to vndermine the
towne, that the very gardens and orchards be carried away
for your summer walkes.

Miles. And I with *scientia*, and great *diligentia*,
Will coniure and charme, to keepe you from harme, 885
That *utrum horum mauis*, your very great *nauis*,
Like *Bartlets* ship, from *Oxford* do skip,
With Colleges and schooles, full loaden with fooles,
Quid dices ad hoc, worshipfull *domine Dawcocke*?

Clement. Why, harebraind courtiers, are you drunke or mad, 890
To taunt vs vp with such scurilitie?
Deeme you vs men of base and light esteeme,
To bring vs such a fop for *Henries* sonne?
Call out the beadls and conuay them hence
Straight to *Bocardo*: let the roisters lie 895
Close clapt in bolts, vntill their wits be tame.

Ermsbie. Why, shall we to prison, my lord?

864 bread Q₃ 866 verimens Q₃ 873 whom] who Q₃ [I] will
Dyce and Ward 880 turne] tune Q₃ marvellou Q₁ 887 Bartlets]
Barclay's Dyce and Ward 889 dices Dyce and Ward 893 for] fore Q₃
894 hence Q₁

Raphe. What saist, *Miles*, shall I honour the prison with my presence?

Miles. No no, out with your blades, and hamper these iades, 900
 Haue a flurt and a crash, now play reuell dash,
 And teach these Sacerdos, that the Bocardos,
 Like pezzants and elues, are meet for themselues.

Mason. To the prison with them, constable.

Warren. Well, doctors, seeing I haue sported me, 905
 With laughing at these mad & merrie waggas,
 Know that prince *Edward* is at *Brazennose*,
 And, this, attired like the prince of *Wales*,
 Is *Raphe*, King *Henries* only loued foole;
 I, Earle of *Sussex*, and this *Ermsbie*, 910
 One of the priuie chamber to the King,
 Who, while the prince with Frier *Bacon* staies,
 Haue reueld it in *Oxford* as you see.

Mason. My lord, pardon vs, we knew not what you were:
 But courtiers may make greater skapes than these. 915
 Wilt please your honour dine with me to day?

Warren. I will, maister doctor, and satisfie the vintner for his hurt;
 only I must desire you to imagine him all this forenoon the prince of *Wales*.

Mason. I will, sir. 920

Raphe. And vpon that I will lead the way; onely I will haue *Miles* go before me, because I haue heard *Henrie* say that wisdome must go before Maiestie.

Exeunt Omnes.

ACT III.

⟨SCENE I. At *Fressingfield*.⟩

Enter prince Edward with his poinard in his hand, Lacie and Margret.

Edward. *Lacie*, thou canst not shroud thy traitrous thoughts,
 Nor couer as did *Cassius* all his wiles; 925
 For *Edward* hath an eye that lookes as farre
 As *Lincaeus* from the shores of *Grecia*.
 Did I not sit in *Oxford* by the Frier,

901 play om. Q2 3
 915 skapes Q2 3

910 *Sussex*] *Essex* Qq
 925 his] thy *Dyce* and *Ward*

913 it om. Q2 3
 928 in] at Q3

And see thee court the mayd of *Fresingfield*,
 Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kisse? 930
 Did not prowde *Bungay* draw his portasse foorth,
 And ioyning hand in hand had married you,
 If Frier *Bacon* had not stroke him dumbe,
 And mounted him vpon a spirits backe,
 That we might chat at *Oxford* with the frier? 935
 Traitor, what answerst? is not all this true?
Lacie. Truth all, my Lord, and thus I make replie.
 At *Harlstone* faire, there courting for your grace,
 When as mine eye suruaid her curious shape,
 And drewe the beautilous glory of her looks 940
 To diue into the center of my heart,
 Loue taught me that your honour did but iest,
 That princes were in fancie but as men,
 How that the louely maid of *Fresingfield*
 Was fitter to be *Lacies* wedded wife, 945
 Than concubine vnto the prince of *Wales*.
Edward. Iniurious *Lacie*, did I loue thee more
 Than *Alexander* his *Hephestion*?
 Did I vnfold the passions of my loue,
 And locke them in the closset of thy thoughts? 950
 Wert thou to *Edward* second to himselfe,
 Sole freind and partner of his secreat loues,
 And could a glaunce of fading bewtie breake
 The inchained fetters of such priuat freindes?
 Base coward, false, and too effeminate 955
 To be coriuall with a prince in thoughts!
 From *Oxford* haue I posted since I dinde,
 To quite a traitor fore that *Edward* sleepe.
Marg. Twas I, my Lord, not *Lacie*, stept awry,
 For oft he sued and courted for your selfe, 960
 And still woode for the courtier all in greene.
 But I whome fancy made but ouer fond,
 Pleaded my selfe with looks as if I loud;
 I fed myne eye with gazing on his face,
 And still bewicht loud *Lacie* with my looks; 965

930 thy] and Q3 931 protasse Q3 933 strooke Q3 938 Hairlstone
 Q3 949 passion Q1 950 clozet Q2 3 954 Th' inchained Q3
 956 corriual Q2 3 961 woo'd Q2 3 962 whome] who Q3
 963 I om. Q2

My hart with sighes, myne eyes pleaded with tears,
 My face held pittie and content at once ;
 And more I could not sipher out by signes
 But that I loud Lord *Lacie* with my heart.
 Then, worthy *Edward*, measure with thy minde, 970
 If womens fauours will not force men fall,
 If bewtie, and if darts of persing loue,
 Is not of force to bury thoughts of friendes.
Edward. I tell thee, *Peggie*, I will haue thy loues ;
Edward or none shall conquer *Margret*. 975
 In Frigats bottomd with rich *Sethin* planks,
 Topt with the loftie firs of *Libanon*,
 Stemd and incast with burnisht *Iuorie*,
 And ouerlaid with plates of *Persian* wealth,
 Like *Thetis* shalt thou wanton on the waues, 980
 And draw the Dolphins to thy louely eyes,
 To daunce lauoltas in the purple streames ;
 Sirens, with harpes and siluer psalteries,
 Shall waight with musicke at thy frigots stem,
 And entertaine faire *Margret* with their laies. 985
England and *Englands* wealth shall wait on thee,
Brittaine shall bend vnto her princes loue,
 And doe due homage to thine excellence,
 If thou wilt be but *Edwards Margret*.
Margret. Pardon, my lord : if *Ioues* great roialtie 990
 Sent me such presents as to *Danae* ;
 If *Phoebus* tired in *Latonas* webs,
 Came courting from the beautie of his lodge ;
 The dulcet tunes of frolicke *Mercurie*,
 Nor all the wealth heauens treasure affoords, 995
 Should make me leaue lord *Lacie* or his loue.
Edw. I haue learnd at *Oxford*, there, this point of schooles,
Ablata causa, tollitur effectus :
Lacie, the cause that *Margret* cannot loue
 Nor fix her liking on the English Prince, 1000
 Take him away, and then the effects will faile.

968 cypher Q2 3 972 beauty Q2 3 piercing Q2 3 973 Is] Are
Dyce and Ward 976 *Sething* Q3 984 wait Q2 985 their *Dyce* :
her Qq 992 *Phoeabus* Q3 tired *Dyce* : tied Q1 : tyed Q2 : try Q3
993 Came *Dyce* : Come Qq 994 tunes] turns Q3 995 Nor *Dyce* : Not Qq
996 Sould Q3 998 *Abbata* Q1 1001 will faile] well faire Q3

Villaine, prepare thy selfe ; for I will bathe
My poinard in the bosome of an earle.

Lacie. Rather then liue, and misse faire *Margrets* loue,
Prince *Edward*, stop not at the fatall doome, 1005
But stabb it home, end both my loues and life.

Marg. Braue Prince of *Wales*, honoured for royall deeds,
Twere sinne to staine faire *Venus* courts with blood,
Loues conquests ends, my Lord, in courtesie ;
Spare *Lacie*, gentle *Edward*, let me die, 1010
For so both you and he doe cease your loues.

Edward. *Lacie* shall die as traitor to his Lord.

Lacie. I haue deserued it, *Edward*, act it well.

Margret. What hopes the Prince to gaine by *Lacies* death ?

Edward. To end the loues twixt him and *Margeret*. 1015

Marg. Why, thinks King *Henries* sonne that *Margrets* loue
Hangs in the vncertaine ballance of proud time ?
That death shall make a discord of our thoughts ?
No, stab the earle, and fore the morning sun
Shall vaunt him thrice ouer the loftie east, 1020
Margret will meet her *Lacie* in the heauens.

Lacie. If ought betides to louely *Margret*,
That wrongs or wrings her honour from content,
Europes rich wealth nor *Englands* monarchie
Should not allure *Lacie* to ouerliue. 1025

Then, *Edward*, short my life and end her loues.

Margret. Rid me, and keepe a friend worth many loues.

Lacie. Nay, *Edward*, keepe a loue worth many friends.

Margret. And if thy mind be such as fame hath blazde,
Then, princely *Edward*, let vs both abide 1030
The fatall resolution of thy rage :

Banish thou fancie, and imbrace reuenge,
And in one toombe knit both our carkases,
Whose hearts were linked in one perfect loue.

Edward. *Edward*, art thou that famous prince of *Wales*, 1035
Who at *Damasco* beat the *Sarasens*,
And broughtst home triumphe on thy launces point,

1005 fatoll Q3 1007 royall] Riall Q3 1009 conquest Q2 3, Dyce,
Ward 1010 gentile Q3 1015 Margaret Q2 1017 th' uncertaine Q2 3
1018 thoughts] throats Q3 1024 health Q3 Manarchie Q3
1027 a loue worth many friends Q3 1036 *Sarasens* Q2 3 1037 And
brought home triump on thy Lances point? Q3

And shall thy plumes be puld by *Venus* downe?
 Is it princely to disseuer louers leagues,
 To part such friends as glorie in their loues? 1040
 Leaue, *Ned*, and make a vertue of this fault,
 And further *Peg* and *Lacie* in their loues:
 So in subduing fancies passion,
 Conquering thy selfe, thou getst the richest spoile.
Lacie, rise vp. Faire *Peggie*, heeres my hand, 1045
 The prince of *Wales* hath conquered all his thoughts,
 And all his loues he yeelds vnto the Earle.
Lacie, enioy the maid of *Fresingfeld*;
 Make her thy *Lincolne* countesse at the church,
 And *Ned*, as he is true Plantagenet, 1050
 Will giue her to thee franckly for thy wife.
Lacie. Humbly I take her of my soueraigne,
 As if that *Edward* gaue me *Englands* right,
 And richt me with the *Albion* diadem.
Margret. And doth the English Prince mean true? 1055
 Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loues,
 And yeeld the title of a countrie maid
 Vnto Lord *Lacie*?
Edward. I will, faire *Peggie*, as I am true lord.
Marg. Then lordly sir, whose conquest is as great, 1060
 In conquering loue, as *Caesars* victories,
Margret, as milde and humble in her thoughts
 As was *Aspatia* vnto *Cirus* selfe,
 Yeelds thanks, and, next lord *Lacie*, doth inshrine
Edward the second secret in her heart. 1065
Edu. Gramercie, *Peggie*, now that vowes are past,
 And that your loues are not to be reuolt:
 Once, *Lacie*, friendes againe, come, we will post
 To *Oxford*, for this day the King is there,
 And brings for *Edward* *Castile* *Ellinor*. 1070
Peggie, I must go see and view my wife,
 I pray *God* I like her as I loued thee.
 Beside, lord *Lincolne*, we shall heare dispute

1039 Is't Q3	leagues] loves? Q2 3	1040 om. Q2 3	1042 <i>Peggie</i> Q3
1044 rich Q3	1054 rich Q3	1056 cease] sease Q3	1063 <i>Cyrus</i> Q2 3
1064 Yeeld Q3	1067 to om. Q1 3	reuolt Q3	1070 <i>Castile</i>]

Costly Q3

Twixt frier *Bacon* and learned *Vandermast*.

Peggie, weelee leaue you for a weeke or two. 1075

Margret. As it please lord *Lacie*: but loues foolish looks

Thinke footsteps Miles, and minutes to be houres.

Lacie. Ile hasten, *Peggie*, to make short returne.

But please your honour goe vnto the lodge,

We shall haue butter, cheese, and venison. 1080

And yesterday I brought for *Margret*

A lustie bottle of neat clarret wine:

Thus can we feast and entertaine your grace.

Edward. Tis cheere, lord *Lacie*, for an Emperour,

If he respect the person and the place: 1085

Come, let vs in; for I will all this night

Ride post vntill I come to *Bacons* cell.

Exeunt.

(SCENE II. *At Oxford.*)

Enter Henrie, Emperour, (Saxony), Castile, Ellinor,
Vandermast, Bungay.

Emperour. Trust me, Plantagenet, these *Oxford* schooles
Are richly seated neere the riuer side:

The mountaines full of fat and fallow deere, 1090

The batling pastures laid with kine and flocks,

The towne gorgeous with high built colledges,

And schollers seemely in their graue attire,

Learned in searching principles of art.

What is thy iudgement, *Iaquis Vandermast*? 1095

Vandermast. That lordly are the buildings of the towne,

Spatious the romes and full of pleasant walkes:

But for the doctors, how that they be learned,

It may be meanly, for ought I can heere.

Bungay. I tell thee, Germane, *Haspurge* holds none such, 1100

None red so deepe as *Oxenford* containes.

There are within our accademicke state

Men that may lecture it in *Germanie*

To all the doctors of your *Belgicke* schools.

Henrie. Stand to him, *Bungay*, charme this *Vandermast*, 1105

1074 *Vandemaster* Q3

1091 battling Q2 3

1094 the principles Q2

1095 *Iaquis* Q2 3

1100 *Haspurge* hold Q3

1101 read Q2 3

1102 *Academicke* Q2: *academicke* Q3

And I will vse thee as a royall king.

Vandermast. Wherein darest thou dispute with me?

Bungay. In what a Doctor and a Frier can.

Vandermast. Before rich *Europes* worthies put thou forth

The doubtfull question vnto *Vandermast.* 1110

Bungay. Let it be this, whether the spirites of piromancie or

Geomancie, be most predominant in magick.

Vander. I say, of Piromancie.

Bungay. And I, of Geomancie.

Vander. The cabbalists that wright of magicke spels, 1115

As *Hermes*, *Melchie*, and *Pithagoras*,

Affirme that, mongst the quadruplicities

Of elementall essence, Terra is but thought

To be a punctum squared to the rest:

And that the compasse of ascending eliments 1120

Exceed in bignes as they doe in height;

Iudging the concaue circle of the sonne

To hold the rest in his circomference.

If then, as *Hermes* saies, the fire be greatst,

Purest, and onely giueth shapes to spirites, 1125

Then must these Demones that haunt that place

Be euery way superiour to the rest.

Bungay. I reason not of elementall shapes,

Nor tell I of the concaue laticitudes,

Noting their essence nor their qualitie, 1130

But of the spirites that Piromancie calles,

And of the vigour of the Geomanticke fiends.

I tell thee, Germane, magicke haunts the grounds,

And those strange necromantick spels,

That worke such shewes and wondering in the world, 1135

Are acted by those Geomanticke spirites

That *Hermes* calleth *Terrae filii*.

The fierie spirits are but transparant shades,

That lightly passe as Heralts to beare newes;

But earthly fiends, clood in the lowest deepe, 1140

1112 Magicke? Q2 3	1115 write Q2 3	1116 Pythagoras Q2 3
1120 elements Q2 3	1122 sunne Q2 3	1123 circumference Q2 3
1126 hunt Q3	1129 latitudes Q2 3	1132 Geomaticke Q3
1133 hants Q2 3	ground Dyce and Ward	1134 Negromanticke Q2 3
1136 sprites Q2	1138 transparent Q2 3	1139 Heralds Q2 3
1140 cloz'd Q2 3		

Disseuer mountaines, if they be but chargd,
Being more grose and massie in their power.

Vander. Rather these earthly geomantike spirits
Are dull, and like the place where they remaine :
For when proud *Lucipher* fell from the heauens, 1145
The spirites and angels that did sin with him
Retaind their locall essence, as their faults,
All subiect vnder *Lunas* Continent :
They which offended lesse hang in the fire,
And second faultz did rest within the aire ; 1150
But *Lucifer* and his proud hearted fiends
Were throwne into the center of the Earth,
Hauing lesse vnderstanding than the rest,
As hauing greater sinne, and lesser grace.
Therefore such grosse and earthly spirits doe serue 1155
For Iuglers, Witches, and vild Sorcerers ;
Whereas the Piromanticke Genii
Are mightie, swift, and of farre reaching power.
But graunt that Geomancie hath most force ;
Bungay, to please these mightie potentates, 1160
Prooue by some instance what thy art can doe.

Bungay. I will.

Emper. Now, English *Harry*, here begins the game ;
We shall see sport betweene these learned men.

Vandermast. What wilt thou doe ? 1165

Bung. Shew thee the tree, leaud with refined gold,
Whereon the fearefull dragon held his seate,
That watcht the garden cald Hesperides,
Subdued and wonne by conquering *Hercules*.

Vandermast. Well done. 1170

*Heere Bungay coniures and the tree appeares with the dragon shooting
fire.*

Henrie. What say you, royall lordings, to my frier ?
Hath he not done a point of cunning skill ?

Vander. Ech scholler in the Nicromanticke spels 1175

Can doe as much as *Bungay* hath performd.
But as *Alcmenas* basterd ras'd this tree,

1141 chargd] char'd Q2 3 1145 Lucifer Q2 3 1148 subjects Q2 3
1149 hung Dyce and Ward 1157 Geniri Q1 1158 of] a Q3
1164 larned Q3 1170 Dyce and Ward place after the S. D. 1173 Lord-
lings Q2 3 1175 Negromanticke Q2 3 1177 Alcmenas Q3

So will I raise him vp as when he liued,
 And cause him pull the Dragon from his seate,
 And teare the branches peecemeale from the roote. 1180
Hercules, Prodie; Prodi Hercules!

Hercules appeares in his Lions Skin.

Hercules. Quis me vult?

Vandermast. Ioues bastard sonne, thou libian Hercules,
 Pull off the sprigs from off the Hesperian tree,
 As once thou didst to win the golden fruit. 1185
Hercules. Fiat.

Heere he begins to breake the branches.

Vander. Now, Bungay, if thou canst by magicke charme
 The fiend, appearing like great *Hercules*,
 From pulling downe the branches of the tree, 1190
 Then art thou worthy to be counted learned.

Bungay. I cannot.

Vander. Cease, Hercules, vntill I giue thee charge.
 Mightie commander of this English Ile,
Henrie, come from the stout Plantagenets, 1195
Bungay is learned enough to be a Frier.
 But to compare with *Iaquis Vandermast*,
Oxford and *Cambridge* must go seeke their celles,
 To find a man to match him in his art.
 I haue giuen *non-plus* to the *Paduans*, 1200
 To them of *Sien*, *Florence*, and *Bologna*,
Reimes, *Louain* and faire *Rotterdam*,
Franckford, †*Lutrech*† and *Orleance*:
 And now must *Henrie*, if he do me right,
 Crowne me with lawrell as they all haue done. 1205

Enter Bacon.

Bacon. All haile to this roiall companie,
 That sit to heare and see this strange dispute:
Bungay, how standest thou as a man amazd?
 What, hath the Germane acted more than thou?
Vandermast. What art thou that questions thus? 1210

1181 *Prodie*, *Prodi* Q1 1201 *Belogna* Q1 1202 *Rheims* Q2:
Rheims Q3 *Rotterdam* Q2 3 1203 *Lutrech*] *Utrecht Dyce*: *Lutetia*
Ward after Fleay *Orlance* Q3 1210 *questionst* Q2 3: *question'st Dyce*
and Ward

Bacon. Men call me *Bacon*.

Vander. Lordly thou lookest, as if that thou wert learned ;

Thy countenance, as if science held her seate

Betweene the circled arches of thy browes.

Henrie. Now, Monarcks, hath the Germain found his match. 1215

Emperour. Bestirre thee, *Iaguis*, take not now the foile,

Least thou doest loose what foretime thou didst gaine.

Vandermast. *Bacon*, wilt thou dispute?

Bacon. Noe, vnlesse he were more learned than *Vandermast*.

For yet, tell me, what hast thou done? 1220

Vandermast. Raisd *Hercules* to ruinate that tree,

That *Bongay* mounted by his magick spels.

Bacon. Set *Hercules* to worke.

Vandermast. Now, *Hercules*, 'I charge thee to thy taske;

Pull off the golden branches from the roote. 1225

Hercules. I dare not; seest thou not great *Bacon* heere,

Whose frowne doth act more than thy magicke can?

Vandermast. By all the thrones and dominations,

Vertues, powers and mightie Herarchies,

I charge thee to obey to *Vandermast*. 1230

Hercules. *Bacon*, that bridles headstrong *Belcephon*,

And rules *Asmenoth*, guider of the North,

Bindes me from yeelding vnto *Vandermast*.

Hen. How now, *Vandermast*! haue you met with your
match?

Vandermast. Neuer before wast knowne to *Vandermast* 1235

That men held deuils in such obedient awe,

Bacon doth more than art, or els I faile.

Emperour. Why, *Vandermast*, art then ouercome?

Bacon, dispute with him, and trie his skill.

Bacon. I come not, Monarckes, for to hold dispute 1240

With such a nouice as is *Vandermast*;

I come to haue your royalties to dine

With Frier *Bacon* heere in Brazennose;

And, for this Germane troubles but the place,

And holds this audience with a long suspence, 1245

Ile send him to his Accademie hence.

1217 Lest . . . lose Q2 3 1222 Bongay Q1 1229 Hierarchies Q3
1231 Belcephon Q2 : belzeophon Q3 1232 Asmenoth Q3 1240, 1242
came Dyce and Ward

Thou *Hercules*, whom *Vandermast* did raise,
 Transport the Germane vnto *Haspurge* straight,
 That he may learne by trauaile, gainst the spring,
 More secret doomes and Aphorismes of art. 1250
 Vanish the Tree, and thou away with him!

Exit the Spirit with Vandermast and the Tree.

Emperour. Why, *Bacon*, whether doest thou send him?

Bacon. To *Haspurge*: there your highnesse at returne
 Shall finde the Germane in his studie safe.

Henrie. *Bacon*, thou hast honoured *England* with thy skill, 1255
 And made faire *Oxford* famous by thine art:
 I will be English *Henrie* to thy selfe.

But tell me, shall we dine with thee to day?

Bacon. With me, my Lord; and while I fit my cheere,
 See where Prince *Edward* comes to welcome you, 1260
 Gratious as the morning starre of heauen.

Exit.

Enter Edward, Lacie, Warren, Ermsbie.

Emperour. Is this Prince *Edward*, *Henries* royall sonne,
 How martiall is the figure of his face,
 Yet louely and beset with Amorets.

Henrie. *Ned*, where hast thou been? 1265

Edward. At *Framingham*, my Lord, to trie your buckes,
 If they could scape the teisers or the toile:
 But hearing of these lordly Potentates
 Landed, and prograst vp to *Oxford* towne,
 I posted to giue entertaine to them: 1270

Chiefe to the *Almaine* Monarke, next to him,
 And ioynt with him, *Castile* and *Saxonie*
 Are welcome as they may be to the English Court.
 Thus for the men: but see, *Venus* appeares,
 Or one that ouermatcheth *Venus* in her shape. 1275

Sweete *Ellinor*, beauties high swelling pride,
 Rich natures glorie, and her wealth at once:
 Faire of all faires, welcome to *Albion*,
 Welcome to me, and welcome to thine owne,

1249 trauell Q2 3 spring *Dyce and Ward*: springs Q9 1252 whither
 Q2 3 1261 as is *Ward* 1267 they teisers Q1 1269 progest Q2 3
 1274, 1275 *Venus* Q3 1276 beauty Q3

If that thou dainst the welcome from my selfe. 1280

Ellinor. Martiall Plantagenet, *Henries* high minded sonne,
The marke that *Ellinor* did count her aime,
I likte thee fore I saw thee: now I loue,
And so as in so short a time I may:
Yet so as time shall neuer breake that so: 1285
And therefore so accept of *Ellinor*.

Castile. Feare not, my Lord, this couple will agree,
If loue may creepe into their wanton eyes:
And therefore, *Edward*, I accept thee heere,
Without suspence, as my adopted sonne. 1290

Henrie. Let me that ioy in these consorting greets,
And glorie in these honors done to *Ned*,
Yeeld thanks for all these fauours to my sonne,
And rest a true Plantagenet to all.

Enter Miles with a cloth and trenchers and salt.

Miles. *Saluete omnes reges*, that gouerne your Gregees, in 1295
Saxonie and *Spaine*, in *England*, and in *Almaine*: for
all this frolicke rable must I couer the table,
with trenchers, salt and cloth, and then looke for
your broth.

Emperour. What pleasant fellow is this? 1300

Henrie. Tis, my lord, doctor *Bacons* poore scholler.

Miles. My maister hath made me sewer of these great
lords, and God knowes I am as seruiceable at
a table as a sow is vnder an apple tree: tis
no matter, their cheere shall not be great, and 1305
therefore what skills where the salt stand, before or
behinde?

Castile. These schollers knowes more skill in actiomes,
How to vse quips and sleights of Sophistrie,
Than for to couer courtly for a king. 1310

Enter Miles with a messe of pottage and broth, and after him Bacon.

Miles. Spill, sir? why, doe you thinke I neuer carried
twopeny chop before in my life? by your leaue, *Nobile*

1281 <i>Heneris</i> Q3	1288 lik't Q2 3	1284 a om. Q3	1293 these]
those Q3	1296 and in] in om. Q3	1297 thee Q1	1299 your]
yont Q3	1308 knowes] know Q2 3, <i>Dyce, Ward</i>		Axiomes Q2:
Axiomes Q3	1312 Noble Q3		

decus, for here comes doctor *Bacons pecus*, being in his full age, to carrie a messe of pottage.

Bacon. Lordings, admire not if your cheere be this, 1315
For we must keepe our Accademicke fare;
No riot where Philosophie doth raine:
And therefore, *Henrie*, place these Potentates,
And bid them fall vnto their frugall cates.

Emperour. Presumptuous Frier! what, scoffst thou at a king? 1320
What, doest thou taunt vs with thy pesants fare,
And giue vs cates fit for countrey swaines?
Henrie, proceeds this iest of thy consent,
To twit vs with such a pittance of such price,
Tell me, and *Fredericke* will not greeue the long. 1325

Henrie. By *Henries* honour, and the royall faith
The English Monarcke beareth to his friend,
I knew not of the friers feeble fare,
Nor am I pleasd he entertaines you thus.

Bacon. Content thee, *Fredericke*, for I shewd the cates 1330
To let thee see how schollers vse to feede,
How little meate refines our English wits;
Miles, take away, and let it be thy dinner.

Miles. Marry, Sir, I wil. This day shal be a festiual day
with me, 1335
For I shall exceed in the highest degree.

Exit Miles.

Bacon. I tell thee, Monarch, all the Germane Peeres
Could not affoord thy entertainment such,
So royall and so full of Maiestie,
As *Bacon* will present to *Fredericke*. 1340
The Basest waiter that attends thy cups
Shall be in honours greater than thy selfe
And for thy cates rich *Alexandria* drugges,
Fetcht by Carueils from *Aegypts* richest straights,
Found in the wealthy strond of *Affrica*, 1345
Shall royallize the table of my King;
Wines richer than thEgyptian courtisan

1315 Lordlings Q2 3 1317 raigne Q2 3 1321 peazants Q2 3
1324 such a pittance] such om. Dyce: a om. Ward 1330 the cates] thee
cates Q2: thee cats Q3 1339 so full] so om. Q3 1343 thy] the Q3
1347 th' Egyptian Dyce: the Gyptian Q1: Gyprian Q2 3

Quaft to *Augustus* kingly countermatch,
 Shal be carrowst in English *Henries* feasts:
Candie shall yeeld the richest of her canes; 1350
Persia, downe her *volga* by Canows,
 Send down the secrets of her spicerie;
 The Africke Dates, *mirabiles* of *Spaine*,
 Conserues, and Suckets from *Tiberias*,
 Cates from *Iudea*, choiser than the lampe 1355
 That fiered *Rome* with sparkes of gluttonie,
 Shall bewtifie the board for *Fredericke*:
 And therefore grudge not at a friers feast.

⟨SCENE III. *At Fressingfield.*⟩

Enter two gentlemen, Lambert and Serlby with the Keeper.

Lambert. Come, frolicke keeper of our lieges game,
 Whose table spred hath euer venison 1360
 And Iacks of wines to welcome passengers,
 Know I am in loue with iolly *Margret*,
 That ouer-shines our damsels, as the Moone
 Darkneth the brightest sparkles of the night.
 In *Laxfield* heere my land and liuing lies: 1365
 Ile make thy daughter ioynter of it all,
 So thou consent to giue her to my wife;
 And I can spend fife hundreth markes a yeare.
Serlby. I am the lanslord, keeper, of thy holds,
 By coppie all thy liuing lies in me; 1370
Laxfield did neuer see me raise my due.
 I will infeofe faire *Margret* in all,
 So she will take her to a lustie squire.
Keeper. Now, courteous gentls, if the Keepers girle
 Hath pleased the liking fancie of you both, 1375
 And with her beutie hath subdued your thoughts,
 Tis doubtfull to decide the question.
 It ioyes me that such men of great esteeme
 Should lay their liking on this base estate,
 And that her state should grow so fortunate, 1380
 To be a wife to meaner men than you.

1849 feast Q3, Dyce, Ward
 1358 mirabolans Dyce and Ward
 Q2 3

1350 Candy Q2 3
 1369 Lands-lord Q2 3

1851 volga Q9
 1372 infeofe

But sith such squires will stoop to keepers fee,
 I will, to auoid displeasure of you both,
 Call *Margret* forth, and she shall make her choise.

Exit.

Lambert. Content, Keeper; send her vnto vs.

1385

Why, *Serlsby*, is thy wife so lately dead,
 Are all thy loues so lightly passed ouer,
 As thou canst wed before the yeare be out?

Serlsby. I liue not, *Lambert*, to content the dead,

Nor was I wedded but for life to her:

1390

The graue ends and begins a married state.

Enter Margret.

Lambert. *Peggie*, the louelie flower of all townes,

Suffolks faire *Hellen*, and rich *Englands* star,

Whose beautie, tempered with her huswifrie,

Maks *England* talke of merry *Frisingfield*!

1395

Serlsby. I cannot tricke it vp with poesies,

Nor paint my passions with comparisons,

Nor tell a tale of *Phobus* and his loues:

But this beleue me: *Laxfield* here is mine,

Of auncient rent seuen hundred pounds a yeare;

1400

And if thou canst but loue a countrie squire,

I will infeoffe thee, *Margret*, in all:

I can not flatter; trie me, if thou please.

Mar. Braue neighbouring squires, the stay of *Suffolks* clime,

A keepers daughter is too base in gree

1405

To match with men accompted of such worth:

But might I not displease, I would reply.

Lambert. Say, *Peggy*; nought shall make vs discontent.

Marg. Then, gentils, note that loue hath little stay,

Nor can the flames that *Venus* sets on fire

1410

Be kindled but by fancies motion.

Then pardon, gentils, if a maids reply

Be doubtful, while I haue debated with my selfe,

Who, or of whome, loue shall constraine me like.

Serlsbie. Let it be me; and trust me, *Margret*,

1415

The meads inuironed with the siluer streames,

1383 t' auoyd Q2 : t' auoide Q3 1391 graues Q1 1392 flowers Q2
 1396 poisies Q3 1398 *Phobus* Q2 3 1405 daughters Q1 3
 1409 gentiles Q2 3 1410 set Q3

Whose Batling pastures fatneth all my flockes,
 Yelding forth fleeces stapled with such woole,
 As *Lempster* cannot yelde more finer stuffe ;
 And fortie kine with faire and burnisht heads, 1420
 With strouting duggs that paggle to the ground,
 Shall serue thy dary, if thou wed with me.

Lambert. Let passe the countrie wealth, as flocks & kine,
 And lands that waue with *Ceres* golden sheues,
 Filling my barnes with plentie of the fieldes : 1425
 But, *Peggie*, if thou wed thy selfe to me,
 Thou shalt haue garments of Imbrodred silke,
 Lawnes and rich networks for thy head attyre :
 Costlie shal be thy fare abiliments,
 If thou wilt be but *Lamberts* louing wife. 1430

Margret. Content you, gentles, you haue profered faire,
 And more than fits a countrie Maids degree :
 But giue me leaue to counsaile me a time,
 For fancie bloomes not at the first assault ;
 Giue me but ten dayes respite, and I will repleye 1435
 Which or to whom my selfe affectionats.

Serlsby. *Lambert*, I tell thee thou art importunate ;
 Such beautie fits not such a base esquire.
 It is for *Serlsby* to haue *Margret*.

Lamb. Thinkst thou with wealth to ouer reach me? 1440

Serlsby, I scorne to brooke thy country braues :
 I dare thee, Coward, to maintaine this wrong,
 At dint of rapier, single in the field.

Serlsby. Ile aunswere, *Lambert*, what I haue auoucht.

Margret, farewell, another time shall serue. 1445

Exit Serlsby.

Lambert. Ile follow. *Peggie*, farewell to thy selfe ;
 Listen how well ile answer for thy loue.

Exit Lambert.

Margeret. How Fortune tempers lucky happes with frowns,
 And wrongs me with the sweets of my delight !
 Loue is my blisse, and loue is now my bale. 1450
 Shall I be *Hellen* in my forward fates,

1417 battling Q2 3 fatten Q2 3 1421 puggle Q2 3 1425 filling Q1
 1426 peggie Q1 1428 net-worke Q3 1429 faire habilliments Q2 3
 1438 a base om. Q3 1447 List Q3 1451 froward *Dyce and Ward*

As I am *Hellen* in my matchless hue,
 And set rich *Suffolke* with my face afire?
 If louely *Lacie* were but with his *Peggy*,
 The cloudie darcknesse of his bitter frowne 1455
 Would check the pride of these aspiring squires.
 Before the terme of ten dayes be expired,
 When as they looke for answere of their loues,
 My Lord will come to merry *Fresingfield*,
 And end their fancies, and their follies both; 1460
 Til when, *Peggie*, be blith and of good cheere!

Enter a Post with a letter and a bag of gold.

Post. Fair louely damsell, which way leads this path?

How might I post me vnto *Fresingfield*?

Which footpath leadeth to the keepers lodge?

Margaret. Your way is ready, and this path is right; 1465

My selfe doe dwell hereby in *Fresingfield*;

And if the keeper be the man you seeke,

I am his daughter: may I know the cause?

Post. Louely, and once beloued of my lord,

No meruaile if his eye was lodgd so low, 1470

When brighter bewtie is not in the heauens.

The *Lincolne* earle hath sent you letters here,

And, with them, iust an hundred pounds in gold.

Sweete, bonny wench, read them, and make reply.

Margret. The scrowles that *Ioue* sent *Danae*, 1475

Wrapt in rich closures of fine burnisht gold,

Were not more welcome than these lines to me.

Tell me, whilst that I doe vnrip the seales,

Liues *Lacie* well, how fares my louely Lord?

Post. Well, if that wealth may make men to liue well. 1480

The letter, and Margret reads it.

The bloomes of the Almond tree grow in a night, and vanish
 in a morne; the flies *Haemerae* (faire *Peggie*) take life with
 the Sun, and die with the dew; fancie that slippeth in
 with a gase, goeth out with a winke; and too timely loues

1454 his] the Q3 1456 these] those Ward 1457 terme] time Q3
 1461 blithe Q2 3 S. D. Poast Q2 3 1463 me om. Q3 1466 hereby]
 hard by Q3 1471 brighter] bright Q3 1476 Wrapt] Wrap Q3
 1482 Haemerae Q2 3: Hemera 21 1484 gaze Q2 3

haue euer the shortest length. I write this as thy grefe, and 1485
 my folly, who at *Fresingfield* loud that which time hath
 taught me to be but meane dainties : eyes are dissemblers,
 and fancie is but queasie ; therefore know, *Margret*, I haue
 chosen a Spanish Ladie to be my wife, cheefe waighting
 woman to the Princesse *Ellinour* ; a Lady faire, and no 1490
 lesse faire than thy selfe, honorable and wealthy. In that
 I forsake thee I leaue thee to thine own liking ; and for thy
 dowrie I haue sent thee an hundred pounds ; and euer
 assure thee of my fauour, which shall auaille thee and thine
 much. Farewell.

Not thine, nor his owne, 1495

Edward Lacie.

Fond *Atae*, doomer of bad boading fates,
 That wrappes proud Fortune in thy snaky locks,
 Didst thou inchaunt my byrth-day with such stars
 As lightned mischeefe from their infancie? 1500
 If heauens had vowed, if stars had made decree,
 To shew on me their froward influence,
 If *Lacie* had but lovd, heauens, hell, and all
 Could not haue wrongd the patience of my minde.

Post. It grieues me, damsell ; but the Earle is forst 1505
 To loue the Lady by the Kings commaund.

Margret. The wealth combinde within the English shelues,
Europes commaunder, nor the English King,
 Should not haue moude the loue of *Peggie* from her Lord.

Post. What answere shall I returne to my Lord? 1510

Margret. First, for thou camst from *Lacie* whom I loud—

Ah, giue me leaue to sigh at euery thought !
 Take thou, my freind, the hundred pound he sent,
 For *Margrets* resolution craues no dower.
 The world shal be to her as vanitie, 1515
 Wealth, trash ; loue, hate ; pleasure, dispaire :
 For I will straight to stately *Fremingham*,
 And in the abby there be shorne a Nun,
 And yeld my loues and libertie to God.
 Fellow, I giue thee this, not for the newes, 1520

1485 wright Q3 1488 quasie Q3 1489 chose Q3 1492 forsooke Q3
 1496 boading] boasting Q2 3 1501 had vowed] hath vowed Q3 1502 on]
 in Q2 3 1508 Commander Q2 3 1512 euery] very Dyce and Ward

For those be hatefull vnto *Margret*,
 But for thart *Lacies* man, once *Margrets* loue.
Post. What I haue heard, what passions I haue seene,
 Ile make report of them vnto the Earle.
Exit Post.
Margret. Say that she ioyes his fancies be at rest, 1525
 And praies that his misfortune may be hers.
Exit.

ACT IV.

(SCENE I. *Friar Bacon's Cell.*)

Enter Friar Bacon drawing the courtaines, with a white sticke, a booke in his hand, and a lampe lighted by him, and the brasen head and Miles, with weapons by him.

Bacon. *Miles*, where are you? 1530

Miles. Here, sir.

Bacon. How chaunce you tarry so long?

Miles. Thinke you that the watching of the brazen head
 craues no furniture? I warrant you, sir, I haue so armed my
 selfe, that, if all your deuills come, I will not feare them 1535
 an inch.

Bacon. *Miles*, thou knowest that I haue diued into hell,
 And sought the darkest pallaces of fiendes;
 That with my magick spels great *Belcephon*
 Hath left his lodge and kneeled at my cell; 1540
 The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,
 And three-formd *Luna* hid her siluer looks,
 Trembling vpon her concaue contentent,
 When *Bacon* red vpon his Magick booke.
 With seuen yeares tossing nigromanticke charmes, 1545
 Poring vpon darke *Hecats* principles,
 I haue framd out a monstrous head of brasse,
 That, by the inchaunting forces of the deuil,
 Shall tell out strange and vncoth Aphorismes,
 And girt faire *England* with a wall of brasse. 1550
Bungay and I haue watcht these three score dayes,
 And now our vitall Spirites craue some rest.

1526 misfortunes Q2 3	S. D. with weapons Q1	1535 doe come Q2 3
1537 knowst Q2 3	1538 of the Fiends Q3	1539 <i>Belcephon</i> Q2 3
1543 continent Q2 3	1545 With] When Q3	1548 th' inchaunting Q2 3

If *Argos* liud and had his hundred eyes,
 They could not ouerwatch *Phobeters* night.
 Now, *Miles*, in thee rests Frier *Bacons* weale : 1555
 The honour and renowne of all his life
 Hangs in the watching of this brazen-head ;
 Therefore I charge thee by the immortall God
 That holds the soules of men within his fist,
 This night thou watch, for ere the morning star 1560
 Sends out his glorious glister on the north,
 The head will speake : then, *Miles*, vpon thy life,
 Wake me ; for then by Magick art Ile worke,
 To end my seuen yeares taske with excellence.
 If that a winke but shut thy watchfull eye, 1565
 Then farewell *Bacons* glory and his fame !
 Draw close the courtaines, *Miles* : now for thy life,
 Be watchfull and—

Here he falleth asleepe.

Miles. So ; I thought you would talke your selfe asleepe anon,
 and tis no meruaile, for *Bungay* on the dayes, and he on 1570
 the nights, haue watcht iust these ten and fifty dayes : now
 this is the night, and tis my taske, and no more. Now,
 Iesus blesse me, what a goodly head it is, and a nose !
 you talke of *nos autem glorificare*, but heres a nose that
 I warrant may be cald *nos autem popelare* for the people 1575
 of the parish. Well, I am furnished with weapons : now,
 sir, I will set me downe by a post, and make it as good
 as a watch-man to wake me, if I chaunce to slumber.
 I thought, goodman head, I would call you out of your
memento . . . Passion a God, I haue almost broke my 1580
 pate ! vp, *Miles*, to your taske, take your browne bill in
 your hand ; heeres some of your maisters hobgoblins
 abroad.

With this a great noise.

The Head speakes.

Head. Time is.

Miles. Time is ! why, maister Brazenhead, haue you such a 1585

1565 awinke Q1 2 1567 Close the curtaines Q2 3 S. D. falls Q3
 1575 popelares Q2 3 1579 I thought, that Q3 1580 Lacuna of two
 or three words after memento in Q1 : ion and your add. Q1 in marg. : mori
 and your— sugg. J. C. Smith

capitall nose, and answer you with sillables, 'Time is?' is this all my maisters cunning, to spend seuen yeares studie about 'Time is'? Well sir, it may be we shall haue some better orations of it anon: well Ile watch you as narrowly as euer you were watcht, and Ile play with you as the 1590 Nightingale with the Slowworme, Ile set a pricke against my brest: now rest there, *Miles*;—Lord haue mercy vpon me, I haue almost kild my selfe: vp, *Miles*, list how they rumble.

Head. Time was. 1595

Miles. Well, Frier *Bacon*, you spent your seuen yeares studie well that can make your Head speake but two wordes at once. 'Time was': yea, marie, time was when my maister was a wise man, but that was before he began to make the Brasen-head; you shall lie while your arce ake and your 1600 Head speake no better: well I will watch and walke vp and downe, and be a Perepatetian and a Philosopher of *Aristotles* stampe. What, a freshe noise? Take thy pistols in hand, *Miles*.

Heere the Head speakes and a lightning flasheth forth, and a hand appeares that breaketh down the Head with a hammer.

Head. Time is past.

Miles. Maister, maister, vp! hels broken loose; your Head 1605 speakes, and theres such a thunder and lightning, that I warrant all *Oxford* is vp in armes. Out of your bed, and take a browne bill in your hand; the latter day is come.

Bacon. *Miles*; I come, oh, passing warily watcht!

Bacon will make thee next himselfe in loue. 1610

When spake the Head?

Miles. When spake the Head! did not you say that hee should tell strange principles of Philosophie? Why, sir, it speaks but two wordes at a time.

Bacon. Why, villaine, hath it spoken oft? 1615

Miles. Oft! I, marie, hath it! thrice: but in all those three times it hath vttered but seuen wordes.

Bacon. As how?

Miles. Marrie, sir, the first time he said, 'Time is,' as if

1589 better *om.* Q2 3 1590 were] was Q3 1596 you haue spent Q3,
Dyce, Ward 1602 Peripatetian Q2 3 1606 thundring Q3
1613 spoke Q3

Fabius cumentator should haue pronounst a sentence; he 1620
said 'Time was'; and the third time with thunder and
lightning, as in great choller, he said 'Time is past.'

Bacon. Tis past indeed. A, villaine, time is past,
My life, my fame, my glorie, all are past:
Bacon, the turrets of thy hope are ruind downe, 1625
Thy seuen yeares studie lieth in the dust,
Thy Brazen-head lies broken through a slaue
That watcht, and would not when the Head did will.
What said the Head first?

Miles. Euen, sir, 'Time is.' 1630

Bacon. Villaine, if thou hadst cald to *Bacon* then,
If thou hadst watcht, and wakte the sleepe frier,
The Brazen-head had vttered Aphorismes,
And *England* had been circled round with brasse:
But proud *Asmenoth* ruler of the North, 1635
And *Demogorgon* maister of the fates,
Grudge that a mortall man should worke so much.
Hell trembled at my deepe commanding spels,
Fiendes frownd to see a man their ouermatch;
Bacon might bost more than a man might boast: 1640
But now the braues of *Bacon* hath an end,
Europes conceit of *Bacon* hath an end,
His seuen yeares practise sorteth to ill end:
And, villaine, sith my glorie hath an end,
I will appoint thee fatall to some end. 1645
Villaine, auoid! get thee from *Bacons* sight!
Vagrant, go rome and range about the world,
And perish as a vagabond on earth.

Miles. Why, then, sir, you forbid me your seruice?

Bacon. My seruice, villaine, with a fatall curse, 1650
That direfull plagues and mischiefe fall on thee.

Miles. Tis no matter, I am against you with the old prouerb,
'The more the fox is curst the better he fares': God be with
you, sir; Ile take but a booke in my hand, a wide sleeued

1620 *Commentator* Q2 3 sentence Q3 [the second time add. *Dyce* and
Ward 1621 thundring Q3 1625 turrets of thy] terrours of my Q3
1630 sir om. Q2 3 1635 *Asmenoth Dyce: Astmeroth Qq* (cf. 1232)
1636 *Demogorgon Qq* maister] ruler *Eng. Parnass.* 1637 worke] doe Q2
1641 bath] haue Q3 1645 to some fatal end *Dyce* and *Ward* 1647 range]
rage Q3

gowne on my backe, and a crowned cap on my head, and see 1655
if I can want promotion.

Bacon. Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy wearie steps,
Vntill they doe transport thee quicke to hell:
For *Bacon* shall haue neuer merrie day,
To loose the fame and honour of his Head. 1660
Exit.

⟨SCENE II. *At Court.*⟩

Enter Emperour, ⟨Saxony⟩, Castile, Henrie, Ellinor, Edward, Lacie,
Raphe.

Emper. Now, louely Prince, the prime of *Albions* wealth,
How fares the ladie *Ellinor* and you?
What, haue you courted and found *Castile* fit
To answer *England* in equiuolence?
Wilt be a match twixt bonny *Nell* and thee? 1665

Edw. Should *Paris* enter in the Courts of *Greece*,
And not lie fettered in faire *Hellens* looks?
Or *Phoebus* scape those piercing amorits
That *Daphne* glaunsed at his deitie?
Can *Edward*, then, sit by a flame and freeze, 1670
Whose heat puts *Hellen* and faire *Daphne* downe?
Now, Monarcks, aske the ladie if we gree.

Hen. What, madam, hath my son found grace or no?
Ellinor. Seeing, my lord, his louely counterfeit,
And hearing how his minde and shape agreed, 1675
I come not, troopt with all this warlike traine,
Doubting of loue, but so effectionat
As *Edward* hath in *England* what he wonne in *Spaine*.

Castile. A match, my lord; these wantons needes must loue:
Men must haue wiues, and women will be wed; 1680
Lets hast the day to honour vp the rites.

Raphe. Sirha *Harry*, shall *Ned* marry *Nell*?

Henry. I, *Raphe*, how then?

Raphe. Marrie, *Harrie*, follow my counsaile: send for frier
Bacon to marrie them, for heele so coniure him and her 1685
with his Nigromancie, that they shall loue together like
pigge and lambe whilest they liue.

1660 lose Q2 3 1661 prime Dyce: prince Qq 1662 fare Dyce and Ward
1676 came Dyce and Ward 1677 affectionate Q2 3 1680 will] must Q3
1681 haste Q2

Castile. But hearst thou, *Raphe*, art thou content to haue
Ellinor to thy ladie?

Raphe. I, so she will promise me two things. 1690

Castile. Whats that, *Raphe*?

Raphe. That shee will neuer scold with *Ned* nor fight with
me. Sirha *Harry*, I haue put her downe with a thing
vnpossible.

Henry. Whats that, *Raphe*? 1695

Raphe. Why, *Harrie*, didst thou euer see that a woman could
both hold her tongue and her handes? No! but when
egge-pies growes on apple-trees, then will thy gray mare
prooue a bag-piper.

Emperour. What saies the lord of *Castile* and the Earle of 1700
Lincolne, that they are in such earnest and secret talke?

Castile. I stand, my lord, amazed at his talke,
How he discourseth of the constancie
Of one surnam'd, for beauties excellence,
The faire maid of merrie *Fresingfield*. 1705

Henrie. Tis true, my Lord, tis wondrous for to heare;
Her beautie passing *Marcus* parramour,
Her virgins right as rich as *Vestas* was.
Lacie and *Ned* hath told me Miracles.

Castile. What saies lord *Lacie*? shall she be his wife? 1710

Lacie. Or els lord *Lacie* is vnfit to liue.
May it please your highnesse giue me leaue to post
To *Fresingfield*, Ile fetch the bonny girle,
And prooue in true apparance at the court
What I haue vouched often with my tongue. 1715

Henrie. *Lacie*, go to the quirie of my stable,
And take such coursers as shall fit thy turne:
Hie thee to *Fresingfield*, and bring home the lasse,
And, for her fame flies through the English coast,
If it may please the ladie *Ellinor*, 1720
One day shall match your excellence and her.

Ellinor. We *Castile* ladies are not very coy;
Your highnesse may command a greater boone:
And glad were I to grace the *Lincolne* earle

1698 grow *Q3*, *Dyce*, *Ward* 1700 say *Dyce* 1704 beauties]
beautiful *Q3* 1705 merrie *om.* *Q2 3* 1707 *Marsus Q2 3*
1709 haue *Q2*, *Dyce*

With being partner of his marriage day. 1725

Edward. Gramercie, *Nell*, for I do loue the lord,

As he thats second to my selfe in loue.

Raphe. You loue her. Madam *Nell*, neuer beleeeue him you,
though he sweares he loues you.

Ellinor. Why, *Raphe*? 1730

Raphe. Why, his loue is like vnto a tapsters glasse that is
broken with euery tutch; for he loued the faire maid
of *Fresingfield* once out of all hoe. Nay, *Ned*, neuer
wincke vpon me; I care not, I.

Hen. *Raphe* tels all; you shall haue a good secretarie of him. 1735

But, *Lacie*, haste thee post to *Fresingfield*;

For ere thou hast fitted all things for her state,

The solemne marriage day will be at hand.

Lacie. I go, my lord.

Exit Lacie.

Emperour. How shall we passe this day, my lord? 1740

Henrie. To horse, my lord; the day is passing faire,

Weele flie the partridge, or go rouse the deere;

Follow, my lords; you shall not want for sport.

Exeunt.

<SCENE III. *Friar Bacon's Cell.*>

Enter frier Bacon with frier Bungay to his cell.

Bungay. What meanes the frier that frolickt it of late,
[To sit as melancholie in his cell]: 1745

To sit as melancholie in his cell,

As if he had neither lost nor wonne to day?

Bacon. Ah, *Bungay*, my Brazen-head is spoild,

My glorie gone, my seuen yeares studie lost:

The fame of *Bacon*, bruted through the world, 1750

Shall end and perish with this deepe disgrace.

Bungay. *Bacon* hath built foundation of his fame

So surely on the wings of true report,

With acting strange and vncoth miracles,

1726 Gramarcy Q3 1727 my selfe] thyself *Dyce and Ward* 1728 her?
Q2 3, *Dyce, Ward* 1732 broke Q3 1743 my Lord Q3 1745 om.
Q2 3, *Dyce, Ward* 1748 Ah, *Bungay*, ah, *Ward after Dyce* spold
Q1: spoild'd Q2: spoiled Q3 1752 of *Dyce*: on Qq 1754 and om. Q3

As this cannot infringe what he deserues. 1755

Bacon. *Bungay*, sit down, for by prospectiue skill,

I find this day shall fall out ominous :

Some deadly act shall tide me ere I sleep :

But what and wherein little can I gesse.

Bungay. My minde is heauy, what so ere shall hap. 1760

Enter two Schollers, sonnes to Lambert and Serlby.

Knocke.

Bacon. Whose that knockes?

Bungay. Two schollers that desires to speake with you.

Bac. Bid thē come in. Now, my youths, what would you haue?

1 *Scholler.* Sir, we are *Suffolke* men and neighbouring friends,
Our fathers in their countries lustie squires; 1765
Their lands adioyne: in *Crackfield* mine doth dwell,
And his in *Laxfield*. We are colledge mates,
Sworne brothers as our fathers liues as friendes.

Bacon. To what end is all this?

2 *Scholler.* Hearing your worship kept within your cell 1770
A glasse prospectiue, wherein men might see
What so their thoughts or hearts desire could wish,
We come to know how that our fathers fare.

Bacon. My glasse is free for euery honest man.

Sit downe and you shall see ere long, 1775

How or in what state your friendly fathers liues.

Meane while tell me your names.

Lambert. Mine *Lambert*.

2 *Scholler.* And mine *Serlsbie*.

Bacon. *Bungay*, I smell there will be a tragedie. 1780

Enter Lambert and Serlsbie, with Rapiers and daggers.

Lambert. *Serlsby*, thou hast kept thine houre like a man:

Th'art worthie of the title of a squire,

That durst, for prooffe of thy affection,

And for thy mistresse fauour, prize thy bloud.

Thou knowst what words did passe at *Fresingfield*, 1785

1758 betide Q2 3 1760 *Grosart and Ward assign to Bacon* My minde]
Mine Q3 1761 Who's Q2 3 1762 desire Q2 3, *Dyce, Ward* 1768 liue
Q2, *Dyce, Ward* 1775, 1776 ere long, how Or *Dyce*: ere long, sirs, how Or
sugg. *Dyce* 1776 father liues Q1: fathers liue Q3, *Dyce, Ward* 1781
houre] honour Q3 1783 approofe Q3 1784 blood Q2 3

Such shamelesse braues as manhood cannot brooke :

I, for I skorne to beare such piercing taunts,

Prepare thee, *Serlsbie*; one of vs will die.

Serlsbie. Thou seest I single <meet> thee <in> the field,

And what I spake, Ile maintaine with my sword: 1790

Stand on thy guard, I cannot scold it out.

And if thou kill me, thinke I haue a sonne,

That liues in *Oxford* in the *Brodgates* hall,

Who will reuenge his fathers bloud with bloud.

Lambert. And, *Serlsbie*, I haue there a lusty boy, 1795

That dares at weapon buckle with thy sonne,

And liues in *Broadgates* too, as well as thine ;

But draw thy Rapier, for wee le haue a bout.

Bacon. Now, lustie yonkers, looke within the glasse,

And tell me if you can discerne your sires. 1800

1 *Scholler*. *Serlsbie*, tis hard ; thy father offers wrong,

To combat with my father in the field.

2 *Scholler*. *Lambert*, thou liest, my fathers is the abuse,

And thou shalt find it, if my father harme.

Bungay. How goes it, sirs? 1805

1 *Scholler*. Our fathers are in combat hard by *Fresingfield*.

Bacon. Sit still, my friendes, and see the euent.

Lambert. Why standst thou, *Serlsbie*? doubtst thou of thy life?

A venie, man! faire *Margret* craues so much.

Serlsbie. Then this for her. 1810

1 *Scholler*. Ah, well thrust!

2 *Scholler*. But marke the ward.

They fight and kill ech other.

Lambert. Oh, I am slaine!

Serlsbie. And I, Lord haue mercie on me!

1 *Scholler*. My father slaine! *Serlby*, ward that. 1815

The two schollers stab on another.

2 *Scholler*. And so is mine! *Lambert*, Ile quite thee well,

Bungay. O strange strattagem!

Bacon. See, Frier, where the fathers both lie dead.

1789 I single thee the field Qq: corr. Dyce 1790 speak Q3
 1796 thy] my Q3 1798 about Q1 1803 my father is abuse Q3
 1804 harme] haue harme Q3: haue harm Ward 1809 veny Q2: vaine Q3
 so om. Q3 1815 S. D. placed after 1816 by Dyce and Ward on] ech Q3
 1817 strattagem Q3 1818 both] doth Q

Bacon, thy magicke doth effect this massacre:
 This glasse prospectiue worketh manie woes; 1820
 And therefore seeing these braue lustie Brutes,
 These friendly youths, did perish by thine art,
 End all thy magicke and thine art at once.
 The poniard that did end the fatall liues,
 Shall breake the cause efficient of their woes. 1825
 So fade the glasse, and end with it the showes,
 That Nigromancie did infuse the christall with.

He breakes the glasse.

Bung. What means learned *Bacon* thus to breake his glasse?

Bacon. I tell thee, *Bungay*, it repents me sore
 That euer *Bacon* medled in this art. 1830
 The houres I haue spent in piromanticke spels,
 The fearefull tossing in the latest night
 Of papers full of Nigromanticke charmes,
 Coniuring and adiuring diuels and fiends,
 With stole and albe and strange Pentageron; 1835
 The wresting of the holy name of God,
 As *Sother*, *Elaim*, and *Adonaie*,
Alpha, *Manoth*, and *Tetragramiton*,
 With praying to the fiue-fould powers of heauen,
 Are instances that *Bacon* must be damde, 1840
 For vsing diuels to counteruaile his God.
 Yet, *Bacon*, cheere thee, drowne not in despaire:
 Sinnes haue their salues, repentance can do much,
 Thinke mercie sits where Iustice holds her seate,
 And from those wounds those bloudie *Jews* did pierce, 1845
 Which by thy magicke oft did bleed a fresh,
 From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,
 To wash the wrath of hie *Iehouahs* ire,
 And make thee as a new borne babe from sinne.
Bungay, Ile spend the remnant of my life 1850
 In pure deuotion, praying to my God,
 That he would saue what *Bacon* vainly lost.

Exit.

1820 worketh] works Q3 1821 braue om. Q2 3: brutes Q1
 1824 ponard Q3 the] their Dyce and Ward 1825 efficiat Q9 woes]
 voves Q3 1834 Friends Q3 1835 strange] strong Dyce and Ward
 Pentagonon Q1 2: Pantaganon Q3: corr. Dyce 1837 Elvim and
 Adonai Q2 3 1838 Tetragrammaton Q2 3 1840 instant Q3 damn'd Q2 3
 1841 vsing] vsing Q3 his] with Q3 1849 thee] the Q3

ACT V.

⟨SCENE I. *At Fressingfield.*⟩

Enter Margret in Nuns apparrell, Keeper, her father, and their friend.

Keep. *Margret*, be not so headstrong in these vows:

Oh, burie not such beautie in a cell,
That *England* hath held famous for the hue! 1855
Thy fathers haire, like to the siluer bloomes
That beautifie the shrubs of *Affrica*,
Shall fall before the dated time of death,
Thus to forgoe his louely *Margret*.

Margret. A, father, when the hermonie of heauen 1860

Soundeth the measures of a liuely faith,
The vaine Illusions of this flattering world
Seemes odious to the thoughts of *Margret*.
I loued once, Lord *Lacie* was my loue;
And now I hate my selfe for that I lovd, 1865
And doated more on him than on my God.

For this I scourge my selfe with sharpe repents.
But now the touch of such aspiring sinnes
Tels me all loue is lust but loue of heauens;
That beautie vsde for loue is vanitie: 1870

The world containes nought but alluring baites,
Pride, flatterie, and inconstant thoughts.
To shun the pricks of death, I leaue the world,
And vow to meditate on heauenly blisse,
To liue in *Framingham* a holy Nunne, 1875

Holy and pure in conscience and in deed;
And for to wish all maides to learne of me,
To seeke heauens ioy before earths vanitie.

Friend. And will you then, *Margret*, be shorn a Nunne,
and so leaue vs all?

Margret. Now farewell, world, the engin of all woe! 1880

Farewell to friends and father! welcome Christ!

Adew to daintie robes! this base attire

1857 beautifies Q2 3 1860 harmony Q2: hearmony Q3 1863 Seeme
Q2: Seem Q3, Dyce, Ward 1867 repeats Q3 1872 inconstants Q9
1875 Framingham Q2 3: Framlingham Dyce and Ward 1882 Adieu Q2 3
to om. Q2 danty Q3

Better befits an humble minde to God
 Than all the shew of rich abilliments.
 Farewell, oh Loue, and with fond Loue farewell, 1885
 Sweet *Lacie*, whom I loued once so deere!
 Euer be well, but neuer in my thoughts,
 Least I offend to thinke on *Lacies* loue:
 But euen to that, as to the rest, farewell:

Enter Lacie, Warraine, Ermsbie, booted and spurred.

Lacie. Come on, my wags, weere neere the Keepers lodge. 1890
 Heere haue I oft walkt in the watrie Meades,
 And chatted with my louely *Margret*.

Warraine. Sirha *Ned*, is not this the Keeper?

Lacie. Tis the same.

Ermsbie. The old lecher hath gotton holy mutton to him:
 a Nunne, my lord. 1896

Lacie. Keeper, how farest thou? holla man, what cheere?
 How doth *Peggie* thy daughter and my loue?

Keeper. Ah, good my lord! oh, wo is me for *Pegge*!
 See where she stands clad in her Nunnes attire, 1900
 Readie for to be shorne in *Framingham*:
 She leaues the world because she left your loue.
 Oh, good my lord, perswade her if you can.

Lacie. Why, how now, *Margret*? what, a malecontent?
 A Nunne? what holy father taught you this, 1905
 To taske your selfe to such a tedious life
 As die a maid? twere iniurie to me
 To smother vp such bewtie in a cell.

Margret. Lord *Lacie*, thinking of my former misse,
 How fond the prime of wanton yeares were spent 1910
 In loue, (Oh fie vppon that fond conceite,
 Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye!),
 I leaue both loue and lous content at once,
 Betaking me to him that is true loue,
 And leauing all the world for loue of him. 1915

Lacie. Whence, *Peggie*, comes this Metamorphosis?
 What, shorne a Nun, and I haue from the Court
 Posted with coursers to conuaie thee hence
 To *Windsore*, where our Mariage shal be kept!

1884 habilliments Q2 3 1885 Farewell *Dyce* Loue Qq 1899 *Peggie* Q3
 1909 my *Dyce*: thy Qq 1912 hap] hope Q3

- Thy wedding robes are in the tailors hands, 1920
 Come, *Peggy*, leaue these peremptorie vowes.
Margret. Did not my lord resigne his interest,
 And make diuorce twixt *Margret* and him?
Lacie. Twas but to try sweete *Peggies* constancie.
 But will faire *Margret* leaue her loue and Lord? 1925
Margret. Is not heauens ioy before earths fading blisse,
 And life aboue sweeter than life in loue?
Lacie. Why, then, *Margret* will be shorne a Nun?
Mar. Margret hath made a vow which may not be reuokt.
Warraine. We cannot stay, my Lord; and if she be so strict, 1930
 Our leisure graunts vs not to woo a fresh.
Ermsbie. Choose you, faire damsell, yet the choise is yours,
 Either a solemne Nunnerie, or the Court,
 God, or Lord *Lacie*; which contents you best,
 To be a Nun, or els Lord *Lacies* wife? 1935
Lacie. A good motion. *Peggie*, your answere must be short.
Margret. The flesh is frayle; my Lord doth know it well,
 That when he comes with his inchanting face,
 What so ere betyde I cannot say him nay.
 Off goes the habite of a maidens heart, 1940
 And, seeing Fortune will, faire *Fremingham*,
 And all the shew of holy Nuns, farewell.
Lacie for me, if he wilbe my lord.
Lacie. *Peggie*, thy Lord, thy loue, thy husband.
 Trust me, by truth of knighthood, that the King 1945
 Staies for to marry matchles *Ellinour*,
 Vntil I bring thee richly to the Court,
 That one day may both marry her and thee.
 How saist thou, Keeper? art thou glad of this?
Keeper. As if the English King had giuen 1950
 The parke and deere of *Fresingfield* to me.
Erms. I pray thee, my Lord of *Sussex*, why art thou in
 a broune study?
Warraine. To see the nature of women, that be they neuer so
 neare God, yet they loue to die in a mans armes. 1955
Lacie. What haue you fit for breakefast? we haue hied
 and posted all this night to *Fresingfield*.

1923 make] made Q3
 1955 they] thy Q9

1926 fading om. Q3
 1957 poasten Q3

1934 which] weich Q13

Margret. Butter and cheese, and humbls of a Deere,
Such as poore Keepers haue within their lodge.

Lacie. And not a bottle of wine? 1960

Margret. Weele find one for my Lord.

Lacie. Come, *Sussex*, lets in: we shall haue more, for she
speaks least, to hold her promise sure.

Exeunt.

⟨SCENE II. *Friar Bacon's Cell.*⟩

Enter a deuill to seeke Miles.

Deuill. How restles are the ghosts of hellish spirites,
When euerie charmer with his Magick spels 1965
Cals vs from nine-fold trenched Phlegiton,
To scud and ouer-scoure the earth in post,
Vpon the speedie wings of swiftest winds!
Now *Bacon* hath raisd me from the darkest deepe,
To search about the world for *Miles* his man, 1970
For *Miles*, and to torment his lasie bones,
For careles watching of his Brasen head.
See where he comes: Oh, he is mine!

Enter Miles with a gowne and a corner cap.

Miles. A scholler, quoth you! marry, sir, I would I had bene
made a botlemaker when I was made a scholler; for I 1975
can get neither to be a Deacon, Reader, nor Schoole-
maister, no, not the clarke of a parish. Some call me
a dunce; another saith my head is as full of Latine as
an egs full of oatemeale: thus I am tormented that the
deuil and Frier *Bacon* haunts me. Good Lord, heers one 1980
of my maisters deuils! Ile goe speake to him. What,
maister Plutus, how chere you?

Deuill. Doost thou know me?

Miles. Know you, sir! why, are not you one of my maisters
deuils, that were wont to come to my maister Doctor *Bacon*, 1985
at Brazen-nose?

Deuill. Yes, marry, am I.

Miles. Good Lord, M. Plutus, I haue seene you a thousand
times at my maisters, and yet I had neuer the manners
to make you drinke. But sir, I am glad to see how con- 1990

1958 humbles Q3 1964 sprites Q2 3, *Dyce, Ward* 1966 Blegiton
Q1: *Phlegiton* Q3 1972 watchidg Q1 1980 haunt *Dyce and Ward*

formable you are to the statute. I warrant you, hees as
yeomanly a man as you shall see: marke you, Maisters,
heers a plaine honest man, without welt or garde, but
I pray you, sir, do you come lately from hel?

Deuil. I marry: how then?

1995

Miles. Faith, tis a place I haue desired long to see: haue
you not good tipling houses there? may not a man haue
a lustie fier there, a pot of good ale, a paire of cardes, a
swinging peece of chalke, and a browne toast that will clap
a white wastcoat on a cup of good drinke?

2000

Deuil. All this you may haue there.

Miles. You are for me, freinde, and I am for you. But I
pray you, may I not haue an office there?

Deuil. Yes, a thousand: what wouldst thou be?

Miles. By my troth, sir, in a place where I may profit my
selfe. I know hel is a hot place, and men are meruailous
drie, and much drinke is spent there; I would be a tapster.

Deuil. Thou shalt.

Miles. Theres nothing lets me from going with you, but that
tis a long iourney, and I haue neuer a horse.

2010

Deuil. Thou shalt ride on my backe.

Miles. Now surely here's a courteous deuil, that for to
pleasure
his friend, will not sticke to make a lade of himselfe. But
say you, goodman friend, let me moue a question to you.

Deuill. What's that?

2015

Miles. I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an amble?

Deuill. An amble.

Miles. Tis well; but take heed it be not a trot. But tis
no matter, Ile preuent it.

Deuill. What doest?

2020

Miles. Mary, friend, I put on my spurs: for if I find your
pace either a trot, or else vneasie, Ile put you to a false
gallop, Ile make you feele the benefit of my spurs.

Deuill. Get vp vpon my backe.

Miles. O Lord, here's euen a goodly maruell, when a man
rides to hell on the Deuils back.

Exeunt roaring.

1991 statute] state Q2 3

1992 yemonly Q3

1993 a om. Q3

welt lost in Q1 B. M.

2000 wascont Q3

2012 here's] hers Q1

Q1 B. M. ends here

2014 say] I pray Dyce and Ward

(SCENE III. *At Court.*)

Enter the Emperour with a pointlesse sword; next, the King of Castile, carrying a sword with a point; Lacy carrying the Globe, Edward Warraine carrying a rod of gold with a Dove on it; Ermsby with a Crowne and Scepter; the Queene with the faire maide of Fresingfield on her left hand, Henry, (Saxony), Bacon, with other Lords attending.

Edward. Great Potentates, earths miracles for state,
Thinke that Prince *Edward* humbles at your feet,
And, for these fauours, on his martiall sword
He vowes perpetuall homage to your selues, 2030
Yeelding these honours vnto *Ellinour*.

Henrie. Gramercies, Lordings; old *Plantagenet*,
That rules and swayes the *Albion* Diademe,
With teares discourers these conceiued ioyes,
And vowes requittall, if his men at armes, 2035
The wealth of *England*, or due honours done
To *Ellinor*, may quite his Fauorites.
But all this while what say you to the Dames,
That shine like to the christall lampes of heauen?

Emperour. If but a third were added to these two, 2040
They did surpasse those gorgeous Images
That gloried *Ida* with rich beauties wealth.

Margret. Tis I, my Lords, who humbly, on my knee,
Must yeeld her horisons to mighty *Ioue*,
For lifting vp his handmaide to this state; 2045
Brought from her homely cottage to the Court,
And graste with Kings, Princes and Emperours,
To whom (next to the noble *Lincolne* Earle)
I vow obedience, and such humble loue
As may a handmaid to such mighty men. 2050

Ellinor. Thou martiall man that weares the *Almaine* Crowne,
And you the Western Potentates of might,
The Albian Princesse, English *Edwards* wife,
Proud that the louely star of *Fresingfield*,
Faire *Margret*, Countesse to the *Lincolne* Earle, 2055
Attends on *Ellinour*,—gramercies, Lord, for her,—

2037 Favorites] fauourers sugg. Dyce
loue Q3 2054 Proud] Proued Q3

2042 beauntious Q3
star] state Q3

2044 *Ioue*]

- Tis I giue thanks for *Margret* to you all,
 And rest for her due bounden to your selues.
- Henrie.* Seeing the marriage is solemnized,
 Let's march in triumph to the Royall feast. 2060
 But why stands Fryer *Bacon* here so mute?
- Bacon.* Repentant for the follies of my youth,
 That Magicks secret mysteries misled,
 And ioyfull that this Royall marriage
 Portends such blisse vnto this matchlesse Realme. 2065
- Henrie.* Why, *Bacon*, what strange euent shall happen to this
 Land,
 Or what shall grow from *Edward* and his Queene?
- Bacon.* I find by deepe praescience of mine Art,
 Which once I tempred in my secret Cell,
 That here where *Brute* did build his *Troynouant*, 2070
 From forth the Royall Garden of a King,
 Shall flourish out so rich and faire a bud,
 Whose brightnesse shall deface proud *Phoebus* flowre,
 And ouer-shadow *Albion* with her leaues.
 Till then, *Mars* shall be master of the field : 2075
 But then the stormy threats of wars shall cease ;
 The horse shall stampe as carelesse of the pike,
 Drums shall be turn'd to timbrels of delight ;
 With wealthy fauours plenty shall enrich
 The strond that gladdened wandring *Brute* to see, 2080
 And peace from heauen shall harbour in these leaues,
 That gorgeous beautifies this matchlesse flower.
- Apollos* Hellitropian then shall stoope,
 And *Venus* hyacinth shall vaile her top,
Iuno shall shut her gilliflowers vp, 2085
 And *Pallas* Bay shall bash her brightest greene ;
Ceres carnation, in consort with those,
 Shall stoope and wonder at *Diana's* Rose.
- Henrie.* This Prophetie is mysticall.
 But, glorious commanders of *Europa's* loue, 2090
 That makes faire *England* like that wealthy Ile,
 Circled with *Gihen*, and swift *Euphrates*,
 In Royallizing *Henries* Albion

2070 build] blind Q3 2074 leaues] lones Q3 2082 beautify Dyce and
 Ward 2092 swift Dyce: first Qg

78 FRIER BACON AND FRIER BONGAY [ACT V, Sc. III]

With presence of your princely mightinesse,
 Let's march: the tables all are spread, 2095
 And viandes such as *Englands* wealth affords
 Are ready set to furnish out the bords.
 You shall haue welcome, mighty Potentates:
 It rests to furnish vp this Royall Feast,
 Only your hearts be frolicke: for the time 2100
 Craues that we taste of nought but iouysance.
 Thus glories *England* ouer all the West. 2102
Exeunt Omnes.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

INTRODUCTION TO IAMES IV

ALL that we know of the history of this play is that it was entered on the Stationers' Registers on May 14, 1594, and was probably printed, as the *Looking Glasse*, *Orlando Furioso*, and *Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay* were, in the same year; but no copy earlier than the Quarto of 1598 is known to be extant. It was published by Thomas Creede under the title of *The Scottish Historie of James IV, slaine at Flodden Field. Entermixed with a pleasant Comedie presented by Oboram King of Faeries. As it hath been sundrie times plaide. Written by Robert Greene, Maister of Arts. Omne tulit punctum* 1598. As to the time of its composition we have nothing to guide us. Mr. Fleay is of opinion that it was produced in 1590 because it bears the motto *Omne tulit punctum*, which Greene affected from August 1589 to October 1590; but as the play appeared nearly two years after his death the insertion of the motto may have been due to the publisher. The text is in a very bad state, and has evidently been printed, without any attempt at editing, from a stage copy. Obvious instances of the carelessness with which it was prepared for the press are seen in the second scene of the second act, where in the stage direction we find 'Arius the nobles spying him returnes,' Arius certainly not being the name of the King of Scotland; in ii. 2 and iii. 1 Gnato is put for Ateukin, and in iv. 1 he is added superfluously with Ateukin; in the third scene of the fifth act 'Arius' stands for the King of England, whereas elsewhere he is always called 'the King of England,' and in the many corruptions to be found in other stage directions as well as in the text. Something has evidently dropped out at the end of the play¹, and the fourth scene of the fifth act, though evidently written by Greene, looks very like an interpolation from some other drama. Again, there is no interlude at the end of the fifth act, though it is introduced at the end of all the other acts. The very title of the play is absurd, and when connected with a passage in the opening interlude (ll. 102-3) displays an ignorance of which Greene must have been incapable. There the hero is thus spoken of: 'In the year 1520, was in Scotland a King, oueruled with parasites, misled by lust, &c., whose 'story' is 'set down'; but on the title-page that king is represented to be 'James IV, slaine at

¹ See King James's words 'Till time when?' (v. 6), which as they stand are unintelligible.

Flodden,' a battle which took place nearly seven years before. Beyond the fact that James IV of Scotland was famous for his gallantries, and that he married, not Dorothea, but Margaret the daughter of Henry VII, the play has absolutely no relation at all to that king, or to the events of his reign. What probably determined the title were the scandals in circulation with reference to James's notorious amours, particularly his connexion with Lady Margaret Drummond¹, while his support of Perkin Warbeck (1495-7) and his invasion of England in 1513 made him anything but a *persona grata* with the English people.

The plot is taken, as Mr. P. A. Daniel was the first to point out², from the first novel of the third decade of G. B. Giraldi Cinthio's *Hecatomithi*, who has himself dramatized the story in his *Arrenopia*, a cumbersome classical drama with which, as Mr. Daniel says, Greene may have been acquainted, but of which he has certainly made no use. I give a brief analysis of the novel with extracts, that it may be seen by comparison how Greene has moulded his materials. There are nine personages in the novel: Astatio the King of Ireland, who answers to Greene's King of Scotland; Arrenopia = Greene's Dorothea; Ida, whose name Greene retains; her mother, the Lady of Mona = the Countess of Arran; the Capitano = Jaques and Ateukin; the Cavaliero = Sir Cuthbert Anderson; the Cavaliero's wife = Lady Anderson; the Queen's Page = Nano; the Queen's royal father, the King of Scotland = the King of England; a young gentleman of Mona = Lord Eustace.

'In the island of Ireland once reigned a king, Astatio by name, a valiant man but of fickle disposition, and far more inclined to satisfy his desires than to be guided by honour and reason. He took to wife a daughter of the King of Scotland, fair and noble and of excellent conversation ("di maniere honestissime"), with whom he lived peacefully for some years. It happened that having to visit his father-in-law in Scotland he was cast by a sudden tempest upon an island not far distant, called Mona, where he was hospitably entertained by a widow, the lady of the isle, who had a daughter of the age of fifteen, not less fair than virtuous and well-bred, and her name was Ida. And she, as soon as she was seen by Astatio, so stormed the fortress of his heart that he utterly forgot his wife. The lady, who was wise and very prudent ("savia ed accorta molto"), seeing her guest in no hurry to depart, kept a close watch on Ida ("come devrebbero fare tutte le donne che figliuole hanno"). Astatio, despairing of seeing the girl alone, determines to tempt the mother. Two years before the island had been devastated by a tidal wave, which had done much damage, and so the island was no longer a dowry equal to Ida's rank. The king, taking advantage of this, proposes to supplement this deficiency by conferring on her a dowry worthy of her virtue and her beauty, as the price of her dishonour ("se voi volete ch' io sia con vostra Figliuola, le darò tanto migliaia di scudi, che potrete essere sicurissima, che non si rimarrà alcuno di pigliarla per moglie"). This offer is rejected with blushes and scorn. The king now sees that dishonourable

¹ See Tytler, *Hist. of Scotland*, Notes and Illustrations, vol. iv. 418-20.

² *Athenaeum* for October 8, 1881.

relations with Ida are out of the question, and if he would possess her he must find some means to marry her. Whereupon his thoughts turned to the murder of his wife Arrenopia. With this wicked and cruel thought he departed from Mona and returned to his kingdom, where his wife, burning with most chaste longing, came to meet him with beaming countenance, rejoicing with him for that he had come again safely to his kingdom and to her. And although she was fair enough and bore in her face plainly to be seen gaiety of heart and the faithful love which she had to her husband, yet was she received by Astatio with no other eyes than if she had been unsightly and faithless, so utterly had ill-governed desire stifled reason in that wanton and fickle mind of his. So, feigning as best he could a cheerful mien, he sought to hide the wicked thought he had conceived. And by the lady's side he was in no less uneasiness than if he had been with his principal enemy. And not many days passed ere he called to him a captain of his men-at-arms who was both cruel and wicked, and told him he wanted him to murder Arrenopia, but that the deed must be done in such a way that to the King of Scotland his daughter's death should appear reasonable, so that he might have no reason for arming against him. The captain was one of those who when they do anything to please their lord never reflect whether it is just or unjust, seemly or unseemly, and promised to do whatever he was bidden. The king conveys his instructions in a letter, and the instructions were that the captain was to make his way secretly by night into the queen's chamber, murder her, her chambermaid, and a servant man, and having done so, place the servant man's corpse beside the queen's as though they had been taken in adultery. But this letter comes by an accident into the queen's hand, and her husband's wicked plot against her honour and her life is known to her. And the story continues thus: Arrenopia, having been trained under her father's roof to bear arms, so as to be an equal match for any knight, pretended that she meant to go with her page to a place not far from the city whither it was her wont to go to divert herself by practising her exercises. No sooner had she reached that place than she donned her full armour and girded on her sword, and mounted on her steed and set forth with her page towards the coast to pass over into Scotland. After having ridden all night she is overtaken at dawn by the captain, who, having heard of her flight, had gone after her. They at once engage, and the queen is wounded: "and being weakened by the stream of blood which flowed from her wound, not much longer could she have held out against the prowess of the captain. But God sent her timely succour. For there passed that way a knight who had set out from Reba to go to St. Patrick's, and seeing the lady in sore straits rescued her from the captain's hands, all the time taking her for a cavalier and not a lady." The knight, moved with pity, returned to Reba, taking the lady with him, and calling in surgeons had her carefully attended to. But the lady would not suffer any to wait on her but her own page, who was instructed to say that she was a Scottish knight who had been involved in some quarrel. The captain meanwhile, ashamed of his defeat by the knight, and believing that the queen could never recover, so severely had she been wounded, announces her death. "At which words Astatio was full glad, and it seemed to him that her death could not have fallen out more luckily for proving her infidelity in the eyes of all and of her father himself, for that armed in that guise she had fled by night." He then issues an edict publishing her guilt and punishment, hoping thus to avert her father's suspicions. Then he hurries off to Mona that he may marry Ida, but finds her

already married. And great is his grief and disgust¹. He returns in despair, and everywhere he seems to see before his eyes Arrenopia reproaching him with her shameful death and menacing just punishment. Meanwhile the King of Scotland, hearing of his unhappy daughter's fate, and believing that the story of her dishonour must be false, as he knew her character and her love for her husband, sends to Ireland to make inquiries ("e non mancò di cercare, per ogni possibil via, la verità di questo fatto"). He ascertains the truth, and then declares war.

'Meanwhile Arrenopia had recovered from her wounds and is restored again to health. The knight's wife being very attentive to her, for the secret of the queen's sex is not yet discovered, the knight becomes jealous. Cinthio is careful to show that there is nothing unworthy in the love of the knight's wife for the beautiful youth². However, the jealousy of the husband is so apparent that Arrenopia thinks it expedient to leave the house and take another lodging. Meanwhile the war between Scotland and Ireland is raging. Arrenopia visits Astatio's camp, still in disguise, and finds out that her husband was full of remorse for what he had done, and had said that he would give half his kingdom if he could bring her back to life. It happened too that the knight who was so jealous of her had come to the camp to pay his homage to the king. And now Arrenopia determines to make herself known. But first she resolves to put things straight with the knight by revealing her identity to him; and that she may reward him for having saved her life she resolves that he shall have the credit of restoring her to her husband. Accordingly she asks the knight to come and see her, as she has something important to communicate to him. He comes: she takes his hand and says, "Knight, I would have you now know how wrong men often are in being jealous of their wives" ("Cavaliero, voglio che tu hora conoschi a quanto torto molte fiate gli huomini ingelosiscono delle lor donne"); and with these words she discovers first her sex and afterwards her name and title. The knight falls on his knees, does homage to her as his queen, and craves pardon for his error. Then she tells him what she wishes him to do. He craves an audience of the king, and after drawing the king on to speak of his troubles, of the troubles in which he had involved his kingdom, and of the troubles which he had brought on himself through his wicked conduct to his wife, he amazes the king by telling him that Arrenopia is alive.

¹ 'La madre, che havea veduto in che pericolo era stata la sua Figliuola, quando Astatio era in casa, temendo di qualche strano accidente, l' havea maritata ad un nobilissimo Giouane dell' Isola; volendola più tosto dare a privato huomo con honore, che darla nelle mani d' un Re con gran vergogna. Non si potrebbe dire, quanto fosse grave ad Astatio il retrovare Ida maritata. Fù per impazzire affatto, e retornossi a casa pieno di gravissima maninconia, e dicea il misero sovente fra sè: ve' come ho fatto dar morte indignissima alla Moglie mia per avere Ida, et hora son senza questa e senza quella, la quale meritava da me non fine simile a quello ch' ella havuto ha, ma eterno honore. Et havèdo egli tutta via questa spina al cuore ch' aspramente lo pungeva, era venuto a fastidio a se medesimo.'

² 'Era dalla Moglie del Cavaliero singolarmente amata non già per lascivia ohe la toccasse, ma per gli nobili costumi e per la rara qualità della Donna, la quale ella credea che un cavaliere fosse, e come fratello l' amava. Et era ella molto sollecita a tutto quello, che vedea, ch' a suo commodò e suo servizio fosse. Dalla quale sollecitudine avène quello, che per la poca fede altrui talhora avvenire si vede, senza colpa delle Donne, quando semplicemente, e con puro cuore, cortesi si mostrano verso alcuno virtuoso spirito.'

He offers to prove it by the testimony of the "knight in your camp who is called the unknown." "Call him," says the king; and then the knight presents Arrenopia, still disguised, to Astatio. "What know you, sir, of my wife?" says the king. "I know so much, my lord," is the answer, "that ere I go I will show her to you." With these words raising her vizor and composing her face and voice to move compassion—"Behold," she cried, "Astatio, your unhappy Arrenopia; behold, that wretched one whom you, through mad love, wished to be murdered by the wicked captain who cruelly wounded her that he might slay her. You see her here before you healed and alive and wholly yours. See, Astatio, that neither grievous injuries, nor plots against her life, nor wounds undeservedly received, nor other sorts of treachery, have availed to prevent her from loving you alone and from coming to your aid in so perilous a war as this which her father, believing her to be dead, has waged against your realm. Consider here, I pray you, my husband, if the love and the loyalty of your wife merited her being cruelly killed by your orders on the plea that she was an adulteress, or whether rather she was not worthy of a return of love and loyalty on your part." And here tenderly weeping she ran to embrace him¹. Astatio replies with repentance and affection. The knight is thanked and richly rewarded; and a few days afterwards Arrenopia goes as ambassador to her father's camp, tells her story, and brings him back with her to be reconciled to his penitent son-in-law.

When we compare Greene's play with the novel we not only see how and to what extent he was one of the masters of Shakespeare, but how near he came to being a really efficient dramatist. We see, little more than in embryo, it is true, what fine conceptions he had, and what tact, insight, and skill he possessed as a dramatic artist. Take the setting of the play. In *Oberon* we have the germ of a *Prospero*, in *Bohan* the germ of a *Jaques*, in both the embodiment of philosophic contemplation of life. They stand apart from the action—*Bohan* a world-weary, disillusioned cynic, *Oberon* the tranquil, cheerful spirit to whom if life and man are dream and shadow they are yet amusing. And is he not also King of the Fairies=lord of the realm of Fancy?

'I tell thee, Bohan, Oberon is King
Of quiet, pleasure, profit, and content,
Of wealth, of honor, and of all the world;
Tide to no place, yet all are tide to me.
Liue thou [in] this life, exile from world and men,
And I will shew thee wonders ere we part' (ll. 608-13).

¹ 'Et con queste parole alzatasi la visiera, e composto il viso, & la voce al muovere compassione; Ecco, disse, Astatio, la vostra infelice Arrenopia, Ecco quella misera, cui voi, per folle amore, volevate fare uccidere allo scelerato Capitano, il quale à morte crudelmente la percosse. Vedetelavi avanti, et risanata, et viva, & tutta vostra. Vedete, Astatio, che nè ingiuria grave, nè morte apparecchiatale, nè ferite indegnamente ricevute, nè altre maniere d'insidie, l'hanno potuta ritrarre da singolarmente amarvi, & da non venire in vostro aiuto in così pericolosa guerra, quale è questa, che il suo Padre, credendola per voi morta, hà mossa al Regno vostro. Considerate vi prego, marito mio, se l'amore & la fede della Mogliera vostra meritava, che fosse, di vostra commissione, crudelmente uccisa, sotto nome di adultera, ò se pure era degna, che le fosse da voi con amore e con fede risposto. Et qui teneramente piangendo lo corse ad abbracciare.'

There cannot be the smallest doubt that Shakespeare saw what Greene meant, and that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* only gave more articulate expression to what found stammering and partial expression in the Interlude portions of this play. The whole conduct of the plot, in what it omits and in what it retains, in what it adds and in what it modifies, taught, so far as we know, for the first time the most fruitful of secrets to the Elizabethan dramatists—the art of adapting the Italian novel to the popular English stage. The character of James and the character of Lady Anderson are striking illustrations of Greene's power of conceiving as distinguished from his power of developing his creations. He had the tact to substitute for Cinthio's cruel and atrocious villain a man in whom the higher and lower nature is in conflict, and in whom the conscience of a naturally honourable and even chivalrous man is never asleep. Thus, to relieve him of part of the burden of infamy, he creates Ateukin to originate and prompt the murder, and he does not complicate the purposed crime by tarnishing Dorothea's honour and involving others in her death. But we feel that Shakespeare has effected in a single soliloquy—that of Claudius in *Hamlet*—what Greene fails to effect through a whole drama. In the position of the King he has all the material for a most impressive moral tragedy, and in faint touches we have it; but it fails to impress, and the character dwindles into a weak, selfish, and somewhat commonplace young libertine. The struggle of an honourable woman with a dishonourable passion—another original deviation from the novel—gave him a second opportunity for a study of profound interest; but he has not even invested it with pathos. There is, however, one fine touch, where Lady Anderson suddenly turns in revulsion on herself with 'Blush, greeue, and die in thine insaciat lust' (l. 2169). The other women are admirable: the countess—how vividly is her personality realized out of mere hints furnished by the novel—with her quiet dignity, her easy condescension, as gracious as in her younger and happier days, her watchful love for her child, her prudence, her knowledge of that world which she had long renounced and had so justly estimated—she is only a sketch, but she lives! Ida is beautifully drawn—a Miranda nurtured in solitude by a female instead of a male philosopher. But Dorothea would do honour to Shakespeare: she is the soul of the drama, and as her presence pervades it she redeems all the faults of the play. I have already shown that there is one type of woman of which all Greene's best female characters are repetitions, and Dorothea is their queen, the crown and flower of them. It was no doubt the character of Arrenopia which attracted him to the novel. Among the minor characters the Bishop of St. Andrews, though slightly sketched, is drawn well.

For the comic portions of the play Greene was most likely only partially responsible; some of them have all the appearance of inter-

polations. The serious parts are beautifully written, and have all the appearance of belonging to Greene's latest work. The blank verse, which is far superior to that of *Alphonsus*, the *Looking Glasse*, and *Orlando*, is very musical—having an ease, a smoothness, and a flexibility which are quite charming. Of all Greene's plays it has most thought and reflection in it.

Mr. Fleay (*Biog. Chron. Dram.*, vol. i. p. 265) contends, arguing mainly from the confusion of names in the play, that it was not the work of a single hand—that Greene had an assistant; and that assistant, he thinks, was Lodge, whose hand he discerns in the fourth scene of the fifth act, which is certainly very much in the style of the satirical scenes of the *Looking Glasse* commonly attributed to Lodge. Some colour is added to this conjecture, though Mr. Fleay does not notice it, by the curious parallel between Jaques and Pedro, a character in Lodge's *Wounds of Civil War*: both express themselves in the same broken jargon of French and English, both have a strong generic resemblance, and both are employed as cutthroats, Jaques to assassinate Dorothea and Pedro to assassinate Marius. But all this, allowing even for other similarities with Lodge's dramatic work, does not warrant us in concluding that he had any hand in the composition of the play. Interpolations not from Greene's hands were very likely made in the play, and are to be found in the comic portions, but there is nothing to justify us in assuming that they were by Lodge.

The text is based on a collation of the two Quartos bearing the same date, 1598, one in the British Museum and one in the South Kensington Museum. When it has been necessary to record a difference between the two Quartos the letters B.M. and S.K. have been used. The play is said to have been reprinted in 1599, and the reprint is duly recorded by Lowndes, but of such a reprint I can discover no trace. Possibly this may be an error originating from Baker, who in his *Biog. Dram.* gives 1599 as the date of the only edition he notices.

THE
SCOTTISH
Historie of James the
or rather fiction of
English & Irish matters, omit all
fourth, name at Flodden.

Entermixed with a pleasant Comedie, presented by
Oboram King of Fayeries: &

*As it hath bene sundrie times publickly
plaide.*

Written by Robert Greene, Maister of Arts.

Omne tulit punctum.



L O N D O N
Printed by Thomas Creede. 1598.

¹ <DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING OF ENGLAND.

LORD PERCY.

SAMLES.

KING OF SCOTS.

LORD DOUGLAS.

LORD MORTON.

LORD ROSS.

BISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS.

LORD EUSTACE.

SIR BARTRAM.

SIR CUTHBERT ANDERSON.

ATEUKIN.

JAQUES.

A Lawyer.

A Merchant.

A Divine.

SLIPPER ;
NANO, a dwarf, } sons to BOHAN.

ANDREW.

Purveyor, Herald, Scout, Huntsmen, Soldiers, Revellers, &c.

DOROTHEA, *Queen of Scots.*

COUNTESS OF ARRAN.

IDA, *her daughter.*

LADY ANDERSON.

Ladies, &c.

OBERON, *King of Fairies.*

BOHAN.

Antics, Fairies, &c. >

¹ Not in Q—adopted from Dyce.

THE SCOTTISH HYSTORIE OF IAMES THE FOVRTH, SLAINE AT *FLODDEN*.

Musicke playing within.

Enter Aster Oberon, King of Fayries; an(d) Antique(s), who dance about a Tombe, plac't conueniently on the Stage; out of the which suddainly starts vp, as they daunce, Bohan, a Scot, attyred like a ridstall man, from whom the Antique(s) flye.

Oberon *Manet.*

Boh. Ay say, whats thou?

Ober. Thy friend, *Bohan.*

Boh. What wot I or reck I that? whay, guid man, I reck no friend nor ay reck no foe; als ene to me. Git the(e) ganging, and trouble not may whayet, or ays gar the(e) recon me nene 5 of thay friend, by the Mary masse, sall I.

Ober. Why, angrie Scot, I visit thee for loue; then what mooues thee to wroath?

Boh. The deele awhit reck I thy loue. For I knowe too well that true loue tooke her flight twentie winter sence to 10 heauen, whither till ay can, weele I wot, ay sal nere finde loue: an thou lou'st me, leaue me to my selfe. But what were those Puppits that hopt and skipt about me year whayle?

Ober. My subiects.

Boh. Thay subiects! whay, art thou a King?

15

Ober. I am.

Boh. The deele thou art! whay, thou look'st not so big as the King of Clubs, nor so sharpe as the King of Spades, nor so faine as the King a Daymonds: be the masse, ay take thee to bee the king of false harts; therfore I rid thee away, or 20 ayse so curry your Kingdome that you's be glad to runne to saue your life.

The Scottish Historie of Iames the fourth, slaine at Flodden. Entermixed with a pleasant Comedie, presented by Oboram King of Fayeries. 1598 (Title-page).

S. D. After . . . *an Antique. . . Antique flyes Q*
19 Adaymonds Q

5 recon] reson Q

Ober. Why, stoycall Scot, do what thou dar'st to me: heare is my brest, strike.

Boh. Thou wilt not threap me, this whiniard has gard many ²⁵ better men to lope then thou! *<Tries to draw his sword.>* But how now! Gos sayds, what, wilt not out? whay, thou wich, thou deele! Gads fute, may whiniard!

Ober. Why, pull, man: but what an 'twear out, how then?

Boh. This, then,—thou weart best begon first; for ayl so lop ³⁰ thy lymys that thou's go with half a knaues carkasse to the deele.

Ober. Draw it out: now strike, foole, canst thou not?

Boh. Bread ay gad, what deele is in me? whay, tell mee, thou skipiack, what art thou? 35

Ober. Nay, first tell me what thou wast from thy birth, what thou hast past hitherto, why thou dwellest in a Tombe and leauest the world, and then I will release thee of these bonds; before, not.

Boh. And not before! then needs must, needs sal. I was borne ⁴⁰ a Gentleman of the best bloud in all *Scotland*, except the King. When time brought me to age, and death tooke my parents, I became a Courtier; where, though ay list not praise my selfe, ay engraued the memory of *Bohan* on the skin-coate of some of them, and reueld with the proudest. 45

Ober. But why, liuing in such reputation, didst thou leaue to be a Courtier?

Boh. Because my pride was vanitie, my expence losse, my reward faire words and large promises, and my hopes spilt, for that after many yeares seruice one outran me; and what the deele ⁵⁰ should I then do there? No, no; flattering knaues, that can cog and prate fastest, speede best in the Court.

Ober. To what life didst thou then betake thee?

Boh. I then chang'd the Court for the Countrey, and the wars for a wife: but I found the craft of swaines more vile then the knauery ⁵⁵ of courtiers, the charge of children more heauie then seruants, and wiues tongues worse then the warres it selfe; and therefore I gaue ore that, and went to the citie to dwell; and there I kept a great house with smal cheer, but all was nere the nere.

Ober. And why? 60

⁴⁴ *Boughon Q*
then the seruants

⁵⁵⁻⁵⁶ *B. M. copy has only* the craft of swaines more wise

Boh. Because, in seeking friends, I found table guests to eate me and my meat; my wiues gossops to bewray the secrets of my heart, kindred to betray the effect of my life: which when I noted, the Court ill, the Country worse, and the Citie worst of all, in good time my wife died,—ay wood she had died 65
twentie winter sooner, by the masse! leauing my two sonnes to the world, and shutting my selfe into this Tombe, where if I dye I am sure I am safe from wilde beasts, but whilest I liue cannot be free from ill companie. Besides, now I am sure, gif all my friends fail me, I sall haue a graue of mine 70
owne prouiding. This is all. Now, what art thou?

Ober. Oberon, King of Fayries, that loues thee because thou hatest the world; and to gratulate thee, I brought these Antiques to shew thee some sport in dauncing, which thou haste loued well. 75

Boh. Ha, ha, ha! thinkest thou those puppits can please me? whay, I haue two sonnes, that with one Scottish gidge shall breake the neckes of thy Antiques.

Ober. That I would faine see.

Boh. Why, thou shalt. Howe, boyes! 80

Enter Slipper and Nano.

Haud your clacks, lads, trattle not for thy life, but gather oppe your legges, and daunce me forthwith a gidge worth the sight.

Slip. Why, I must talk, on I dy for't: wherefore was my tongue made?

Boh. Prattle, an thou darst, one word more, and ais dab this 85
whiniard in thy wombe.

Ober. Be quiet, *Bohan*. Ile strike him dumbe, and his brother too: their talk shal not hinder our gigg.—fall to it; dance, I say, man.

Boh. Dance Humer, dance, ay rid thee. 90

The two dance a gig deuised for the Nonst.

Now get you to the wide world with more then my father gaue me, thats learning enough both kindes, knauerie & honestie; and that I gaue you, spend at pleasure.

Ober. Nay, for their sport I will giue them this gift: to the Dwarfe I giue a quicke witte, †prettiet of body, and a warrant 95
his preferment to a Princes Seruice, where by his wisdome he

shall gaine more loue then common ; and to loggerhead your sonne I giue a wandering life, and promise he shall neuer lacke, and auow, that if in all distresses he call vpon me, to helpe him.—Now let them go.

100

Exeunt with curtesies.

Boh. Now, King, if thou be a King, I will shew thee whay I hate the world by demonstration. In the year 1520, was in Scotland a King, ouerruled with parasites, misled by lust, and many circumstances too long to trattle on now, much like our Court of Scotland this day. That story haue I set down. 105
Gang with me to the Gallery, and Ile shew thee the same in action by guid fellowes of our country men ; and then when thou seest that, iudge if any wise man would not leaue the world if he could.

Ober. That will I see : lead, and ile follow thee.

110

Exeunt.

Laus Deo detur in Eternum.

Enter the King of England, the King of Scots, Dorithe his Queen, the Countesse, Lady Ida, with other Lords ; and Ateukin with them aloofe.

ACTVS PRIMVS. SCENA PRIMA.

K. of Scots. Brother of England, since our neighboring land
And neare alliance doth inuite our loues,
The more I think vpon our last accord,
The more I greeue your suddaine parting hence.
First, lawes of friendship did confirme our peace, 115
Now both the seale of faith and marriage bed,
The name of father, and the style of friend ;
These force in me affection full confirmd ;
So that I greeue—and this my heartie griefe,
The heauens record, the world may witnesse well— 120
To loose your presence, who are now to me
A father, brother, and a vowed friend.

K. of Eng. Sink all these louely stiles, good King, in one :
And since thy griefe exceeds in my depart,
I leaue my *Dorithe*a to enioy 125
Thy whole compact (of) loues and plighted vowes.

106 Ile] he Q
vowes Q

125, 6 to enioy thy whole compact Loues and plighted

Brother of *Scotland*, this is my ioy, my life,
 Her fathers honour, and her Countries hope,
 Her mothers comfort, and her husbands blisse :
 I tell thee, King, in louing of my *Doll*, 130
 Thou bindst her fathers heart, and all his friends,
 In bands of loue that death cannot dissolue.

K. of Scots. Nor can her father loue her like to me,
 My liues light, and the comfort of my soule.—
 Faire *Dorithea*, that wast Englands pride, 135
 Welcome to *Scotland* ; and, in signe of loue,
 Lo, I inuest thee with the Scottish Crowne.—
 Nobles and Ladies, stoupe vnto your Queene,
 And Trumpets sound, that Heralds may proclaime
 Faire *Dorithea* peerlesse Queene of Scots. 140

All. Long liue and prosper our faire Q(ueene) of Scots !

Enstall and Crowne her.

Dor. Thanks to the King of Kings for my dignity ;
 Thanks to my father, that prouides so carefully ;
 Thanks to my Lord and husband for this honor ;
 And thanks to all that loue their King and me. 145

All. Long liue faire *Dorithea*, our true Queene !

K. of Eng. Long shine the sun of *Scotland* in her pride,
 Her fathers comfort, and faire *Scotlands* Bride !
 But, *Dorithea*, since I must depart,
 And leaue thee from thy tender mothers charge, 150
 Let me aduise my louely daughter first
 What best befits her in a forraine land.
 Liue, *Doll*, for many eyes shall looke on thee,
 With care of honor and the present state ;
 For she that steps to height of Maiestie 155
 Is euen the marke whereat the enemy aimes :
 Thy vertues shall be construed to vice,
 Thine affable discourse to abiect minde ;
 If coy, detracting tongues will call thee proud.
 Be therefore warie in this slippery state : 160
 Honour thy husband, loue him as thy life,
 Make choyce of friends, as Eagles of their yoong,
 Who sooth no vice, who flatter not for gaine,
 But loue such friends as do the truth maintaine.

Thinke on these lessons when thou art alone, 165
And thou shalt liue in health when I am gone.

Dor. I will engraue these precep(t)s in my heart :
And as the wind with calmnesse woes you hence,
Euen so I wish the heauens in all mishaps
May blesse my father with continuall grace. 170

K. of Eng. Then, son, farewell :
The fauouring windes inuites vs to depart.
Long circumstance in taking princely leaues
Is more officious then conuenient.
Brother of *Scotland*, loue me in my childe ; 175
You greet me well, if so you will her good.

K. of Scots. Then, louely *Doll*, and all that fauor me,
Attend to see our English friends at sea :
Let all their charge depend vpon my purse :
They are our neighbors, by whose kind accord 180
We dare attempt the proudest Potentate.
Onely, faire Countesse, and your daughter, stay ;
With you I haue some other thing to say.

Exeunt all saue the King, the Countesse, Ida, Ateukin, in all royaltie.

K. of Scots. So let them triumph that haue cause to ioy :
But, wretched King, thy nuptiall knot is death, 185
Thy Bride the breeder of thy Countries ill ;
For thy false heart dissenting from thy hand,
Misled by loue, hath made another choyce,
Another choyce, euen when thou vovdst thy soule
To *Doritheia*, Englands choysiest pride : 190
O, then thy wandring eyes bewicht thy heart !
Euen in the Chappell did thy fancie change,
When, periur'd man, though faire *Doll* had thy hand,
The Scottish *Idaes* bewtie stale thy heart :
Yet feare & loue hath tyde thy readie tongue 195
From babbling forth the passions of thy minde,
Lest fearefull silence haue in suttie lookes
Bewrayd the treason of my new vovd loue.
Be faire and louely, *Doll* ; but here's the prize,
That lodgeth here, and entred through mine eyes : 200
Yet, how so ere I loue, I must be wise.—

Now, louely Countesse, what reward or grace
May I imploy on you for this your zeale,
And humble honors, done vs in our Court,
In entertainment of the English King?

205

Countesse. It was of dutie, Prince, that I haue done ;
And what in fauour may content me most ;
Is, that it please your grace to giue me leaue
For to returne vnto my Countrey home.

K. of Scots. But, louely *Ida*, is your mind the same?

210

Ida. I count of Court, my Lord, as wise men do,
Tis fit for those that knowes what longs thereto :
Each person to his place ; the wise to Art,
The Cobler to his clout, the swaine to Cart.

K. of Scots. But, *Ida*, you are faire, and bewtie shines,
And seemeth best, where pomp her pride refines.

215

Ida. If bewtie, (as I know there's none in me,)
Were sworne my loue, and I his life should be,
The farther from the Court I were remoued,
The more, I thinke, of heauen I were beloued.

220

K. of Scots. And why?

Ida. Because the Court is counted *Venus* net,
Where gifts & vowes for stales are often set :
None, be she chaste as *Vesta*, but shall meete
A curious toong to charme her eares with sweet.

225

K. of Scots. Why, *Ida*, then I see you set at naught
The force of loue.

Ida. In sooth, this is my thoght,
Most gracious King, that they that little proue,
Are mickle blest, from bitter sweets of loue.
And weele I wot, I heard a shepheard sing,
That, like a Bee, Loue hath a little sting :
He lurkes in flowres, he pearcheth on the trees,
He on Kings pillowes bends his prettie knees ;
The Boy is blinde, but when he will not spie,
He hath a leaden foote and wings to flie :
Beshrow me yet, for all these strange effects ;
If I would like the Lad that so infects.

230

235

K. of Scots. Rare wit, fair face, what hart could more desire ?

223 for stales] forestalls *Eng. Parnass.*
Parnass. 228-9 In sooth . . . King one line in *Q*

225 curious] curteous *Eng.*

But *Doll* is faire and doth concerne thee neere: 240

Let *Doll* be faire, she is wonne; but I must woe

And win faire *Ida*, there's some choyce in two.—

But, *Ida*, thou art coy.

Ida. And why, dread King?

K. of Scots. In that you will dispraise so sweet a thing 245

As loue. Had I my wish—

Ida. What then?

K. of Scots. Then would I place

His arrows here, his bewtie in that face.

Ida. And were *Apollo* moued and rulde by me, 250

His wisdome should be yours, and mine his tree.

K. of Scots. But here returnes our traine.

Enters the traine backe.

Welcome, faire *Doll*:

How fares our father? is he shipt & gone?

Dor. My royall father is both shipt & gone: 255

God and faire winds direct him to his home!

K. of Scots. Amen, say I.—Wold thou wert with him too!

Then might I haue a fitter time to woo.—

But, Countesse, you would be gone, therfore, farwell,—

Yet, *Ida*, if thou wilt, stay thou behind 260

To accompany my Queene:

But if thou like the pleasures of the Court,—

Or if she likte me, tho she left the Court,—

What should I say? I know <not> what to say,—

You may depart—And you, my curteous Queene, 265

Leaue me a space; I haue a waightie cause

To thinke vpon: *Ida*, it nips me neere;

It came from thence, I feele it burning heere.

Exeunt all sauving the King, and Ateukin.

K. of Scots. Now am I free from sight of common eie,

Where to my selfe I may disclose the grieve 270

That hath too great a part in mine affects.

Ateu. (aside). And now is my time by wiles and words to rise,

Greater than those, that thinks themselues more wise.

245-6 so sweet A thing Q

252 S. D. after 254 in Q

vpon as one line in Q

248-9 his arrows here His bewtie Q

253-4 one line in Q

266-7 Leaue . . .

- K. of Scots.* And first, fond King, thy honor doth engraue
 Vpon thy browes the drift of thy disgrace. 275
 Thy new vowd loue, in sight of God and men,
 Linke(s) thee to *Dorithe* during life;
 For who more faire and vertuous then thy wife?
 Deceitfull murtherer of a quiet minde,
 Fond loue, vile lust, that thus misleads vs men, 280
 To vowe our faithes, and fall to sin againe!
 But Kings stoupe not to euery common thought:
Ida is faire & wise, fit for a King;
 And for faire *Ida* will I hazard life,
 Venture my Kingdome, Country, & my Crowne: 285
 Such fire hath loue to burne a kingdome downe.
 Say *Doll* dislikes that I estrange my loue;
 Am I obedient to a womans looke?
 Nay, say her father frowne when he shall heare
 That I do hold faire *Idaes* loue so deare; 290
 Let father frowne and fret, and fret and die,
 Nor earth nor heauen shall part my loue and I.
 Yea, they shall part vs, but we first must meet,
 And wo and win, and yet the world not see't.
 Yea, ther's the wound, and wounded with that thoght, 295
 So let me die, for all my drift is naught.
- Ateu.* Most gracious and imperiall Maiestie,—
 (*Aside.*) A little flattery more were but too much.
- K. of Scots.* Villaine, what art thou
 That thus darest interrupt a Princes secrets? 300
- Ateu.* Dread King, thy vassall is a man of Art,
 Who knowes, by constellation of the stars,
 By oppositions and by drie aspects,
 The things are past and those that are to come.
- K. of Scots.* But where's thy warrant to approach my presence? 305
- Ateu.* My zeale, and ruth to see your graces wrong,
 Makes me lament I did detract so long.
- K. of Scots.* If thou knowst thoughts, tell me, what mean I now?
- Ateu.* Ile calculate the cause
 Of those your highnesse smiles, and tell your thoughts. 310
- K. of Scots.* But least thou spend thy time in idlenesse,

298 *Q* gives to *K. of Scots*
 line in *Q*

309-10 Ile calculate . . . smiles *one*

And misse the matter that my mind aimes at,
 Tell me,
 What star was opposite when that was thought?

He strikes him on the eare.

Ateu. Tis inconuenient, Mightie Potentate, 315

Whose lookes resembles *Ioue* in Maiestie,
 To scorne the sooth of science with contempt.

I see in those imperiall lookes of yours

The whole discourse of loue: *Saturn* combust,

With direfull lookes, at your natiuitie, 320

Beheld faire *Venus* in her siluer orbe:

I know, by certaine axioms I haue read,

Your graces griefs, & further can expresse

Her name that holds you thus in fancies bands.

K. of Scots. Thou talkest wonders. 325

Ateu. Nought but truth, O King.

Tis *Ida* is the mistresse of your heart,

Whose youth must take impression of affects;

For tender twigs will bowe, and milder minds

Will yeeld to fancie, be they followed well. 330

K. of Scots. What god art thou, composde in humane shape,

Or bold *Trophonius*, to decide our doubts?

How knowst thou this?

Ateu. Euen as I know the meanes

To worke your graces freedome and your loue. 335

Had I the mind, as many courtiers haue,

To creepe into your bosome for your coyne,

And beg rewards for euery cap and knee,

I then would say, if that your grace would giue

This lease, this manor, or this pattent seald, 340

For this or that I would effect your loue:

But *Ateukin* is no Parasite, O Prince.

I know your grace knowes schollers are but poore;

And therefore, as I blush to beg a fee,

Your mightinesse is so magnificent, 345

You cannot chuse but cast some gift apart,

To ease my bashfull need that cannot beg.

As for your loue, oh, might I be employd,

How faithfully would *Ateukin* compasse it!

313-4 One line in Q

323-4 Your graces . . . name one line in Q

But Princes rather trust a smoothing tongue 350
Then men of Art that can accept the time.

K. of Scots. Ateu (*kin*), if so thy name, for so thou saist,
Thine Art appeares in entrance of my loue ;
And since I deeme thy wisdom matcht with truth,
I will exalt thee, and thy selfe alone 355
Shalt be the Agent to dissolue my griefe.
Sooth is, I loue, and *Ida* is my loue ;
But my new marriage nips me neare, *Ateukin*,
For *Dorithea* may not brooke th' abuse.

Ateu. These lets are but as moaths against the sun, 360
Yet not so great ; like dust before the winde,
Yet not so light. Tut, pacifie your grace :
You haue the sword and sceptor in your hand ;
You are the King, the state depends on you ;
Your will is law. Say that the case were mine : 365
Were she my sister whom your highnesse loues,
She *shou'd* consent, for that our liues, our goods,
Depend on you ; and if your Queene repine,
Although my nature cannot brooke of blood,
And Schollers grieue to heare of murtherous deeds, 370
But if the Lambe should let the Lyons way,
By my aduise the Lambe should lose her life.
Thus am I bold to speake vnto your grace,
Who am too base to kisse your royall feete,
For I am poore, nor haue I land nor rent, 375
Nor countenance here in Court, but for my loue,
Your grace shall find none such within the realme.

K. of Scots. Wilt thou effect my loue ? Shall she be mine ?

Ateu. Ile gather moly, crocus, and the earbes 380
That heales the wounds of body and the minde ;
Ile set out charmes and spels, nought shal be left
To tame the wanton if she shall rebell :
Giue me but tokens of your highnesse trust.

K. of Scots. Thou shalt haue gold, honor, and wealth inough ;
Winne (me) my loue, and I will make thee great. 385

Ateu. These words do make me rich, most noble Prince ;
I am more proude of them then any wealth.

360 moaths] moates *Dyce* : moates *Grosart* 371 But] Yet *sugg. Deighton*
379 Moly-rocus *Q* : *corr. Mitford* 381 *Q* inserts else after nought

Did not your grace suppose I flatter you,
 Beleeue me, I would boldly publish this ;—
 Was neuer eye that sawe a sweeter face,
 Nor neuer eare that heard a deeper wit :

390

Oh God, how I am rauisht in your woorth !

K. of Scots. Ateu(*kin*), follow me ; loue must haue ease.

Ateu. Ile kisse your highnesse feet, march when you please.

Exeunt.

(SCENE II.)

Enter Slipper, Nano, and Andrew, with their billes, readie written, in their hands.

Andr. Stand back, sir, mine shall stand highest.

395

Slip. Come vnder mine arme, sir, or get a footstoole ; or else,
 by the light of the Moone, I must come to it.

Nano. Agree, my maisters, euery man to his height. Though
 I stand lowest, I hope to get the best maister.

Andr. Ere I will stoupe to a thistle, I will change turnes. 400
 As good lucke comes on the right hand as the left. Here's
 for me.

Slip. And me.

Nano. And mine.

Andr. But tell me, fellowes, till better occasion come, do you 405
 seeke maisters ?

Ambo. We doo.

Andr. But what can you do worthie preferment ?

Nano. Marry, I can smell a knaue from a rat.

Slip. And I can licke a dish before a cat.

410

Andr. And I can finde two fooles vnsought,—how like you
 that ? But, in earnest, now tell me of what trades are you
 two ?

Slip. How meane you that, sir, of what trade ? Marry, Ile tell
 you, I haue many trades : the honest trade when I needs 415
 must ; the filching trade when time serues ; the cousening
 trade as I finde occasion. And I haue more qualities : I
 cannot abide a ful cup vnkist, a fat capon vncaru'd, a full
 purse vnpickt, nor a foole to prooue a iustice as you do.

Andr. Why, sot, why calst thou me foole ?

420

Nano. For examining wiser then thy selfe.

Andr. So doth many more then I in *Scotland*.

Nano. Yea, those are such, as haue more authoritie then wit, and more wealth then honestie.

Slip. This is my little brother with the great wit; 'ware him! 425

But what canst thou do, tel me, that art so inquisitiue of vs?

Andr. Any thing that concernes a gentleman to do, that can I do.

Slip. So you are of the gentle trade?

Andr. True. 430

Slip. Then, gentle sir, leaue vs to our selues, for heare comes one as if he would lack a seruant ere he went.

Enter Ateukin.

Ateu. Why, so, *Ateukin*, this becomes thee best, Wealth, honour, ease, and angelles in thy chest:

Now may I say, as many often sing, 435

'No fishing to the sea, nor seruice to a king.'

Vnto this high promotion doth belong

Meanes to be talkt of in the thickest throng.

And first, to fit the humors of my Lord,

Sweete layes and lynes of loue I must record; 440

And such sweete lynes and louelayes ile endite,

As men may wish for, and my leech delight:

And next a traine of gallants at my heeles,

That men may say, the world doth run on wheelles;

For men of art, that rise by indirection 445

To honour and the fauour of their King,

Must vse all meanes to saue what they haue got,

And win their fauours whom they neuer knew.

If any frowne to see my fortunes such,

A man must beare a little, not too much. 450

But, in good time, these billes portend, I thinke,

That some good fellowes do for seruice seeke.

Read.

If any gentleman, spirituell or temperall, will entertaine out of his seruice a young stripling of the age of 30 yeares, that can sleep with the soundest, eate with the hungriest, work with the 455 sickest, lye with the lowdest, face with the proudest, etc., that can wait in a gentlemans chamber when his maister is a myle

437 promotions Q
451 partend Q

442 leech] liege Dyce

447 they Dyce: he Q

of, keepe his stable when tis emptie, and his purse when tis full, and hath many qualities woorse then all these, let him write his name and goe his way, and attendance shall be giuen. 460

Ateu. By my faith, a good seruant: which is he?

Slip. Trulie, sir, that am I.

Ateu. And why doest thou write such a bill? Are all these qualities in thee?

Slip. O Lord, I, sir, and a great many more, some better, 465
some worse, some richer, some porer. Why, sir, do you looke so? do they not please you?

Ateu. Trulie, no, for they are naught, and so art thou: if thou hast no better qualities, stand by.

Slip. O, sir, I tell the worst first; but, and you lack a man, 470
I am for you: Ile tell you the best qualities I haue.

Ateu. Be breefe, then.

Slip. If you need me in your chamber, I can keepe the doore at a whistle; in your kitchen, turne the spit, and licke the pan, and make the fire burne; but if in the stable,— 475

Ateu. Yea, there would I vse thee.

Slip. Why, there you kill me, †there am I,† and turne me to a horse and a wench, and I haue no peere.

Ateu. Art thou so good in keeping a horse? I pray thee tell me how many good qualities hath a horse? 480

Slip. Why, so, sir: a horse hath two properties of a man, that is, a proude heart, and a hardie stomacke; foure properties of a Lyon, a broad brest, a stiffe docket,—hold your nose, master,—a wild countenance, and 4 good legs; nine properties of a Foxe, nine of a Hare, nine of an Asse, and 485
ten of a woman.

Ateu. A woman! why, what properties of a woman hath a Horse?

Slip. O, maister, know you not that? Draw your tables, and write what wise I speake. First, a merry countenance; second, a soft pace; third, a broad forehead; fourth, broad buttockes; 490
fift, hard of warde; sixth, easie to leape vpon; seuenth, good at long iourney; eighth, mouing vnder a man; ninth, always busie with the mouth; tenth, euer chewing on the bridle.

Ateu. Thou art a man for me: whats thy name?

Slip. An auncient name, sir, belonging to the chamber and the 495
night gowne: gesse you that.

Ateu. Whats that? *Slipper?*

Slip. By my faith, well gest; and so 'tis indeed. Youll be my maister?

Ateu. I meane so.

500

Slip. Reade this first.

Ateu. *Pleaseth it any Gentleman to entertaine a seruant of more wit then stature, let them subscribe, and attendance shall be giuen.* What of this?

Slip. He is my brother, sir; and we two were borne together, 505 must serue together, and will die together, though we be both hangd.

Ateu. Whats thy name?

Nano. *Nano.*

Ateu. The etimologie of which word is a dwarfe. Art not 510 thou the old stoykes son that dwels in his Tombe?

Ambo. We are.

Ateu. Thou art welcome to me. Wilt thou giue thy selfe wholly to be at my disposition?

Nano. In all humilitie I submit my selfe.

515

Ateu. Then will I deck thee Princely, instruct thee Courtly, and present thee to the Queene as my gift. Art thou content?

Nano. Yes, and thanke your honor too.

Slip. Then welcome, brother, and follow now.

Andr. *(coming forward).* May it please your honor to abase 520 your eye so lowe as to looke either on my bill or my selfe.

Ateu. What are you?

Andr. By birth a gentleman; in profession a scholler; and one that knew your honor in *Edenborough*, before your worthinesse cald you to this reputation: By me, *Andrew Snoord.* 525

Ateu. *Andrew*, I remember thee: follow me, and we will confer further, for my waightie affaires for the King commands me to be brieft at this time.—Come on, *Nano.*—*Slipper*, follow.

Exeunt.

⟨SCENE III.⟩

Enter Sir Bartram, with Eustas, and others, booted.

Sir Bar. But tell me, louely *Eustas*, as thou lou'st me, 530
Among the many pleasures we haue past,
Which is the rifest in thy memorie,
To draw thee ouer to thine auncient friend?

Eust. What makes sir *Bartram* thus inquisitiue?

Tell me, good knight, am I welcome or no? 535

Sir Bar. By sweet S(aint) *Andrew* and may sale I sweare,

As welcom is my honest *Dick* to me

As mornings sun, or as the watry moone

In merkist night, when we the borders track.

I tell thee, *Dick*, thy sight hath cleerd my thoughts 540

Of many banefull troubles that there woond:

Welcome to sir *Bartram* as his life!

Tell me, bonny *Dicke*, hast got a wife?

Eust. A wife? God shield, sir *Bartram*, that were ill,

To leaue my wife and wander thus astray: 545

But time and good aduise, ere many yeares,

May chance to make my fancie bend that way.

What newes in *Scotland*? therefore came I hither,

To see your Country and to chat together.

Sir Bar. Why, man, our Countries blyth, our King is well, 550

Our Queene so-so, the Nobles well and worse,

And weele are they that are about the King,

But better are the Country Gentlemen.

And I may tell thee, *Eustace*, in our liues

We old men neuer saw so wondrous change. 555

But leaue this trattle, and tell me what newes

In louely *England* with our honest friends?

Eust. The King, the Court, and all our noble frends

Are well; and God in mercy keepe them so!

The Northren Lords and Ladies here abouts, 560

That knowes I came to see your Queen and Court,

Commends them to my honest friend sir *Bartram*,

And many others that I haue not seen.

Among the rest, the Countesse *Elinor*,

From *Carlile*, where we merry oft haue bene, 565

Greets well my Lord, and hath directed me

By message this faire Ladies face to see.

Sir Bar. I tell thee, *Eustace*, lest mine old eyes daze,

This is our Scottish moone and euenings pride;

This is the blemish of your English Bride. 570

Who sailes by her, are sure of winde at will;

536 See notes
Carlile one line in Q

552 that are] that were Q
568 lest] less Dyce

564-5 Among . . .

Her face is dangerous, her sight is ill;
 And yet, in sooth, sweet *Dicke*, it may be said,
 The King hath folly, there's vertue in the mayd.

Eust. But knows my friend this portrait? be aduised. 575

Sir Bar. Is it not *Ida*, the Countesse of *Arain's* daughters?

Eust. So was I told by *Elinor* of *Carlile*:

But tell me, louely *Bartram*, is the maid
 Euil inclind, misled or Concubine
 Vnto the King or any other Lord? 580

Sir Bar. Shuld I be brief & true, then thus, my *Dicke*.

All Englands grounds yeelds not a blyther Lasse,
 Nor *Europ* can surpass her for her gifts
 Of vertue, honour, beautie, and the rest:
 But our fond King, not knowing sin in lust, 585
 Makes loue by endlesse meanes and precious gifts;
 And men that see it dare not sayt, my friend,
 But wee may wish that it were otherwise.
 But I rid thee to view the picture still,
 For by the persons sights there hangs some ill. 590

<*Eust.*> Oh, good sir *Bartram*, you suspect I loue—

Then were I mad—her whom I neuer sawe.

But how so ere, I feare not entisings;

Desire will giue no place vnto a King:

Ile see her whom the world admires so much, 595

That I may say with them, there liues none such.

Sir Bar. Be Gad, and sal both see and talke with her;

And when th' hast done, what ere her beautie be,

Ile warrant thee her vertues may compare

With the proudest she that waits vpon your Queen. 600

<Enter *Seruant*.>

<*Ser.*> My Ladie intreats your Worship in to supper.

Sir Bar. Guid, bony *Dick*, my wife will tel thee more:

Was neuer no man in her booke before;

Be Gad, shees blyth, faire, lewely, bony, etc.

Exeunt.

*Enter Bohan and the fairy King after the first act: to them a rownd of
 Fairies, or some prittie dance.*

Boh. Be Gad, gramersis, little King, for this; 605

574 their's Q 583 surpass *Dyce*: art Q 590 sight *Dyce* some]
 from Q: som *Grosart* as if from Q 592 her] hee Q 599 wantant Q
 601 Q gives to *Eust.*

This sport is better in my exile life
Then euer the deceitfuil world could yeeld.

Ober. I tell thee, *Bohan*, *Oberon* is King
Of quiet, pleasure, profit, and content,
Of wealth, of honor, and of all the world; 610
Tide to no place, yet all are tide to me.
Liue thou [in] this life, exile from world and men,
And I will shew thee wonders ere we part.

Boh. Then marke my story, and the strange doubt
That follow flatterers, lust, and lawlesse will, 615
And then say I haue reason to forsake
The world and all that are within the same.
Gow shrowd vs in our harbor, where wee see
The pride of folly, as it ought to be.

Exeunt.

After the first act.

I.

Ober. Here see I good fond actions in thy gyg, 620
And meanes to paint the worldes inconstant waies:
But turne thine ene, see what I can commaund.

*Enter two battailes, strongly fighting, the one Semiramis, the other
Stabrobates: she flies, and her Crowne is taken, and she hurt.*

Boh. What gars this din of mirk and balefull harme,
Where euery weane is all betaint with bloud?

Ober. This shewes thee, *Bohan*, what is worldly pompe: 625
Simeramis, the proud Assirrian Queene,
When *Ninus* died, did leuy in her warres
Three millions of footemen to the fight,
Fiue hundreth thousand horse, of armed chars
A hundreth thousand more, yet in her pride 630
Was hurt and conquered by *Stabrobates*.
Then what is pompe?

Boh. I see thou art thine †ene †,
Thou bonny King, if Princes fall from high:
My fall is past, vntill I fall to die. 635
Now marke my talke, and prosecute my gyg.

611 me Dyce: one Q 613 wonters Q 614 story Dyce: stay Q
doubts] debates sugg. Dyce 616-7 And . . . world one line in Q
619 pride] prize sugg. Dyce 622 what Dyce: which for Q S.D. Semi-
Ramis Q Staurobetes Q: corr. Dyce 631 S. Taurobetes Q

2.

Ober. How shuld these crafts withdraw thee from the world?

But looke, my *Bohan*, pompe allureth.

*Enter Cirus, king(s) humbling themselues: himselfe crowned by
† Oliue Pat †: at last dying, layde in a marbell tombe with this
inscription:*

Who so thou bee that passest <by>,

For I know one shall passe, knowe I

640

Am *Cirus* of *Persia*,

And I prithe leaue me not thus like a clod of clay

Wherewith my body is couered.

All exeunt.

Enter the King in great pompe, who reads it, and issueth, crieth

† vermeum.†

Boh. What meaneth this?

Ober. *Cirus* of *Persia*,

645

Mightie in life, within a marbell graue

Was layde to rot; whom *Alexander* once

Beheld intombde, and weeping did confesse,

Nothing in life could scape from wretchednesse:

Why, then, boast men?

650

Boh. What recke I, then, of life,

Who make the graue my home, the earth my wife?

<*Ober.*> But marke mee more.

3.

Boh. I can no more; my patience will not warpe

To see these flatterers how they scorne and carpe.

655

Ober. Turne but thy head.

*Enter <f>our Kings carr(y)ing Crowns, Ladies presenting odors to
Potentate in-throned, who suddainly is slaine by his seruants and
thrust out; and so they eate.*

Exeunt.

<*Boh.*> Sike is the world; but whilke is he I sawe?

Ober. *Sesostris*, who was conquerour of the world,

Slaine at the last and stampd on by his slaues.

Boh. How blest are peur men, then, that know their graues! 660

Now marke the sequell of my gig;

638 S. D. with *Oliue* and *Palm* sugg. *Grosart*
643 S. D. *Ver meum* sugg. *Mitford*: *vermium* sugg. *Dyce*
home *Collier*: tombe Q 653 Q gives to *Bohan*
S. D. *Potentates* Q 660 graue Q

641 I am Q
652 makes Q
655 flatteries Q

† An he weelee meete ends†. The mirk and sable night
 Doth leaue the pering morne to prie abroade;
 Thou nill me stay: haile, then, thou pride of Kings!
 I ken the world, and wot well worldly things. 665
 Mirke thou my gyg, in mirkest termes that telles
 The loathe of sinnes and where corruption dwells.
 Haile me ne mere with showes of gudlie sights;
 My graue is mine, that rids me of dispights;
 Accept my gig, guid King, and let me rest; 670
 The graue with guid men is a gay built nest.
Ober. The rising sun doth call me hence away:
 Thanks for thy jig, I may no longer stay:
 But if my train did wake thee from thy rest
 So shall they sing thy lullaby to nest. 675

ACTVS SECVNDVS. SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter the Countesse of Arrain with Ida her daughter in theyr porch,
 sitting at worke.*

A Song.

Count. Faire *Ida*, might you chuse the greatest good,
 Midst all the world in blessings that abound,
 Wherein, my daughter, shuld your liking be?
Ida. Not in delights, or pompe, or maiestie.
Count. And why?
Ida. Since these are meanes to draw the minde 680
 From perfect good, and make true iudgement blind.
Count. Might you haue wealth and fortunes ritchest store?
Ida. Yet would I, (might I chuse,) be honest poore:
 For she that sits at fortunes feete alowe
 Is sure she shall not taste a further woe, 685
 But those that prancke on top of fortunes ball
 Still feare a change, and fearing, catch a fall.
Count. Tut, foolish maide, each one contemneth need.
Ida. Good reason why, they know not good indeed.
Count. Many, marrie, then, on whom distresse doth loure. 690
Ida. Yes, they that vertue deeme an honest dowre.

662 *Q* prefixes *Beh.*
 686 on] one *Q*

669 of] from *Dyce* and *Grosart* as if from *Q*

Madame, by right this world I may compare
 Vnto my worke, wherein with heedfull care
 The heauenly workeman plants with curious hand,
 As I with needle drawe each thing on land, 695
 Euen as hee list: some men like to the Rose
 Are fashioned fresh; some in their stalkes do close,
 And, borne, do suddaine die; some are but weeds,
 And yet from them a secret good proceeds:
 I with my needle, if I please, may blot 700
 The fairest rose within my cambricke plot;
 God with a becke can change each worldly thing,
 The poore to earth, the begger to the King.
 What, then, hath man wherein hee well may boast,
 Since by a becke he liues, a louer is lost? 705

Enter Eustace with letters.

Count. Peace, *Ida*, heere are straungers neare at hand.

Eust. Madame, God speed!

Count. I thanke you, gentle squire.

Eust. The countrie Countesse of *Northumberland*

Doth greete you well; and hath requested mee 710
 To bring these letters to your Ladiship.

He carries the letter(s).

Count. I thanke her honour, and your selfe, my friend.

Shee receiues and peruseth them.

I see she meanes you good, braue gentleman.—

Daughter, the Ladie *Elinor* salutes

Your selfe as well as mee: then for her sake 715

'Twere good you entertaind that Courtiour well.

Ida. As much salute as may become my sex,

And hee in vertue can vouchsafe to thinke,

I yeeld him for the courteous Countesse sake.—

Good sir, sit downe: my mother heere and I 720

Count time mispent on endlesse vanitie.

Eust. Beyond report, the wit, the faire, the shape!—

What worke you heere, faire Mistresse? may I see it?

Ida. Good Sir, looke on: how like you this compact?

Eust. Me thinks in this I see true loue in act: 725

The Woodbines with their leaues do sweetly spread,
 The Roses blushing prancke them in their red;
 No flower but boasts the beauties of the spring;
 This bird hath life indeed, if it could sing.—

What meanes, faire Mistres, had you in this worke? 730

Ida. My needle, sir.

Eust. In needles, then, there lurkes

Some hidden grace, I deeme, beyond my reach.

Ida. Not grace in them, good sir, but those that teach.

Eust. Say that your needle now were *Cupids* sting,— 735

But, ah, her eie must bee no lesse,
 In which is heauen and heauenlinesse,
 In which the foode of God is shut,
 Whose powers the purest mindes do glut!

Ida. What if it were? 740

Eust. Then see a wondrous thing;

I feare mee you would paint in *Tereus* heart
 Affection in his power and chiefest part.

Ida. Good Lord, sir, no! for hearts but pricked soft

Are wounded sore, for so I heare it oft. 745

Eust. What reckes the wound, where but your happy eye

May make him liue whom *Ioue* hath iudged to die?

Ida. Should life and death within this needle lurke,
 Ile pricke no hearts, Ile pricke vpon my worke.

Enter Ateukin, with Slipper the Clowne.

Count. Peace, *Ida*, I perceiue the fox at hand. 750

Eust. The fox! why, fetch your hounds, & chace him hence.

Count. Oh, sir, these great men barke at small offence.

Come, will it please you enter, gentle sir?

Offer to exeunt.

Ateu. Stay, courteous Ladies; fauour me so much

As to discourse a word or two apart. 755

Count. Good sir, my daughter learnes this rule of mee,

To shun resort and straungers companie;

For some are shifting mates that carrie letters,

Some, such as you, too good because our betters.

Slip. Now, I pray you, sir, what akin are you to a pickrell? 760

742 Teneus Q 743 parts Q 746 wound] second Q where . . . eye
 separate line in Q 753 Q gives to Ateu. please you to enter Q

Ateu. Why, knaue?

Slip. By my troth, sir, because I neuer knew a proper scituation fellow of your pitch fitter to swallow a gudgin,

Ateu. What meanst thou by this?

Slip. Shifting fellow, sir,—these be thy words; shifting fellow: 765
this gentlewoman, I feare me, knew your bringing vp.

Ateu. How so?

Slip. Why, sir, your father was a Miller, that could shift for
a pecke of grist in a bushell, and you a faire spoken gentleman,
that can get more land by a lye then an honest man 770
by his readie mony.

Ateu. Catiue, what sayest thou?

Slip. I say, sir, that if she call you shifting knaue, you shall
not put her to the prooffe.

Ateu. And why?

Slip. Because, sir, liuing by your wit as you doo, shifting is 775
your letters pattents: it were a hard matter for mee to get
my dinner that day wherein my Maister had not solde a dozen
of deuices, a case of cogges, and a shute of shifts, in the
morning. I speak this in your commendation, sir, &, I pray 780
you, so take it.

Ateu. If I liue, knaue, I will bee reuenged. What gentleman
would entertaine a rascall thus to derogate from his honour?

(*Beats him.*)

Ida. My Lord, why are you thus impatient?

Ateu. Not angrie, *Ida*; but I teach this knaue

785

How to behaue himselfe among his betters.—

Behold, faire Countesse, to assure your stay,

I heere present the signet of the King,

Who now by mee, faire *Ida*, doth salute you.

And since in secret I haue certaine things

790

In his behalfe, good Madame, to impart,

I craue your daughter to discourse apart.

Count. Shee shall in humble dutie bee addrest

To do his Highnesse will in what shee may.

Ida. Now, gentle sir, what would his Grace with me?

795

Ateu. Faire, comely Nymph, the beautie of your face,

Sufficient to bewitch the heauenly powers,

Hath wrought so much in him, that now of late

Hee findes himselfe made captiue vnto loue ;
 And though his power and Maiestie requires 800
 A straight commaund before an humble sute,
 Yet hee his mightinesse doth so abase
 As to intreat your fauour, honest maid.

Ida. Is hee not married, sir, vnto our Queen?

Ateu. Hee is. 805

Ida. And are not they by God accurst,
 That seuer them whom hee hath knit in one?

Ateu. They bee: what then? we seecke not to displace
 The Princesse from her seate, but, since by loue
 The King is made your owne, hee is resolute 810
 In priuate to accept your dalliance,
 In spighte of warre, <or> watch, or worldly eye.

Ida. Oh, how hee talkes, as if hee should not die!
 As if that God in iustice once could winke
 Vpon that fault I am asham'd to thinke. 815

Ateu. Tut, Mistresse, man at first was born to erre;
 Women are all not formed to bee Saints:
 Tis impious for to kill our natiue King,
 Whom by a little fauour wee may saue.

Ida. Better, then liue vnchaste, to liue in graue. 820

Ateu. Hee shall erect your state, & wed you well.

Ida. But can his warrant keep my soule from hell?

Ateu. He will inforce, if you resist his sute.

Ida. What tho, the world may shame to him account,
 To bee a King of men and worldly pelfe, 825
 Yet hath no power to rule and guide him selfe.

<*Ateu.*> I know you, gentle Ladie, and the care
 Both of your honour and his Graces health
 Makes me confused in this daungerous state.

Ida. So counsell him, but sooth thou not his sinne: 830
 Tis vaine alurement that doth make him loue;
 I shame to heare, bee you ashamde to mooue.

Count. I see my daughter growes impatient:
 I feare me, hee pretends some bad intent.

Ateu. Will you dispise the King & scorne him so? 835

Ida. In all alleageance I will serue his Grace,
 But not in lust: oh, how I blush to name it!

Ateu. *(aside)*. An endlesse worke is this: how should I frame it?

They discourse priuately.

Slip. Oh, Mistresse, may I turne a word vpon you? 840

Count. Friend, what wilt thou?

Slip. Oh, what a happie gentlewoman bee you trulie! the world reports this of you, Mistresse, that a man can no sooner come to your house but the Butler comes with a blacke Iack and sayes, 'Welcome, friend, heer'es a cup of the 845 best for you': verilie, Mistresse, you are said to haue the best Ale in al *Scotland*.

Count. Sirrha, go fetch him drinke. How likest thou this?

Slip. Like it, Mistresse! why, this is quincy quarie pepper de watchet, single goby, of all that euer I tasted. Ile prooue 850 in this Ale and tost the compasse of the whole world. First, this is the earth, it lies in the middle, a faire browne tost, a goodly countrie for hungrie teeth to dwell vpon; next, this is the Sea, a fair poole for a drie tongue to fish in: now come I, & seing the world is naught, I diuide it 855 thus; & because the sea cannot stand without the earth, as *Arist(otle)* saith, I put them both into their first Chaos, which is my bellie: and so, Mistresse, you may see your ale is become a myracle.

Eust. A merrie mate, Madame, I promise you. 860

Count. Why sigh you, sirrah?

Slip. Trulie, Madam, to think vppon the world, which, since I denounced it, keepes such a rumbling in my stomach, that vnlesse your Cooke giue it a counterbuffle with some of your rosted capons or beefe, I feere me I shal become 865 a loose body, so daintie, I thinke, I shall neither hold fast before nor behinde.

Count. Go take him in, and feast this merrie swaine.—

Syrrha, my cooke is your phisitian;

He hath a purge for to disiest the world. 870

(Exeunt Slipper and seruant.)

Ateu. Will you not, *Ida*, grant his highnesse this?

Ida. As I haue said, in dutie I am his:

For other lawlesse lusts that ill beseeme him,
I cannot like, and good I will not deeme him.

840 *Q* gives to *Ateu.*

852 lies] ties *Q*

Count. Ida, come in:—and, sir, if so you please, 875

Come, take a homelie widdowes intertaine.

Ida. If he haue no great haste, he may come nye;

If haste, tho' he be gone, I will not crie.

Exeunt.

Ateu. I see this labour lost, my hope in vaine;

Yet will I trie an other drift againe.

880

⟨*Exit.*⟩

⟨SCENE II.⟩

Enter the Bishop of S. Andrewes, Earle Douglas, Morton, with others, one way; the Queene with Dwarfes, an other way.

B. S. Andr. Oh wrack of Common weale! oh wretched state!

Doug. Oh haplesse flocke whereas the guide is blinde!

They all are in a muse.

Mort. Oh heedlesse youth where counsaile is dispis'd!

Dor. Come, prettie knaue, and prank it by my side:

Lets see your best attendaunce out of hande.

885

Dwarfes. Madame, altho my lims are very small,

My heart is good; ile serue you there withall.

Dor. How, if I were assaild, what couldst thou do?

Dwarfes. Madame, call helpe, and boldly fight it to:

Altho a Bee be but a little thing,

890

You know, faire Queen, it hath a bitter sting.

Dor. How couldst thou do me good, were I in greefe?

Dwarfes. Counsell, deare Princes(se), is a choyce releefe:

Tho *Nestor* wanted force, great was his wit,

And tho I am but weake, my words are fit.

895

B. S. Andr. Like to a ship vpon the Ocean seas,

Tost in the doubtfull streame, without a helme,

Such is a Monarke without good aduice.

I am oreheard: cast raine vpon thy tongue;

Andrewes, beware; reproofe will breed a scar.

900

Mort. Good day, my Lord.

B. S. Andr. Lord *Morton*, well ymet.—

Whereon deemes Lord *Douglas* all this while?

Doug. Of that which yours and my poore heart doth breake,

Altho feare shuts our mouths, we dare not speake.

905

Dor. What meane these Princes sadly to consult?

- Somewhat, I feare, betideth them amisse.
 They are so pale in lookes, so vext in minde,—
 In happie houre, ye Noble Scottish Peeres,
 Haue I incountred you : what makes you mourne? 910
B. S. Andr. If we with patience may attention gaine,
 Your grace shall know the cause of all our grieffe.
Dor. Speake on, good father, come and sit by me :
 I know thy care is for the common good.
B. S. Andr. As fortune, mightie Princes(se), reareth some 915
 To high estate and place in Commonweale,
 So by diuine bequest to them is lent
 A riper iudgement and more searching eye,
 Whereby they may discern the common harme ;
 For where our fortunes in the world are most, 920
 Where all our profits rise and still increase,
 There is our minde, thereon we meditate,
 And what we do partake of good aduice,
 That we imploy for to concerne the same.
 To this intent, these nobles and my selfe, 925
 That are, (or should bee,) eyes of common weale,
 Seeing his highnesse reachlesse course of youth,
 His lawelesse and vnbridled vaine in loue,
 His to(o) intentiue trust to flatterers,
 His abiect care of councell and his friendes, 930
 Cannot but greeue; and since we cannot drawe
 His eye or iudgement to discern his faults,
 Since we haue spake and counsaile is not heard,
 I, for my part,—(let others as they list !)
 Will leaue the Court, and leaue him to his will, 935
 Least with a ruthfull eye I should behold
 His ouerthrow, which, sore I feare, is nye.
Dor. Ah father, are you so estranged from loue,
 From due alleageance to your Prince and land,
 To leaue your King when most he needs your help ? 940
 The thriftie husbandmen are neuer woont,
 That see their lands vnfruitfull, to forsake them ;
 But when the mould is barraine and vnapt,
 They toyle, they plow, and make the fallow fatte :

909 ye] the Q 911 attentue Q 920 our fortunes *Collier* : impor-
 tunes Q 929 to . . . too Q

The pilot in the dangerous seas is knowne : 945
In calmer waues the sillie sailor striues.

Are you not members, Lords, of Common-weale,
And can your head, your deere annointed King,
Default, ye Lords, except your selues do faile ?

Oh, stay your steps, returne, & counsaile him ! 950

Doug. Then seek not mosse vpon a rowling stone,

Or water from the siue, or fire from yce,
Or comfort from a rechlesse monarkes hands.

Madame, he sets vs light that seru'd in Court,
In place of credit, in his fathers dayes ; 955

If we but enter presence of his grace,
Our payment is a frowne, a scoffe, a frumpe ;
Whilst flattering *Gnat(h)o* prancks it by his side,
Soothing the carelesse King in his misdeeds :

And if your grace consider your estate, 960
His life should vrge you too, if all be true.

Dor. Why, *Douglas*, why ?

Doug. As if you haue not heard

His lawlesse loue to *Ida* growne of late,
His carelesse estimate of your estate. 965

Dor. Ah, *Douglas*, thou misconstrest his intent !

He doth but tempt his wife, he tryes my loue :
This iniurie pertaines to me, not you.

The King is young ; and if he step awrie,
He may amend, and I will loue him still. 970

Should we disdaine our vines because they sprout
Before their time ? or young men, if they straine
Beyond their reach ? no ; vines that bloome and spread

Do promise fruites, and young men that are wilde
In age growe wise. My freendes and Scottish Peeres, 975

If that an English Princesse may preuaile,
Stay, stay with him : lo, how my zealous prayer
Is plead with teares ! fie, Peeres, will you hence ?

B. S. Andr. Madam, tis vertue in your grace to plead ;

But we, that see his vaine vntoward course, 980
Cannot but flie the fire before it burne,

And shun the Court before we see his fall.

Dor. Wil you not stay ? then, Lordings, fare you well.

Thou you forsake your King, the heauens, I hope,
 Will fauour him through mine incessant prayer. 985
Dwarfe. Content you, Madam; thus old *Ouid* sings,
 Tis foolish to bewaile recurelesse things.
Dor. Peace, *Dwarffe*; these words my patience moue.
Dwarfe. All tho you charme my speech, charme not my loue.
Exeunt Nano *<and>* Dorothea.

Enter the King of Scots, [Arius], the nobles spying him returns.
K. of Scots. *Douglas*, how now! why changest thou thy cheere? 990
Doug. My priuate troubles are so great, my liege,
 As I must craue your licence for a while,
 For to intend mine owne affaires at home.
K. of Scots. You may depart. *<Exit Doug.>* But why is
Morton sad? 995

Mort. The like occasion doth import me too,
 So I desire your grace to giue me leaue.
K. of Scots. Well, sir, you may betake you to your ease.
 When such grim syrs are gone, I see no let
 To worke my will. 1000

B. S. Andr. What, like the Eagle, then,
 With often flight wilt thou thy feathers loose?
 O King, canst thou indure to see thy Court,
 Of finest wits and iudgements dispossess,
 Whilst cloking craft with soothing climbs so high 1005
 As each bewailes ambition is so bad?
 Thy father left thee, with estate and Crowne,
 A learned councell to direct thy course:
 These careleslie, O King, thou castest off,
 To entertaine a traine of Sicophants. 1010

Thou well mai'st see, although thou wilt not see,
 That euery eye and eare both sees and heares
 The certaine signes of thine incontinence.
 Thou art alayed vnto the English King
 By marriage; a happie friend indeed, 1015
 If vsed well, if not, a mightie foe.
 Thinketh your grace, he can indure and brooke
 To haue a partner in his daughters loue?
 Thinketh your grace, the grudge of priuie wrongs

994 *Q* makes *Exit* after 993 1001 *Allen. Q* 1008 *Court Q*
 1013 inconstinence *Q*

Will not procure him chaunge his smiles to threats? 1020

Oh, be not blinde to good! call home your Lordes,
Displace these flattering Gnat(h)oes, driue them hence;
Loue and with kindnesse take your wedlocke wife;
Or else, (which God forbid,) I feare a change:

Sinne cannot thriue in Courts without a plague. 1025

K. of Scots. Go pack thou too, vnles thou mend thy talk:

On paine of death, proud Bishop, get you gone,
Vnlesse you headlesse mean to hoppe away.

B. S. Andr. Thou God of heauen preuent my countries fall.

Exeunt.

K. of Scots. These staies and lets to pleasure plague my thoughts, 1030

Forcing my greeuous wounds anew to bleed:
But care that hath transported me so farre,
Faire *Ida*, is disperst in thought of thee,
Whose answeere yeeldes me life or breeds my death.
Yond comes the messenger of weale or woe. 1035

Enter Ateukin.

Ateukin, what news?

Ateu. The adament, o king, will not be filde

But by it selfe, and beautie that exceeds
By some ex(c)eeding fauour must be wrought.

Ida is coy as yet, and doth repine, 1040

Obiecting marriage, honour, feare, and death:
Shee's holy, wise, and too precise for me.

K. of Scots. Are these thy fruites of wit, thy sight in Art,

Thine eloquence, thy pollicie, thy drift,—
To mocke thy Prince? Then, catiue, packe thee hence, 1045
And let me die deuoured in my loue.

Ateu. Good Lord, how rage gainsayeth reasons power!

My deare, my gracious, and beloued Prince,
The essence of my soule, my God on earth,
Sit downe and rest your selfe: appease your wrath, 1050
Least with a frowne yee wound me to the death.

Oh, that I were included in my graue,
That eyther now, to saue my Princes life,
Must counsell crueltie, or loose my King!

K. of Scots. Why, sirrha, is there meanes to moue her minde? 1055

S. D. Atten. Q 1036 *Ateukin]* *Gnato Q* 1043 *wits Q* 1049 *soule*
Collier: sute Q

Ateu. Oh, should I not offend my royall liege,—

K. of Scots. Tell all, spare nought, so I may gaine my loue.

Ateu. Alasse, my soule, why art thou torne in twaine,

For feare thou talke a thing that should displease!

K. of Scots. Tut, speak what so thou wilt, I pardon thee. 1060

Ateu. How kinde a word, how courteous is his grace!

Who would not die to succour such a King?

My liege, this louely mayde of modest minde,

Could well incline to loue, but that shee feares

Faire *Dorotheas* power: your grace doth know, 1065

Your wedlocke is a mightie let to loue.

Were *Ida* sure to bee your wedded wife,

That then the twig would bowe you might command:

Ladies loue presents, pompe, and high estate.

K. of Scots. Ah, *Ateukin*, how should we displace this let? 1070

Ateu. Tut, mightie Prince,—oh, that I might bee whist!

K. of Scots. Why dalliest thou?

Ateu. I will not moouue my Prince;

I will preferre his safetie before my life.

Heare mee, ô King! tis *Dorotheas* death 1075

Must do you good.

K. of Scots. What, murther of my Queene!

Yet, to enioy my loue, what is my Queene?

Oh, but my vowe and promise to my Queene!

I, but my hope to gaine a fairer Queene: 1080

With how contrarious thoughts am I withdrawne!

Why linger I twixt hope and doubtfull feare?

If *Dorothe(a)* die, will *Ida* loue?

Ateu. Shee will, my Lord.

K. of Scots. Then let her die: 1085

Deuise, aduise the meanes;

Al likes me well that lends me hope in loue.

Ateu. What, will your grace consent? Then let mee worke.

Theres heere in Court a Frenchman, *Iaques* calde,

A fit performer of our enterprise, 1090

Whom I by gifts and promise will corrupt

To slaye the Queene, so that your grace will seale

A warrant for the man, to saue his life.

K. of Scots. Nought shall he want; write thou, and I wil signe:

And, gentle *Gnat(h)o*, if my *Ida* yeelde, 1095
 Thou shalt haue what thou wilt; Ile giue the(e) straight
 A Barrony, an Earledome for reward.

Ateu. Frolicke, young King, the Lasse shall bee your owne :
 Ile make her blyth and wanton by my wit.

Exeunt.

Enter Bohan with Obiron.

(Introduction to) 3. Act.

Boh. So, *Oberon*, now it beginnes to worke in kinde. 1100

The auncient Lords by leauing him alone,
 Disliking of his humors and despight,
 Lets him run headlong, till his flatterers,
 Soliciting his thoughts of lucklesse lust
 With vile persuations and alluring words, 1105
 Makes him make way by murther to his will.
 Iudge, fairie King, hast heard a greater ill?

Ober. Nor seen more vertue in a countrie mayd.

I tell the(e), *Bohan*, it doth make me sorry,
 To thinke the deeds the King meanes to performe. 1110

Boh. To change that humour, stand & see the rest:

I trow my sonne *Slipper* will shew's a iest.

*Enter Slipper with a companion, boy, or wench, dauncing a horn-
 pipe, and daunce out againe.*

Boh. Now after this beguiling of our thoughts,
 And changing them from sad to better glee,
 Lets to our sell, and sit & see the rest, 1115
 For, I beleeeue, this Iig will prooue no iest.

ACTVS III. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Slipper one way, and S(ir) Bartram another way.

Sir Bar. Ho, fellow! stay, and let me speake with thee.

Slip. Fellow! frend, thou doest disbuse me; I am a Gentleman.

Sir Bar. A Gentleman! how so?

Slip. Why, I rub horses, sir. 1120

Sir Bar. And what of that?

Slip. Oh simple witted! marke my reason. They that do

1101 alone *Dyce*: aline *Q* 1102 respight *Q* 1104 Soliciting *Walker*:
 Sweeting *Q* 1108 seen *Dyce*: send *Q* 1109 sorry *Dyce*: merrie *Q*
 1112 shewes *Q* S. D. boy] bog *Q* 1116 S. D. Chorus *Actus Q*

good seruice in the Common-weale are Gentlemen; but
such as rub horses do good seruice in the Common-weale;
Ergo, tarbox, Maister Courtier, a Horse-keeper is a 1125
Gentleman.

Sir Bar. Heere is ouermuch wit, in good earnest. But, sirrha,
where is thy Maister?

Slip. Neither aboue ground nor vnder ground, drawing out red
into white, swallowing that downe without chawing that was 1130
neuer made without treading.

Sir Bar. Why, where is hee, then?

Slip. Why, in his seller, drinking a cup of neate and briske
claret, in a boule of siluer. Oh, sir, the wine runnes trillill
down his throat, which cost the poore vintner many a 1135
stampe before it was made. But I must hence, sir, I haue
haste.

Sir Bar. Why, whither now, I prithee?

Slip. Faith, sir, to Sir *Siluester*, a Knight, hard by, vppon my
Maisters Arrand, whom I must certifie this, that the lease 1140
of *E(a)st Spring* shall bee confirmed; and therefore must
I bid him prouide trash, for my Maister is no friend
without mony.

Sir Bar. This is the thing for which I sued so long,
This is the lease which I, by *Gnat(h)oes* meanes, 1145
Sought to possesse by pattent from the King;
But hee, iniurious man, who liues by crafts,
And selles Kings fauours for who will giue most,
Hath taken bribes of mee, yet couertly
Will sell away the thing pertaines to mee: 1150
But I haue found a present helpe, I hope,
For to preuent his purpose and deceit.—
Stay, gentle friend.

Slip. A good word; thou haste won me: this word is like a
warne caudle to a colde stomacke. 1155

Sir Bar. Sirra, wilt thou, for mony and reward,
Conuay me certaine letters, out of hand,
From out thy maisters pocket?

Slip. Will I, sir? why, were it to rob my father, hang my
mother, or any such like trifles, I am at your commaunde- 1160
ment, sir. What will you giue me, sir?

Sir Bar. A hundreth pounds.

Slip. I am your man: giue me earnest. I am dead at a pocket, sir; why, I am a lifter, maister, by my occupation.

Sir Bar. A lifter! what is that?

1165

Slip. Why, sir, I can lift a pot as well as any man, and picke a purse as soone as any theefe in my countrie.

Sir Bar. Why, fellow, hold; heere is earnest, ten pound to assure thee. Go, dispatch, and bring it me to yonder Tauerne thou seest; and assure thy selfe, thou shalt both haue thy skin full of wine, and the rest of thy mony.

1170

Slip. I will, sir.—Now roome for a gentleman, my maisters! who giues mee mony for a faire new Angell, a trimme new Angell?

Exeunt.

⟨SCENE II.⟩

Enter Andrew and Purueyer.

Pur. Sirrha, I must needes haue your Maisters horses: the King cannot bee vnserved.

1175

And. Sirrha, you must needs go without them, because my Maister must be serued.

Pur. Why, I am the Kings Purueyer, and I tell thee I will haue them.

1180

And. I am *Ateukins* seruant, Signior *Andrew*, and I say, thou shalt not haue them.

Pur. Heeres my ticket, denie it if thou darst.

And. There is the stable, fetch them out if thou darst.

Pur. Sirrha, sirrha, tame your tongue, least I make you.

1185

And. Sirrha, sirrha, hold your hand, least I bum you.

Pur. I tell thee, thy Maisters geldings are good, and therefore fit for the King.

And. I tell thee, my Maisters horses haue gald backes, and therefore cannot fit the King. Purueyr, Purueyer, puruey thee of more wit: darst thou presume to wrong my Lord *Ateukin*, being the chiefeest man in Court?

1190

Pur. The more vnhappie Common-weale where flatterers are chiefe in Court.

And. What sayest thou?

Pur. I say thou art too presumptuous, and the officers shall schoole thee.

1195

And. A figge for them and thee, Purueyer ! They seeke a knot
in a ring that would wrong my maister or his seruants in
this Court.

1200

Enter Iaques.

Pur. The world is at a wise passe when Nobilitie is afraid of
a flatterer.

Iaq. Sirrha, what be you that *parley contre Monsieur* my
Lord *Ateukin*? *en bonne foy*, prate you against syr *Altesse*,
mee maka your test to leap from your shoulders, *per ma foy* 1205
c'y ferai-je?

And. Oh, signior Captaine, you shewe your selfe a forward and
friendly gentleman in my Maisters behalfe : I will cause him
to thanke you.

Iaq. *Poultron*, speake me one parola against my *bon Gentil-* 1210
home, I shal estampe your guttes, and thumpe your backa,
that you no poynt mannage this tenne ours.

Pur. Sirrha, come open me the stable, and let mee haue the
horses ;—and, fellow, for all your French bragges, I will doo
my dutie. 1215

And. Ile make garters of thy guttes, thou villaine, if thou enter
this office.

Iaq. *Mort Dieu*, take me that cappa *pour vostre labeur* ; be
gonne, villein, in the *mort*.

Pur. What, will you resist mee, then? Well, the Councell, 1220
fellow, shall know of your insolency.

Exit (Purueyer and Iaques).

And. Tell them what thou wilt, and eate that I can best
spare from my backe partes, and get you gone with a
vengeance.

Enter Ateukin.

Ateu. Andrew.

1225

And. Sir?

Ateu. Where be my writings I put in my pocket last night?

And. Which, sir? your anno(t)ations vpon Machiauel?

Ateu. No, sir ; the letters pattents for East Spring.

And. Why, sir, you talk wonders to me, if you ask that question. 1230

Ateu. Yea, sir, and wil work wonders too with you, vnlesse

1206 *cy fere ie Q* 1211 *estrampe Q* 1218 *mort lieu Q* nostre *Q*
1224 S.D. Gnato *Q* 1228 *Matchauell Q* 1231 with *which Q*

you finde them out : villaine, search me them out, and bring them me, or thou art but dead.

And. A terrible word in the latter end of a sessions. Master, were you in your right wits yesternight? 1235

Ateu. Doest thou doubt it?

And. I, and why not, sir? for the greatest Clarkes are not the wisest, and a foole may dance in a hood, as wel as a wise man in a bare frock : besides, such as giue themselues to *Philautia* as you do, Maister, are so cholericke of complexion 1240 that that which they burne in fire ouer night they seeke for with furie the next morning. Ah, I take care of your worship ! this Common-weale should haue a great losse of so good a member as you are.

Ateu. Thou flatterest me. 1245

And. Is it flatterie in me, sir, to speake you faire? What is it, then, in you to dallie with the King?

Ateu. Are you prating, knaue? I will teach you better nurture. Is this the care you haue of my wardrop, of my accounts, and matters of trust? 1250

And. Why, alas, sir, in times past your garments haue beene so well inhabited as your Tenants woulde giue no place to a Moathe to mangle them ; but since you are growne greater, and your garments more fine and gaye, if your garments are not fit for hospitallitie, blame your pride and commend my 1255 cleanliness : as for your writings, I am not for them, nor they for mee.

Ateu. Villaine, go fie, finde them out : if thou loosest them, thou loosest my credit.

And. Alasse, sir, can I loose that you neuer had? 1260

Ateu. Say you so? then hold, feel you that you neuer felt. *<Beats him.>*

<Re-enter Iaques.>

Iaq. Oh Monsieur, *ayez patience* : pardon your pauure valet : me bee at your commaundement.

Ateu. Signior *Iaques*, wel met ; you shall commaund me.—Sirra, go cause my writings be proclaimed in the Market place ; 1265 promise a great reward to them that findes them : looke where I supt and euery where.

And. I will, sir.—How are two knaues well met, and three

1240 *Philautia Collier* : *Plulantia Q* 1262 aies patient . . . pouure vallet *Q*

well parted : if you conceiue mine enigma, gentlemen, what
shal I bee, then? faith, a plaine harpe shilling. 1270

Exit.

Ateu. *Sieur Iaques*, this our happy meeting priues
Your friends and me, of care and greeuous toyle ;
For I that look into deserts of men,
And see among the souldiers in this Court
A noble forward minde, and iudge thereof, 1275
Cannot but seeke the meanes to raise them vp
Who merrit credite in the Common-weale.
To this intent, friend *Iaque(s)*, I haue found
A meanes to make you great, and well esteemd
Both with the King and with the best in Court ; 1280
For I espie in you a valiant minde,
Which makes mee loue, admire, and honour you.
To this intent, (if so your trust and faith,
Your secrecie be equall with your force,)
I will impart a seruice to thy selfe, 1285
Which if thou doest effect, the King, my selfe,
And what or hee, and I with him, can worke,
Shall be imployd in what thou wilt desire.

Iaq. Me sweara by my ten bones, my singniar, to be loyal
to your Lordships intents, affaires : ye(a), my *monseigneur*, 1290
que non ferai-ie pour your pleasure? By my sworda, me be
no babillard.

Ateu. Then hoping on thy truth, I prithee see
How kinde *Ateukin* is to forward thee.
Hold, take this earnest pennie of my loue, 1295
And marke my words ; the King, by me, requires
No slender seruice, *Iaques*, at thy hands.
Thou must by priuie practise make away
The Queene, faire *Dorothea*, as she sleepes,
Or how thou wilt, so she be done to death : 1300
Thou shalt not want promotion heare in Court.

Iaq. Stabba the woman ! *per ma foy, monsieur*, me thrusta
my weapon into her belle, so me may be gard *par le roy*.
Mee do your seruice. But me no be hanged *pour* my labor?

Ateu. Thou shalt haue warrant, *Iaques*, from the King : 1305

1270 *Exeunt Q* 1271 priues] hides Q : hinders Dyce 1290 ye my
monsignieur, qui non fera ic pour yea Q 1292 babillard Dyce : babie Lords Q
1293 on] one Q 1294 thee] me Q 1302 per Q 1304 par Q

None shall outface, gainsay, and wrong my friend.
 Do not I loue thee, *Iaques*? feare not, then :
 I tell thee, who so toucheth thee in ought
 Shall iniure me : I loue, I tender thee :
 'Thou art a subiect fit to serue his grace. 1310
Iaques, I had a written warrant once,
 But that by great misfortune late is lost.
 Come, wend we to *S. Andrewes*, where his grace
 Is now in progresse, where he shall assure
 Thy safetie, and confirme thee to the act. 1315
Iaq. We will attend your noblenesse.

Exeunt.

(SCENE III.)

Enter Sir Bartram, Dorothea the Queene, Nano, Lord Ross, Ladies, attendants.

Dor. Thy credite, *Bartram*, in the Scottish Court,
 Thy reuerend yeares, the stricknesse of thy vowes,
 All these are meanes sufficient to perswade ;
 But loue, the faithfull lincke of loyall hearts, 1320
 That hath possession of my constant minde,
 Exiles all dread, subdueth vaine suspect.
 Me thinks no craft should harbour in that brest
 Where Maiestie and vertue is instaled :
 Me thinks my beautie should not cause my death. 1325
Sir Bar. How gladly, soueraigne Princesse, would I erre,
 And binde my shame to saue your royall life !
 Tis Princely in your selfe to thinke the best,
 To hope his grace is guiltlesse of this crime :
 But if in due preuention you default, 1330
 How blinde are you that were forwarnd before !
Dor. Suspition without cause deserueth blame.
Sir Bar. Who see, and shunne not, harmes, deserue the same.
 Beholde the tenor of this traiterous plot.
Dor. What should I reade? Perhappes he wrote it not. 1335
Sir Bar. Heere is his warrant, vnder seale and signe,
 To *Iaques*, borne in *France*, to murder you.
Dor. Ah carelesse King, would God this were not thine !
 What tho I reade? Ah, should I thinke it true?

1322 supect Q
 bide sugg. Grosart

1325 Me thinke Q
 1333 sees Q

1327 binde] find sugg. Dyce;

Ross. The hand and seale confirms the deede is his. 1340

Dor. What know I tho, if now he thinketh this?

Nano. Madame, *Lucretius* saith that to repent,
Is childish, wisdom to preuent.

Dor. What tho?

Nano. Then cease your teares, that haue dismaid you, 1345
And crosse the foe before hee haue betrayed you.

Sir Bar. What needes these long suggestions in this cause,
When euery circumstance confirmeth trueth?

First, let the hidden mercie from aboue
Confirm your grace, since by a wondrous meanes 1350

The practise of your daungers came to light;

Next, let the tokens of approoued trueth

Gouerne and stay your thoughts, too much seduc't,
And marke the sooth, and listen the intent.

Your highnesse knowes, and these my noble Lords 1355
Can witnesse this, that whilest your husbands sirre

In happie peace possest the Scottish Crowne,

I was his sworne attendant heere in Court;

In daungerous fight I neuer fail'd my Lord,

And since his death, and this your husbands raigne, 1360

No labour, dutie, haue I left vndone,

To testifie my zeale vnto the Crowne.

But now my limmes are weake, mine eyes are dim,

Mine age vnweldie and vnmeete for toyle,

I came to Court, in hope, for seruice past, 1365

To gaine some lease to keepe me, beeing olde.

There found I all was vpsie turuy turnd,

My friends displac't, the Nobles loth to craue:

Then sought I to the minion of the King,

Ateukin, who, allured by a bribe, 1370

Assur'd me of the lease for which I sought.

But see the craft! when he had got the graunt,

He wrought to sell it to Sir *Siluester*,

In hope of greater earnings from his hands.

In briefe, I learnt his craft, and wrought the meanes, 1375

By one his needie seruant for reward,

To steale from out his pocket all the briefes;

1347 these *Dyce*: this *Q*
1376 seruants *Q*

1352 appoood *Q*

1370 *Auteukin Q*

Which hee perform'd, and with reward resign'd.
 Them when I read, (now marke the power of God.)
 I found this warrant seald among the rest,
 To kill your grace, whom God long keepe alieue !
 Thus, in effect, by wonder are you sau'd :
 Trifle not, then, but seeke a speedie flight ;
 God will conduct your steppes, and shield the right.

1380

Dor. What should I do? ah poore vnhappy Queen,
 Borne to indure what fortune can containe !
 Ah lasse, the deed is too apparant now !
 But, oh mine eyes, were you as bent to hide
 As my poore heart is forward to forgiue,
 Ah cruell King, my loue would thee acquite !
 Oh, what auailles to be allied and matcht
 With high estates, that marry but in shewe !
 Were I baser borne, my meane estate
 Could warrant me from this impendent harme :
 But to be great and happie, these are twaine.

1385

1390

1395

Ah, *Rosse*, what shall I do? how shall I worke ?
Ross. With speedie letters to your father send,
 Who will reuenge you and defend your right.

Dor. As if they kill not me, who with him fight !
 As if his brest be toucht, I am not wounded !
 As if he waild, my ioyes were not confounded !
 We are one heart tho rent by hate in twaine ;
 One soule, one essence, doth our weale containe :

1400

What, then, can conquer him that kills not me ?
Ross. If this aduise displease, then, Madame, flee.

1405

Dor. Where may I wend or trauel without feare ?

Nano. Where not, in changing this attire you weare ?

Dor. What, shall I clad me like a Country Maide ?

Nano. The pollicie is base, I am affraide.

Dor. Why, *Nano* ?

1410

Nano. Aske you why? what, may a Queene
 March foorth in homely weede, and be not seene ?
 The Rose, although in thornie shrubs she spread,
 Is still the Rose, her beauties waxe not dead ;
 And noble mindes, altho the coate be bare,
 Are by their semblance knowne, how great they are.

1415

Sir Bar. The Dwarfe saith true.

Dor. What garments likste thou, than?

Nano. Such as may make you seeme a proper man.

Dor. He makes me blush & smile, tho I am sad. 1420

Nano. The meanest coat for safetie is not bad.

Dor. What, shall I iet in breeches like a squire?

Alasse, poore dwarfe, thy Mistresse is vnmeete!

Nano. Tut, go me thus, your cloake before your face,

Your sword vpreard with queint & comely grace: 1425

If any come & question what you bee,

Say you, a man, and call for wnesse mee.

Dor. What should I weare a sword, to what intent?

Nano. Madame, for shewe; it is an ornament:

If any wrong you, drawe: a shining blade 1430

Withdrawes a coward theefe that would inuade.

Dor. But if I strike, and hee should strike againe,

What should I do? I feare I should bee slaine.

Nano. No, take it single on your dagger so:

Ile teach you, Madame, how to ward a blow. 1435

Dor. How little shapes much substance may include!

Sir Bartram, Rosse, yee Ladies, & my friends,

Since presence yeelds me death, and absence life,

Hence will I flie disguised like a squire,

As one that seekes to liue in Irish warres: 1440

You, gentle *Rosse*, shal furnish my depart.

Ross. Yea, Prince, & die with you with all my hart:

Vouchsafe me, then, in all extreamest states

To waight on you and serue you with my best.

Dor. To me pertaines the woe: liue then in rest. 1445

Friends, fare you well; keepe secret my depart:

Nano alone shall my attendant bee.

Nano. Then, Madame, are you mand, I warrant ye:

Giue me a sword, and if there grow debate,

Ile come behinde, and breake your enemies pate. 1450

Ross. How sore wee greeue to part so soone away!

Dor. Greeue not for those that perish if they stay.

Nano. The time in words mispent is little woorth;

Madam, walke on, and let them bring vs foorth.

Exeunt.

1440 Irish Q

1445 then] thou *Dyce*

Chorus.

Enter Boh. So, these sad motions makes the fairie sleepe ; 1455
 And sleep hee shall in quiet & content :
 For it would make a marbell melt & weepe,
 To see these treasons gainst the innocent.
 But since shee scapes by flight to saue her life,
 The King may chance repent she was his wife. 1460
 The rest is ruthfull ; yet, to beguile the time,
 Tis interlast with merriment and rime.

Exeunt.

ACTVS QVARTVS. SCENA PRIMA.

*After a noyse of hornes and showtings, enter certaint Huntsmen, if
 you please, singing, one way ; another way Ateukin and Iaques.*

Ateu. Say, gentlemen, where may wee finde the King?

Hunts. Euen heere at hand, on hunting ;
 And at this houre hee taken hath a stand, 1465
 To kill a Deere.

Ateu. A pleasant worke in hand.

Follow your sport, and we will seeke his grace.

Hunts. When suche him seeke, it is a wofull case.

Exeunt Huntsman one way, Ateu. and Iaques. another.

<SCENE II.>

Enter Eustace, Ida, and the Countesse.

Count. Lord *Eustace*, as your youth & vertuous life 1470

Deserues a farre more faire & richer wife,

So, since I am a mother, and do wit

What wedlocke is, and that which longs to it,

Before I meane my daughter to bestow,

Twere meete that she and I your state did know. 1475

Eust. Madame, if I consider *Idas* woorth,

I know my portions merrit none so faire,

And yet I hold in farme and yearly rent

A thousand pound, which may her state content.

Count. But what estate, my Lord, shall she possesse? 1480

Eust. All that is mine, graue Countesse, and no lesse.

1455 faire Q 1461 beguilde Q S. D. Iaques, Gnato Q 1471 farre]
 faire Q

But, *Ida*, will you loue?

Ida. I cannot hate.

Eust. But will you wedde?

Ida. Tis Greeke to mee, my Lord:

1485

Ile wish you well, and thereon take my word.

Eust. Shall I some signe of fauour, then, receiue?

Ida. I, if her Ladyship will giue me leaue.

Count. Do what thou wilt.

Ida. Then, noble English Peere,

1490

Accept this ring, wherein my heart is set;

A constant heart, with burning flames befret,

But vnder written this: *O morte dura*:

Heereon when so you looke with eyes *Pura*,

The maide you fancie most will fauour you.

1495

Eust. Ile trie this heart, in hope to finde it true.

Enter certaine Huntsmen and Ladies.

Hunts. Widdowe Cōntesse, well ymet;

Euer may thy ioys bee many;—

Gentle *Ida*, saire beset,

Faire and wise, not fairer any;

1500

Frolike Huntsmen of the game

Willes you well and giues you greeting.

Ida. Thanks, good Woodman, for the same,

And our sport, and merrie meeting.

Hunts. Vnto thee we do present

1505

Siluer heart with arrow wounded.

Eust. This doth shadow my lament,

(With) both feare and loue confounded.

Ladies. To the mother of the mayde,

Faire as th' lillies, red as roses,

1510

Euen so many goods are saide,

As herselfe in heart supposes.

Count. What are you, friends, that thus doth wish vs wel?

Hunts. Your neighbours nigh, that haue on hunting beene,

Who, vnderstanding of your walking forth,

1515

Preparde this traine to entertaine you with:

This Ladie *Douglas*, this Sir *Egmond* is.

Count. Welcome, ye Ladies, and thousand thanks for this:

Come, enter you a homely widdowes house,
 And if mine entertainment please you, let vs feast. 1520
Hunts. A louely ladie neuer wants a guest.

Exeunt. Man(e)n)t, Eustace, Ida.

Eust. Stay, gentle *Ida*, tell me what you deeme,
 What doth this hart, this tender heart beseeme?

Ida. Why not, my Lord, since nature teacheth art
 To sencelesse beastes to cure their greeuous smart; 1525
 Dictamnum serues to close the wound againe.

Eust. What helpe for those that loue?

Ida. Why, loue againe.

Eust. Were I the Hart,—

Ida. Then I the hearbe would bee: 1530
 You shall not die for help; come, follow me.

Exeunt.

<SCENE III.>

Enter Andrew and Iaques.

Iaq. *Mon Dieu*, what *malheure* be this! me come a the
 chamber, Signior *Andrew*, *Mon Dieu*; taka my *poinyard en*
ma maine to giue the *Estocade* to the *Damoisella*: *par ma*
foy, there was no person; *elle s'est enallee.* 1535

And. The woorse lucke, *Iaques*: but because I am thy friend,
 I will aduise the(e) somewhat towards the attainment of
 the gallowes.

Iaq. Gallowes! what be that?.

And. Marrie, sir, a place of great promotion, where thou shalt 1540
 by one turne aboute ground rid the world of a knaue, and
 make a goodly ensample for all bloodie villaines of thy pro-
 fession.

Iaq. *Que dites vous, Monsieur Andrew?*

And. I say, *Iaques*, thou must keep this path, and high thee; 1545
 for the Q(ueene), as I am certified, is departed with her
 dwarfe, apparelled like a squire. Ouertake her, Frenchman,
 stab her: Ile promise thee, this dubblet shall be happy.

Iaq. *Pourquoy?*

And. It shall serue a ioll(i)e gentleman, 1550
 Sir *Dominus Monsignior Hangman.*

1523 hart] hast Q 1526 Dictanum Q 1532, 1533 Dieu Q 1534 ma]
 mon Q par] per Q 1535 cest en alle Q 1544 dette Q 1549 Pour-
 quoy Q

Iaq. C'est tout un; me will rama pour la monnoi.

And. Go, and the rot consume thee! Oh, what a trim world is this!

My maister lius by cousoning the King, I by flattering him;

Slipper, my fellow, by stealing, and I by lying: is not this 1555

a wylie accord, gentlemen? This last night, our iolly horse-

keeper, beeing wel stept in licor, confessed to me the stealing

of my Maisters writing and his great reward: now dare I not

bewraye him, least he discouer my knauerie; but thus haue

I wrought. I vnderstand he will passe this way, to prouide 1560

him necessaries; but if I and my fellowes faile not, wee will

teach him such a lesson as shall cost him a chiefe place on

pennillesse bench for his labour. But yond he comes.

Enter Slipper, with a Tailor, a Shoomaker, and a Cutler.

Slip. Taylor.

Tayl. Sir?

1565

Slip. Let my dubblet bee white Northren, fue groates the yard:

I tell thee, I will be braue.

Tayl. It shall, sir.

Slip. Now, sir, cut it me like the battlements of a Custerd,

ful of round holes: edge me the sleeues with Couentry-blew, 1570

and let the lynings bee of tenpenny locrum.

Tayl. Very good, sir.

Slip. Make it the amorous cut, a flappe before.

Tayl. And why so? that fashion is stale.

Slip. Oh, friend, thou art a simple fellow. I tell thee a flap 1575

is a great friend to a †storrie†; it stands him in stead of

cleane napery; and if a man's shert bee torne, it is

a present penthouse to defend him from a cleane huswifes

scoffe.

Tayl. You say sooth, sir.

1580

Slip. Holde, take thy mony; there is seuen shillings for the

dubblet, and eight for the breeches: seuen and eight,

birladie, thirtie sixe is a faire deale of mony.

Tayl. Farwell, sir.

Slip. Nay, but stay, Taylor.

1585

Tayl. Why, sir?

Slip. Forget not this speciall make, let my back parts bee

well linde, for there come many winter stormes from a

windie bellie, I tell thee. *<Exit Taylor.>* Shoo-maker.

1552 *le money Q*

1571 *locorum Q*

1587 *mate Q*

Shoo. Gentleman, what shoo will it please you to haue ? 1590

Slip. A fine neate calues leather, my friend.

Shoo. Oh, sir, that is too thin, it will not last you.

Slip. I tell thee, it is my neer kinsman, for I am *Slipper*, which hath his best grace in summer to bee suted in † lakus † skins. Guidwife Calf was my grandmother, and 1595 goodman Neather-leather mine Vnckle; but my mother, good woman, Alas, she was a Spaniard, and being wel tande and drest by a good fellow, an Englishman, is growne to some wealth: as when I haue but my vpper parts clad in her husbands costlie Spannish leather, I may bee bold to 1600 kisse the fayrest ladies foote in this contrey.

Shoo. You are of high birth, sir: but haue you all your mothers markes on you?

Slip. Why, knaue?

Shoomaker. Because if thou come of the bloud of the *Slippers*, 1605 you should haue a Shoomakers Alle thrust through your eare.

Slip. Take your earnest, friend, and be packing.

Exit (Shoemaker).

And meddle not with my progenators. Cutler.

Cutler. Heare, sir.

Slip. I must haue a Rapier and Dagger. 1610

Cutler. A Rapier and Dagger, you meane, sir?

Slipper. Thou saiest true; but it must haue a verie faire edge.

Cutler. Why so, sir?

Slip. Because it may cut by him selfe, for trulie, my freende, I am a man of peace, and wear weapons but for facion. 1615

Cutler. Well, sir, giue me earnest I will fit you.

Slip. Hold, take it: I betrust thee, friend; let me be wel armed.

Cutler. You shall.

Exit Cutler.

Slip. Nowe what remaines? theres twentie crownes for house, three crownes for houshol(d) stuffe, six pence to buie a con- 1620 stables staffe; nay, I will be the chiefe of my parish. There wants nothing but a wench, a cat, a dog, a wife, and a seruant, to make an hole familie. Shall I marrie with *Alice*, goodman *Grimshaues* daughter? Shee is faire, but indeede her tongue is like clocks on Shroue-tuesday, alwaies out of 1625

temper. Shall I wed *Sisley* of the *Whighton*? Oh, o, she is like a frog in a parcelly bed; as scittish as an ele: if I seek to hamper her, she wil horne me. But a wench must be had, maister *Slip*(*per*); yea, and shal be, deer friend.

And. I now will driue him from his contemplations. Oh, my mates, come forward: the lamb is vnpenit, the fox shal preuaile.

Enter three Antiques, who dance round, and take Slipper with them.

Slip. I will, my freend, and I thanke you heartilie: pray keepe your curtesie: I am yours in the way of an hornepipe. They are strangers, I see, they vnderstand not my language; wee, wee.—

Whilest they are dauncing, Andrew takes away his money, and the other Antiques depart.

Slip. Nay, but, my friends, one hornpipe further, a refluence backe, and two doubles forward: what not one crosse point against Sundayes?—What, ho, sirrha, you gone, you with the nose like an Eagle, and you be a righte Greeke, one turne more. Theeues, theeues! I am robd! theeues! Is this the knauerie of Fidlers? Well, I will then binde the hole credit of their occupation on a bagpiper, and he for my money. But I will after, and teach them to caper in a halter, that haue cousoned me of my money.

1645
Exeunt.

〈SCENE IV.〉

Enter Nano, Dorothea in mans apparell.

Dor. Ah *Nano*, I am wearie of these weedes,
Wearie to weeld this weapon that I bare,
Wearie of loue from whom my woe procedes,
Wearie of toyle, since I haue lost my deare.
O wearie life, where wanteth no distresse,
But euery thought is paide with heuinesse!

Nano. Too much of wearie, madame: if you please,
Sit downe, let wearie dye, and take your ease.

Dor. How look I, *Nano*? like a man or no?

Nano. If not a man, yet like a manlie shrowe.

Dor. If any come and meete vs on the way,
What should we do, if they inforce vs stay?

Nano. Set cap a huffe, and challenge him the field :

Suppose the worst, the weake may fight to yeeld.

Dor. The battaile, *Nano*, in this troubled minde 1660

Is farre more fierce then euer we may finde.

The bodies wounds by medicines may be eased,

But griefes of mindes, by salues are not appeased.

Nano. Say, Madame, will you heare your *Nano* sing ?

Dor. Of woe, good boy, but of no other thing. 1665

Nano. What, if I sing of fancie, will it please ?

Dor. To such as hope successe such noats breede ease.

Nano. What, if I sing, like *Damon*, to my sheepe ?

Dor. Like *Phillis*, I will sit me downe to weepe.

Nano. Nay, since my songs afford such pleasure small, 1670

Ile sit me downe, and sing you none at all.

Dor. Oh, be not angrie, *Nano* !

Nano. Nay, you loath

To thinke on that, which doth content vs both.

Dor. And how ? 1675

Nano. You scorne desport when you are wearie,

And loath my mirth, who liue to make you merry.

Dor. Danger and fear withdraw me from delight.

Nano. Tis vertue to contemne fals Fortunes spight.

Dor. What should I do to please thee, friendly squire ? 1680

Nano. A smile a day is all I will require ;

And if you pay me well the smiles you owe me,

Ile kill this cursed care, or else beshrowe me,

Dor. We are descried ; oh, *Nano*, we are dead !

Enter Iaques his sword drawne.

Nano. Tut, yet you walk, you are not dead indeed. 1685

Drawe me your sword, if he your way withstand,

And I will seeke for rescue out of hand.

Dor. Run, *Nano*, runne, preuent thy Princes death.

Nano. Feare not, ile run all danger out of breath.

Exit.

Iaq. Ah, you calletta, you strumpetta *Maitressa Doretie*, estes 1690
vous surprise ? come, say your pater noster, car uous estes
morte, par ma foy.

1662 wound *Eng. Parnass.* 1663 mindes] heart *Eng. Parnass.*
1684 *Dor.*] *Doug. Q :* *Mano Q* 1688 *Dor.*] at 1687 in *Q* 1690 calletta . . .
matressa *Q* 1691 *surprius Q*

Dor. Callet, me strumpet! Catue as thou art!

But euen a Princesse borne, who scorne thy threats :
 Shall neuer French man say, an English mayd 1695
 Of threats of forraine force will be afraid.

Iaq. You no *dites vosres prières? morbleu, mechante femme,*
 guarda your bresta there: me make you die on my Morglay.

Dor. God sheeld me, haplesse princes(se) and a wife,

They fight, and shee is sore wounded.

And saue my soule, altho I loose my life! 1700
 Ah, I am slaine! some piteous power repay
 This murtherers cursed deed, that doth me slay!

Iaq. *Elle est toute morte.* Me will runne *pour* a wager, for feare
 me be *surpris* and *pendu* for my labour. *Bien ie m'en*
allerai au roi lui dire mes affaires. Je serai un chevalier 1705
 for this daies trauaile.

Exit.

Enter Nano, S(ir) Cut(h)bert Anderson, *his sword drawne.*

Sir Cutb. Where is this poore distressed gentleman?

Nano. Here laid on ground, and wounded to the death.

Ah gentle heart, how are these beautious looks
 Dimd by the tyrant cruelties of death! 1710

Oh wearie soule, breake thou from forth my brest,
 And ioyne thee with the soule I honoured most!

Sir Cut. Leauë mourning, friend, the man is yet aliuë.

Some helpe me to conuey him to my house:
 There will I see him carefully recured, 1715
 And send priuie search to catch the murtherer.

Nano. The God of heauen reward thee, curteous knight?

Exeunt. And they beare out Dorothea.

⟨SCENE V.⟩

*Enter the King of Scots, Iagues, Ateukin, Andrew; Iagues running
 with his swoord one way, the King with his traine an other way.*

K. of Scots. Stay, *Iagues*, feare not, sheath thy murthering blade:

Loe, here thy King and friends are come abroad

To saue thee from the terrors of pursuite. 1720

What, is she dead?

1698 Callest me *sugg. Dyce* 1697 *dire vostre prieges, vrbleme merchants*
famme Q 1708-5 *tout mort . . . pur . . . surpries . . . Be in alera . . .*
any cits me . . . terra . . . chivalier Q

Iaq. Oui, Monsieur, elle is blessée par la teste ouer les épaules :

I warrant, she no trouble you.

Ateu. Oh, then, my liege, how happie art thou growne,

How fauoured of the heauens, and blest by loue ! 1725

Mee thinkes I see faire *Ida* in thine armes,

Crauing remission for her late contempt :

Mee thinke(s) I see her blushing steale a kisse,

Vniting both your soules by such a sweete,

And you, my King, suck Nectar from her lips. 1730

Why, then, delaies your grace to gaine the rest

You long desired? why loose we forward time?

Write, make me spokesman now, vow marriage :

If she deny you fauour, let me die.

And. Mightie and magnificent potentate, giue credence to 1735

mine honorable good Lord, for I heard the Midwife sweare

at his natiuitie that the Faeries gaue him the propertie of

the Thracian Stone; for who toucheth it is exempted from

griefe, and he that heareth my Maisters Counsell is alreadie

possessed of happinesse; nay, which is more myracalous, as 1740

the Noble man in his infancie lay in his Cradle, a swarme

of Bees laid honey on his lippes in token of his eloquence.

For *melle dulcior fluit oratio.*

Ateu. Your grace must beare with imperfections :

This is exceeding loue that makes him speake. 1745

K. of Scots. Ateukin, I am raiisht in conceit,

And yet deprest againe with earnest thoughts.

Me thinkes, this murther soundeth in mine eare

A threatning noyse of dire and sharpe reuenge :

I am incenst with greefe, yet faine would ioy. 1750

What may I do to end me of these doubts?

Ateu. Why, Prince, it is no murther in a King,

To end an others life to saue his owne :

For you are not as common people bee,

Who die and perish with a fewe men's teares ; 1755

But if you faile, the state doth whole default,

The Realme is rent in twaine, in such a losse.

And *Aristotle* holdeth this for true,

Of euills needs we must chuse the least :

1722 Wee ... is ... per lake ... oues ... espanles Q
1734 your Q 1743 dulcier Q 1755 mans Q

1727 attempt Q

Then better were it, that a woman died 1760
 Then all the helpe of *Scotland* should be blent.
 Tis pollicie, my liege, in euerie state,
 To cut off members that disturbe the head :
 And by corruption generation growes,
 And contraries maintaine the world & state. 1765
K. of Scots. Enough, I am confirmed. *Ateukin*, come,
 Rid me of loue, and rid me of my greefe ;
 Drive thou the tyrant from this tainted brest,
 Then may I triumph in the height of ioy.
 Go to mine *Ida*, tell her that I vowe 1770
 To raise her head, and make her honours great :
 Go to mine *Ida*, tell her that her haire
 Salbe embellished with orient pearles,
 And Crownes of saphyrs, compassing her browes,
 Shall warre with those sweete beauties of her eyes : 1775
 Go to mine *Ida*, tell her that my soule
 Shall keepe her semblance closed in my brest ;
 And I, in touching of her milke-white mould,
 Will thinke me deified in such a grace.
 I like no stay ; go write, and I will signe : 1780
 Reward me *Iaques* ; giue him store of Crownes.
 And sirrha *Andrew*, scout thou here in Court,
 And bring me tydings, if thou canst perceiue
 The least intent of muttering in my traine ;
 For either those that wrong thy Lord or thee 1785
 Shall suffer death.

Exit the King.

Ateu. How much, ô mightie King,
 Is thy *Ateukin* bound to honour thee !—
 Bowe thee, *Andrew*, bend thine sturdie knees ;
 Seest thou not here thine onely God on earth ? 1790

Iaq. *Mais ou est mon argent, Signior ?*

Ateu. Come, follow me. His graue, I see, is made,
 That thus on suddain he hath left vs here.—
 Come, *Iaques*, we wil haue our packet soone dispaht.
 And you shall be my mate vpon the way. 1795

Iaq. *Come vous plaira, Monsieur.*

Exeunt.

1778 embellished Q 1775 weare Q 1781 Crowne Q 1791 Mes Q
 1796 plera Q

Andr. Was neuer such a world, I thinke, before,
 When sinners seeme to daunce within a net :
 The flatterer and the murtherer, they grow big ;
 By hooke or crooke promotion now is sought. 1800
 In such a world, where men are so misled,
 What should I do, but, as the Prouerbe saith,
 Runne with the Hare, and hunt with the Hound,
 To haue two meanes, beseemes a wittie man.
 Now here in Court I may aspire and clime 1805
 By subtiltie, before my maisters death :
 And if that faile, well fare another drift ;
 I will, in secret, certaine letters send
 Vnto the English King, and let him know
 The order of his daughters ouerthrow ; 1810
 That if my master crack his credit here,
 As I am sure long flattery cannot hold,
 I may haue meanes within the English Court
 To scape the scourge that waits on bad aduice.

Exit.

Chorus.

Enter Bohan and Obiron.

Ober. Beleue me, bonny Scot, these strange euent 1815
 Are passing pleasing, may they end as well.
Boh. Else say that *Bohan* hath a barren skull,
 If better motions yet then any past
 Do not more glee to make the fair(i)e greet.
 But my small son made prittie handsome shift 1820
 To saue the Queene his Mistresse, by his speed.
Ober. Yea, and yon laddie, for his sport he made,
 Shall see, when least he hopes, Ile stand his friend,
 Or else hee capers in a halter end.
Boh. What, hang my son ! I trowe not, *Obiran* : 1825
 Ile rather die then see him woe begon.

Enter a rownd, or some daunce at Pleasure.

Ober. *Bohan*, be pleasd, for do they what they will,
 Heere is my hand, Ile saue thy son from ill.

Exit.

ACTVS QVINTVS. SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter the Queene in a night gowne, Ladie Anderson, and Nano
(with Sir Cuthbert Anderson behind).*

La. And. My gentle friend, beware, in taking aire,
Your walkes growe not offensiue to your woundes. 1830

Dor. Madame, I thank you of your courteous care :
My woundes are well nigh clos'd, tho sore they are. [griefe,

La. And. Me thinks these closed woundes should breed more
Since open woundes haue cure, and find reliefe.

Dor. Madame, if vndiscovered woundes you meane, 1835
They are not curde, because they are not seene.

L. And. I meane the woundes which do the heart subdue.

Nano. Oh, that is loue : Madame, speake I not true ?

Ladie Anderson ouerheares.

La. And. Say it were true, what salue for such a sore ?

Nano. Be wise, and shut such neighbours out of dore. 1840

La. And. How if I cannot driue him from my brest ?

Nano. Then chaine him well, and let him do his best.

Sir Cuth. (aside). In ripping vp their woundes, I see their wit ;
But if these woundes be cured, I sorrow it.

Dor. Why are you so intentiue to behold 1845
My pale and wofull lookes, by care controld ?

La. And. Because in them a readie way is found :
To cure my care, and heale my hidden wound.

Nano. Good Maister, shut your eyes, keepe that conceit ;
Surgeons giue coin to get a good receit. 1850

Dor. Peace, wanton son ; this Ladie did amend
My woundes ; mine eyes her hidden griefe shall end :
Looke not too much, it is a waigtie case.

Nano. Where as a man puts on a maidens face,
For many times, if ladies ware them not, 1855
A nine moneths wound with little worke is got.

Sir Cuth. (aside). Ile breake off their dispute, least loue proceed
From couert smiles, to perfect loue indeed.

Nano. The cats abroad, stirre not, the mice bee still.

La. And. Tut, wee can flie such cats, when so we will. 1860

Sir Cuth. How fares my guest ? take cheare, nought shall default,

That eyther doth concerne your health or ioy ;

Vse me, my house, and what is mine is yours.

Dor. Thankes, gentle knight ; and if all hopes be true,

I hope ere long to do as much for you.

1865

Sir Cuth. Your vertue doth acquite me of that doubt :

But, courteous sir, since troubles calles me hence,

I must to *Edenbourg*, vnto the King,

There to take charge and waight him in his warres.—

Meane while, good Madame, take this squire in charge,

1870

And vse him so as if it were my selfe.

La. And. Sir *Cutbert*, doubt not of my dilligence :

Meane while, till your returne, God send you health.

Dor. God blesse his grace, and, if his cause be iust,

Prosper his warres ; if not, hee'l mend, I trust.

1875

Good sir, what mooues the King to fall to armes ?

Sir Cuth. The King of England forrageth his land,

And hath besieged *Dunbar* with mightie force.

<*Dor.*> What other newes are common in the Court ?

Sir Cuth. Reade you these letters, Madame ; tell the squire

1880

The whole affaires of state, for I must hence.

Exit.

Dor. God prosper you, and bring you backe from thence !

Madame, what newes ?

La. And. They say the Queene is slaine.

Dor. Tut, such reports more false then trueth containe.

1885

La. And. But these reports haue made his nobles leaue him.

Dor. Ah, carelesse men, and would they so deceiue him ?

La. And. The land is spoylde, the commons fear the crosse ;

All crie against the King, their cause of losse :

The English King subdues and conquers all.

1890

Dor. Ah lasse, this warre growes great on causes small !

La. And. Our Court is desolate, our Prince alone,

Stil dreading death.

Dor. Woes me, for him I moane !

Helpe, now helpe, a suddaine qualme

1895

Assayles my heart !

Nano. Good Madame, stand his friend :

Giue vs some licor to refresh his heart.

La. And. Daw thou him vp, ande I will fetch thee foorth
Potions of comfort, to repress his paine.

1900

Exit.

Nano. Fie, Princesse, faint on euery fond report!

How well nigh had you opened your estate!

Couer these sorrowes with the vaile of ioy,

And hope the best; for why this warre will cause

A great repentance in your husbands minde.

1905

Dor. Ah, *Nano*, trees liue not without their sap.

And *Clitie* cannot blush but on the sunne;

The thirstie earth is broke with many a gap,

And lands are leane where riuers do not runne:

Where soule is reft from that it loueth best,

1910

How can it thriue or boast of quiet rest?

Thou knowest the Princes losse must be my death,

His griefe, my griefe; his mischief must be mine.

Oh, if thou loue me, *Nano*, high to court!

Tell *Rosse*, tell *Bartram*, that I am aliue;

1915

Conceale thou yet the place of my aboade:

Will them, euen as they loue their Queene,

As they are charie of my soule and ioy,

To guard the King, to serue him as my Lord.

Haste thee, good *Nano*, for my husbands care

1920

Consumeth mee, and wounds mee to the heart.

Nano. Madame, I go, yet loth to leaue you heere.

Exeunt.

Dor. Go thou with speed: euen as thou holdst me deare,
Returne in haste.

Enter Ladie Anderson.

La. And. Now, sir, what cheare? come tast this broth I bring. 1925

Dor. My griefe is past, I feele no further sting.

La. And. Where is your dwarfe? Why hath hee left you, sir?

Dor. For some affaires: hee is not traueld farre.

La. And. If so you please, come in and take your rest.

Dor. Feare keeps awake a discontented brest.

1930

Exeunt.

〈SCENE II.〉

After a solemne seruice, enter, from the widdowes house, a seruice, musical songs of marriages, or a maske, or what prettie triumph you list: to them, Ateukin and Iaques.

Ate. What means this triumph, frend? why are these feasts?

Servi. Faire *Ida*, sir, was married yesterday

Vnto sir *Eustace*, and for that intent

Wee feast and sport it thus to honour them:

And if you please, come in and take your part;

1935

My Ladie is no niggard of her cheare.

Exit.

Iaq. *Monsieur*, why be you so sadda? *faites bonne Chere, foutre de ce monde!*

Ateu. What, was I borne to bee the scorne of kinne?

To gather feathers like to a hopper crowe,

1940

And loose them in the height of all my pompe?

Accursed man, how is my credite lost!

Where is my vowes I made vnto the King?

What shall become of mee, if hee shall heare

That I haue causde him kill a vertuous Queene,

1945

And hope in vaine for that which now is lost?

Where shall I hide my head? I knowe the heauens

Are iust, and will reuenge; I know my sinnes

Exceede compare. Should I proceed in this,

This *Eustace* must amain be made away.

1950

Oh, were I dead, how happy should I bee!

Iaq. *Est ce donc a tel poynt vostre estat*; faith, then adeiu,
Scotland, adeiu, *Signior Ateukin*: me will homa to *France*,
and no be hanged in a strange country.

Exit.

Ateu. Thou doest me good to leaue me thus alone,

1955

That galling grieffe and I may yoake in one.

Oh, what are subtile meanes to clime on high,

When euery fall swarmes with exceeding shame?

I promist *Idaes* loue vnto the Prince,

But shee is lost, and I am false forsworne.

1960

I practis'd *Dorotheas* haplesse death,

And by this practise haue commenst a warre.

Scene II S. D. Iaques] Gnato Q 1937 *fette bon* Q 1950 *amain*] a man Q

Oh cursed race of men, that traficque guile,
 And in the end, themselues and kings beguile!
 Ashamde to looke vpon my Prince againe, 1965
 Ashamde of my suggestions and aduice,
 Ashamde of life, ashamde that I haue erde :
 Ile hide my selfe, expecting for my shame.
 Thus God doth worke with those, that purchase fame
 By flattery, and make their Prince their game. 1970

Exit.

〈SCENE III.〉

Enter the King of England, Lord Percey, Samles, and others.

K. of Eng. Thus farre, ye English Peeres, haue we displayde
 Our wauing ensignes with a happy warre ;
 Thus neerely hath our furious rage reuengde
 My daughters death vpon the traiterous Scot.
 And now before Dunbar our campe is pitcht ; 1975
 Which, if it yeeld not to our compromise
 The plough shall furrow where the pallace stood,
 And furie shall enioy so high a power
 That mercie shall bee bannisht from our swords.

〈Enter Douglas and others on the walls.〉

Doug. What seekes the English King? 1980

K. of Eng. Scot, open those gates, and let me enter in :
 Submit thy selfe and thine vnto my grace,
 Or I will put each mothers sonne to death,
 And lay this Cittie leuell with the ground.

Doug. For what offence, for what default of ours, 1985

Art thou incenst so sore against our state?
 Can generous hearts in nature bee so sterne
 To pray on those that neuer did offend?
 What tho the Lyon, King of brutish race,
 Through outrage sinne, shall lambes be therefore slaine? 1990
 Or is it lawfull that the humble die
 Because the mightie do gainsay the right?
 O English King, thou bearest in thy crest
 The King of beasts, that harmes not yeelding ones :

1970 game Dyce : gaine Q *Exeunt Q* 1971 *K. of Eng.] Arius Q*
and so throughout this scene ye] the Q 1975 *Dambar Q* 1976 com-
 premise Q 1977 plough] place Q 1978 enioy] enuy Q 1993 crest]
 crest Q

The Roseall crosse is spred within thy field, 1995

A signe of peace, not of reuenging warre.

Be gracious, then, vnto this little towne;

And, tho we haue withstood thee for a while

To shew alleageance to our liefest liege,

Yet since wee know no hope of any helpe, 2000

Take vs to mercie, for wee yeeld ourselues.

K. of Eng. What, shall I enter, then, and be your Lord?

Doug. We will submit vs to the English King.

They descend downe, open the gates, and humble them.

King. of Eng. Now life and death dependeth on my sword:

This hand now reard, my *Douglas*, if I list, 2005

Could part thy head and shoulders both in twaine;

But since I see thee wise and olde in yeares,

True to thy King, and faithfull in his warres,

Liue thou and thine. *Dunbar* is too too small

To giue an entrance to the English King: 2010

I, eaglelike, disdaine these little foules,

And looke on none but those that dare resist.

Enter your towne, as those that liue by me:

For others that resist, kill, forrage, spoyle.

Mine English souldiers, as you loue your King, 2015

Reuenge his daughters death, and do me right.

Exeunt.

〈SCENE IV.〉

Enter the Lawyer, the Merchant, and the Diuine.

Law. My friends, what thinke you of this present state?

Were euer seene such changes in a time?

The manners and the fashions of this age

Are, like the Ermine skinne so full of spots, 2020

As sooner may the Moore bee washed white

Then these corruptions bannisht from this Realme.

Merch. What sees Mas Lawyer in this state amisse?

Law. A wresting power that makes a nose of wax

Of grounded lawe, a damde and subtile drift 2025

In all estates to climb by others losse,

An eager thirst of wealth, forgetting trueth.

Might I ascend vnto the highest states,

2021 sooner] soone Q

2027 thrist *Dyce*: thrist Q

And by discent discouer euery crime,
 My friends, I should lament, and you would greeue 2030
 To see the haplesse ruines of this Realme.

Dir. O Lawyer, thou haste curious eyes to prie
 Into the secrets maimes of their estate ;
 But if thy vaile of error were vnmaskt,
 Thy selfe should see your sect do maime her most. 2035
 Are you not those that should maintaine the peace,
 Yet onely are the patrones of our strife?
 If your profession haue his ground and spring
 First from the lawes of God, then countries right,
 Not any waies inuersing natures power, 2040
 Why thriue you by contentions? Why deuise you
 Clawes, and subtile reasons to except?
 Our state was first, before you grew so great,
 A Lanterne to the world for vnitie :
 Now they that are befriended and are rich 2045
 Oppresse the poore: come *Homer* without quoine,
 He is not heard. What shall we terme this drift?
 To say the poore man's cause is good and iust,
 And yet the rich man gaines the best in lawe.
 It is your guise, (the more the world laments) 2050
 To quoine *Prouisoies* to beguile your lawes,
 To make a gay pretext of due proceeding,
 When you delay your common pleas for yeares.
 Mark what these dealings lately here haue wrought :
 The craftie men haue purchaste great mens lands ; 2055
 They powle, they pinch, their tennants are vndone ;
 If these complaine, by you they are vndone ;
 You fleese them of their quoine, their children beg,
 And many want, because you may bee rich :
 This scarre is mightie, maister Lawyer. 2060
 Now war hath gotten head within this land,
 Marke but the guise. The poore man that is wrongd
 Is readie to rebell ; hee spoyles, he pilles ;
 We need no foes to forrage that wee haue :
 The lawe, (say they,) in peace consumed vs, 2065
 And now in warre wee will consume the lawe.
 Looke to this mischiefe, Lawyers: Conscience knowes

2046 Oppresse] Or presse Q 2061 war *Dyce*: man Q

You liue amisse; amend it, least you end.

Law. Good Lord, that these Diuines should see so farre

In others faults, without amending theirs! 2070

Sir, sir, the generall defaults in state

(If you would read before you did correct,)

Are by a hidden working from aboue,

By their successiue changes still remoued.

Were not the lawe by contraries maintaine, 2075

How could the trueth from falsehood be discernde?

Did wee not tast the bitternesse of warre,

How could wee knowe the sweet effects of peace?

Did wee not feele the nipping winter frostes, 2080

How should we know the sweetnesse of the Spring?

Should all things still remaine in one estate,

Should not in greatest arts some scarres be found,

Were all vpriht nor changd, what world were this?

A *Chaos*, made of quiet, yet no world,

Because the parts thereof did still accord: 2085

This matter craues a variance, not a speech.

But, sir Diuine, to you: looke on your maimes,

Diuisions, sects, your Simonies, and bribes,

Your cloaking with the great, for feare to fall,

You shall perceiue you are the cause of all. 2090

Did each man know there were a storme at hand,

Who would not cloath him well, to shun the wet?

Did Prince and Peere, the Lawyer and the Priest,

Know what were sinne, without a partiall glose,

Wee need no long discouery then of crimes, 2095

For each would mend, aduis'de by holy men.

Thus (I) but slightly shadow out your sinnes;

But if they were depainted out for life,

Alasse, wee both had wounds inough to heale!

Merch. None of you both, I see, but are in fault; 2100

Thus simple men, as I, do swallow flies.

This graue Diuine can tell vs what to do;

But wee may say, Phisitian, mend thy selfe.

This Lawyer hath a pregnant wit to talke;

But all are words, I see no deeds of woorth. 2105

2069 these] their Q 2074 remoued Dyce: remainde Q 2083 nor
Dyce: and Q 2088 summonies Q 2093 Priest Ed: least Q

Law. Good Merchant, lay your fingers on your mouth;
 Be not a blab, for feare you bite your selfe.
 What should I terme your state, but euen the way
 To euery ruine in this Common-weale?
 You bring vs in the meanes of all excesse; 2110
 You rate it, and retail it as you please;
 You sweare, forswear, and all to compasse wealth;
 Your mony is your God, your hoord your heauen;
 You are the groundworke of contention.
 First heedlesse youth by you is ouerreacht; 2115
 Wee are corrupted by your many crownes:
 The Gentlemen, whose titles you haue bought,
 Loose all their fathers toyle within a day,
 Whilst *Hob* your sonne, and *Sib* your nutbrowne childe,
 Are Gentlefolkes, and Gentles are beguilde. 2120
 This makes so many Noble mindes to stray,
 And take sinister courses in the state.

Enter a Scout.

Scout. My friends, begone, and if you loue your liues;
 The King of England marcheth heere at hand:
 Enter the campe, for feare you bee surprisde. 2125
Dis. Thankes, gentile scout. God mend that is amisse,
 And place true zeale whereas corruption is!

Exeunt.

〈SCENE V.〉

Enter Dorothea [in man's apparell], Ladie Anderson, and Nano.

Dor. What newes in Court, *Nano*? let vs know it.
Nano. If so you please, my Lord, I straight will shew it.
 The English King hath all the borders spoyld, 2130
 Hath taken *Morton* prisoner, and hath slaine
 Seuene thousand Scottissh lads not farre from *Tweed*.
Dor. A wofull murther and a bloodie deed!
Nano. The King, our liege, hath sought by many meanes
 For to appease his enemie by prayers: 2135
 Nought will preuaile vnlesse hee can restore
 Faire *Dorothea*, long supposed dead:
 To this intent he hath proclaimed late,
 That whosoeuer returne the Queene to Court

2111 retail] retalde Q 2121 mindes *Dyce*: maides Q 2132 lads
Collier: lords Q *Tweed*] Tweavde Q 2134 The King] Thinking Q

Shall haue a thousand markes for his reward.

2140

La. And. He loues her, then, I see, altho inforst,
That would bestow such gifts for to regaine her.

Why sit you sad, good sir? be not dismaide.

Nano. Ile lay my life, this man would be a maide.

Dor. (aside). Faine would I shewe my selfe, and change my tire. 2145

La. And. Whereon diuine you, sir?

Nano. Vppon desire.

Madam, marke but my skill, ile lay my life,
My maister here, will prooue a married wife.

Dor. (aside to Nano). Wilt thou bewray me, *Nano*?

2150

Nano (aside to Dor.). Madam, no:

You are a man, and like a man you goe:

But I that am in speculation seene

Know you would change your state to be a Queen.

Dor. (aside to Nano). Thou art not, dwarfie, to learne thy 2155

Mistresse mind:

Faine would I with thy selfe disclose my kind,

But yet I blush.

Nano (aside to Dor.). What blush you, Madam, than,

To be your selfe, who are a fayned man?

2160

Let me alone.

La. And. Deceitfull beautie, hast thou scorned me so?

Nano. Nay, muse not, madam, for he tels you true.

La. And. Beautie bred loue, and loue hath bred my shame.

Nano. And womens faces work more wrongs then these:

2165

Take comfort, Madam, to cure your disease.

And yet he loues a man as well as you,

Onely this difference, he cannot fancie two.

La. And. Blush, greeue, and die in thine insaciat lust.

Dor. Nay liue, and ioy that thou hast won a friend,

2170

That loues thee as his life by good desert.

La. And. I ioy, my Lord, more then my tongue can tell:

Though not as I desir'd, I loue you well.

But Modestie, that neuer blusht before,

Discouer my false heart: I say no more.

2175

Let me alone.

2163 madam *Dyce*: maiden *Q* he *Dyce*: she *Q* 2166 your] our *Q*
2168 he] she *Q* two] too *Q* 2171 good] god *Q* 2173 Though]
Although *Q*

Dor. Good *Nano*, stay a while.

Were I not sad, how kindlie could I smile,
 To see how faine I am to leaue this weede !
 And yet I faint to shewe my selfe indeede : 2180
 But danger hates delay, I will be bold.—
 Faire Ladie, I am not, 〈as you〉 suppose,
 A man, but euen that Queene, more haplesse I,
 Whom Scottish King appointed hath to die ;
 I am the haplesse Princesse, for whose right, 2185
 These Kings in bloudie warres reuenge dispiht ;
 I am that *Dorothea* whom they seeke,
 Yours bounden for your kindnesse and releefe ;
 And since you are the meanes that saue my life,
 Your selfe and I will to the Camp repaire, 2190
 Whereas your husband shal enioy reward,
 And bring me to his highnesse once againe.

La. And. Pardon, most gracious Princesse, if you please,
 My rude discourse and homelie entertaine ;
 And if my words may sauour any worth, 2195
 Vouchsafe my counsaile in this waightie cause :
 Since that our liege hath so vnkindly dealt,
 Giue him no trust, returne vnto your syre ;
 There may you safelie liue in spight of him.

Dor. Ah Ladie, so wold worldly counsell work ; 2200
 But constancie, obedience, and my loue,
 In that my husband is my Lord and Chiefe,
 These call me to compassion of his estate :
 Disswade me not, for vertue will not change.

La. And. What woonderous constancie is this I heare ! 2205
 If English dames their husbands loue so deer,
 I feare me in the world they haue no peere.

Nano. Come Princes〈se〉, wend, and let vs change your weede :
 I long to see you now a Queene indeede.

Exeunt.

〈SCENE VI.〉

Enter the King of Scots, the English Herauld, & Lords.

K. of Scots. He would haue parly, Lords :—Herauld, say he shall, 2210
 And get thee gone : goe leaue me to my selfe.

Twixt loue and feare, continuall is the warres :
 The one assures me of my *Idaes* loue,
 The other moues me for my murthred Queene :
 Thus finde I greefe of that whereon I ioy, 2215
 And doubt in greatest hope, and death in weale.
 Ah lasse, what hell may be compared with mine,
 Since in extreames my comforts do consist !
 Warre then will cease, when dead ones are reuiued ;
 Some then will yeelde, when I am dead for hope.— 2220
 Who doth disturbe me? *Andrew*?

Andrew enter with Slipper.

Andr. I, my liege.

K. of Scots. What newes?

Andr. I thinke my mouth was made at first
 To tell these tragique tales, my liefest Lord. 2225

K. of Scots. What, is *Ateukin* dead? tell me the worst.

Andr. No, but your *Ida*—shall I tell him all?—
 Is married late—(ah shall I say to whom?)
 My maister sad—(for why he shames the Court)
 Is fled away; ah most vnhappy flight ! 2230
 Onelie my selfe—ah who can loue you more !
 To shew my dutie, (dutie past beliefe,)
 Am come vnto your grace, (oh gracious liege,)
 To let you know—oh would it weare not thus !—
 That loue is vain and maids soone lost and wonne. 2235

K. of Scots. How haue the partial heauens, then, dealt with me,
 Boading my weale, for to abase my power !
 Alas what thronging thoughts do me oppresse !
 Iniurious loue is partiall in my right,
 And flattering tongues, by whom I was misled, 2240
 Haue laid a snare to spoyle my state & me.
 Methinkes I heare my *Dorotheas* goast.
 Howling reuenge for my accursed hate :
 The goasts of those my subiects that are slaine
 Pursue me, crying out, woe, woe to lust ! 2245
 The foe pursues me at my pallace doore,
 He breakes my rest, and spoyles me in my Camp.
 Ah, flattering broode of *Sicophants*, my foes !
 First shall my dire reuenge begin on you.

2244 goasts] gifts Q

I will reward thee, *Andrew*.—

2250

Slip. Nay, sir, if you be in your deeds of charitie, remember me.

I rubd M<aster> *Ateukins* horse heeles when he rid to the meadows.

K. of Scots. And thou shalt haue thy recompence for that.—

Lords, beare them to the prison, chaine them fast,

2255

Vntil we take some order for their deathes.

And. If so your grace in such sort giue rewards,

Let me haue nought; I am content to want.

Slip. Then, I pray, sir, giue me all; I am as ready for a reward as an oyster for a fresh tide; spare not me, sir.

2260

K. of Scots. Then hang them both as traitors to the King.

Slip. The case is altered, sir: ile none of your gifts. What,

I take a reward at your hands, Maister! faith, sir, no; I am a man of a better conscience.

K. of Scots. Why dallie you? go draw them hence away.

2265

Slip. Why, alas, sir, I will go away.—I thanke you, gentle friends; I pray you spare your pains: I will not trouble his honors maistership; ile run away.

Enter <Oberon> and Antiques, and carrie away the Clowne, he makes mops, and sports, and scornes.

<*K. of Scots*.> Why stay you? moue me not. Let search be made

For vile *Ateukin*: who so findes him out

2270

Shall haue fiue hundreth markes for his reward.

Away with the<m>! Lords, troop about my tent:

Let all our Souldiers stand in battaile ray;

For, lo, the English to their parley come.

March ouer brauelie, first the English hoste, the sword caried before the King by Percy; the Scottisk on the other side, with all their pompe, brauelie.

K. of Scots. What seekes the King of *England* in this land? 2275

K. of Eng. False, traitorous Scot, I come for to reuenge

My daughters death; I come to spoyle thy wealth;

Since thou hast spoild me of my marriage ioy;

I come to heape thy land with Carkasses,

That this thy thirstie soyle, choakt vp with blood,

2280

May thunder forth reuenge vpon thy head;

2272 S. D. marked at 2272 in Dyce Oberon] Adam Q mops Dyce: pots Q
 Away with the Lords troupes Q 2280 thirstie] thirftie Q

I come to quit thy loueless loue with death :
 In brieft, no meanes of peace shall ere be found,
 Except I haue my daughter or thy head.

K. of Scots. My head, proud King ! abase thy prancing plumes : 2285
 So striuing fondly, maiest thou catch thy graue.
 But if true iudgement do direct thy course,
 These lawfull reasons should diuert the warre :
 Faith, not by my consent thy daughter dyed.

K. of Eng. Thou liest, false Scot ! thy agents haue confest it. 2290
 These are but fond delays : thou canst not thinke
 A meanes to reconcile me for thy friend.
 I haue thy parasites confession pend ;
 What, then, canst thou alleage in thy excuse ?

K. of Scots. I will repay the ransome for her blood. 2295

K. of Eng. What, thinkst thou, catiue, I wil sel my Child ?
 No, if thou be a Prince and man at armes,
 In singule combat come and trie thy right,
 Else will I prooue thee recreant to thy face.

K. of Scots. I brooke no combat, false iniurious King. 2300
 But since thou needlesse art inclinde to warre,
 Do what thou darest ; we are in open field :
 Arming my battailes, I will fight with thee.

K. of Eng. Agreed.—Now trumpets, sound a dreadfull charge.
 Fight for your Princesse, 〈my〉 braue Englishmen ! 2305

〈*K. of Scots.*〉 Now for your lands, your children, and your wiues,
 My Scottish Peeres, and lastly for your King !

*Alarum sounded ; both the battailes offer to meet, &c, as the Kings
 are ioyning battaile, enter Sir Cuthbert, to him Lady Anderson, with
 the Queene Dorothea richly attired (and Nano).*

Sir Cuth. Stay, Princes, wage not warre : a priuie grudge
 Twixt such as you, (most high in Maiestie,)
 Afflicts both nocent and the innocent. 2310
 How many swordes, deere Princes, see I drawne !
 The friend against his friend, a deadly fiend ;
 A desperate diuision in those lands
 Which, if they ioyne in one, commaund the world.
 Oh, stay ! with reason mittigate your rage ;

2282 loueless] lawless *Dyce after Collier* 2285 plumes *Dyce* : plaines *Q*
 2288 dinest *sugg. Dyce* : deuide *Q* 2292 A meanes for to *Q* 2300 brooke]
 tooke *Q* 2303 my] thy *Q* 2307 S. D. enter Sir Cutber to his Lady
 Cutbert *Q* 2312 fiend *Dyce* : friend *Q*

And let an old man, humbled on his knees,
 Intreat a boone, good Princes, of you both.
K. of Eng. I condescend, for why thy reuerend years
 Import some newes of truth and consequence.
 I am content, for *Anderson* I know. 2320

K. of Scots. Thou art my subiect and doest meane me good.

Sir Cuth. But by your gracious fauours grant me this,
 To sweare vpon your sword to do me right.

K. of Eng. See, by my sword, and by a Princes faith,
 In euery lawfull sort I am thine owne. 2325

K. of Scots. And, by my Scepter and the Scottish Crowne,
 I am resolu'd to grant thee thy request.

Sir Cuth. I see you trust me, Princes, who repose

The waight of such a warre vpon my will.

Now marke my sute. A tender Lyons whelpe, 2330

This other day, came stragling in the woods,

Attended by a young and tender hinde,

In courage haughtie, yet tyred like a lambe.

The Prince of beasts had left this young in keepe,

To foster vp as louemate and compeere, 2335

Vnto the Lyons mate, a naibour friend :

This stately guide, seduced by the fox,

Sent forth an eger Woolfe, bred vp in *France*,

That gript the tender whelp and wounded it.

By chance, as I was hunting in the woods, 2340

I heard the moane the hinde made for the whelpe :

I tooke them both, and brought them to my house.

With charie care I haue recurde the one ;

And since I know the lyons are at strife

About the losse and dammage of the young, 2345

I bring her home ; make claime to her who list.

Hee discouereth her (Queen Dorothea).

Dor. I am the whelpe, bred by this Lyon vp,

This royall English King, my happy sire :

Poore *Nano* is the hinde that tended me.

My father, Scottish King, gaue me to thee, 2350

A haplesse wife : thou, quite misled by youth,

Haste sought sinister loues and forraine ioyes.

The fox *Ateukin*, cursed Parasite,
 Incenst your grace to send the woolfe abroad,
 The French borne *Jaques*, for to end my daies : 2355
 Hee, traiterous man, pursued me in the woods,
 And left mee wounded ; where this noble knight
 Both rescued me and mine, and sau'd my life.

Now keep thy promise : *Dorothea* liues ;
 Giue *Anderson* his due and iust reward : 2360
 And since, you Kings, your warres began by me,
 Since I am safe, returne, surcease your fight.

K. of Scots. Durst I presume to looke vpon those eies
 Which I haue tired with a world of woes,
 Or did I thinke submission were ynough, 2365
 Or sighes might make an entrance to thy soule,
 You heauens, you know how willing I would weep ;
 You heauens can tell how glad I would submit ;
 You heauens can say how firmly I would sigh.

Dor. Shame me not, Prince, companion in thy bed : 2370
 Youth hath misled,—tut, but a little fault :
 Tis kingly to amend what is amisse.
 Might I with twise as many paines as these
 Vnite our hearts, then should my wedded Lord
 See how incessaunt labours I would take.— 2375
 My gracious fater, gouerne your affects :
 Giue me that hand, that oft hath blest this head,
 And claspe thine armes, that haue embraced this <neck>,
 About the shoulders of my wedded spouse.
 Ah, mightie Prince, this King and I am one ! 2380
 Spoyle thou his subiects, thou despoylest me ;
 Touch thou his brest, thou doest attaint this heart :
 Oh, bee my father, then, in louing him !

K. of Eng. Thou prouident kinde mother of increase,
 Thou must preuaile ; ah, nature, thou must rule ! 2385
 Holde, daughter, ioyne my hand and his in one ;
 I will embrace him for to fauour thee :
 I call him friend, and take him for my sonne.

Dor. Ah, royall husband, see what God hath wrought !
 Thy foe is now thy friend. Good men at armes, 2390
 Do you the like.—These nations if they ioyne,

What Monarch, with his leigemen, in this world,
Dare but encounter you in open fielde?

K. of Scots. Al wisdome, ioynde with godly pietie!

Thou English King, pardon my former youth; 2395

And pardon, courteous Queen, my great misdeed;

And, for assurance of mine after life

I take religious vowes before my God,

To honour thee for father, her for wife.

Sir Cuth. But yet my boones, good Princes, are not past. 2400

First, English King, I humbly do request,

That by your meanes our Princesse may vnite

Her loue vnto mine alder truest loue,

Now you will loue, maintaine, and helpe them both.

K. of Eng. Good *Anderson*, I graunt thee thy request. 2405

Sir Cuth. But you, my Prince, must yeelde me mickle more.

You know your Nobles are your chiefest staies,

And long time haue been bannisht from your Court:

Embrace and reconcile them to your selfe:

They are your hands, whereby you oght to worke. 2410

As for *Ateukin* and his lewde compeeres,

That sooth'd you in your sinnes and youthly pompe,

Exile, torment, and punish such as they;

For greater vipers neuer may be found

Within a state then such aspiring heads, 2415

That reck not how they clime, so that they clime.

K. of Scots. Guid Knight, I graunt thy sute.—First I submit,

And humble craue a pardon of your grace:—

Next, courteous Queene, I pray thee by thy loues

Forgiue mine errors past and pardon mee.— 2420

My Lords and Princes, if I haue misdane

(As I haue wrongd indeed both you and yours),

Heereafter, trust me, you are deare to me.

As for *Ateukin*, who so findes the man,

Let him haue Martiall lawe, and straight be hangd, 2425

As all his vaine abettors now are dead.

And *Anderson* our Treasurer shall pay

Three thousand Markes for friendly recompence.

Nano. But, Princes, whilst you friend it thus in one,

2399 father *Dyce*: fauour *Q*
2426 abettors *Q* dead] diuided *Q*

2400–5 *Q* gives to *La. And.*
2429 *Q* gives to *La. And.*

Me thinks of friendship *Nano* shall haue none.

2430

Dor. What would my Dwarfe, that I will not bestow?

Nano. My boone, faire Queene, is this,—that you would go :

Altho my bodie is but small and neate,

My stomache, after toyle, requireth meate :

An easie sute, dread Princes ; will you wend ?

2435

K. of Scots. Art thou a Pigmey borne, my prettie frend ?

Nano. Not so, great King, but nature, when she framde me,

Was scant of Earth, and *Nano* therefore namde me ;

And when she sawe my bodie was so small,

She gaue me wit to make it big withall.

2440

K. of Scots. Till time when ?

Dor. Eate, then.

K. (of Scots.) My friend, it stands with wit,

To take repast when stomache serueth it.

Dor. Thy pollicie, my *Nano*, shall preuaile.—

2445

Come, royall father, enter we my tent :—

And, souldiers, feast it, frolike it, like friends :—

My Princes, bid this kinde and courteous traine

Partake some fauours of our late accord.

Thus warres haue end, and after dreadfull hate,

2450

Men learn at last to know their good estate.

Exeunt.

2451 learns Q

FINIS.

INTRODUCTION TO GEORGE A GREENE

George a' Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield was first published in 1599, *A Pleasant Conceited Comedie of George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield. As it was sundry times acted by the seruants of the right Honourable the Earle of Sussex. Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be sold at his shop neere the Royall Exchange, 1599.*¹ The name of the author is not given. It was not, so far as is known¹, reprinted till it appeared in 1744 in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. i. pp. 183 et seq. It was entered on the Stationers' Registers, April 1, 1595; the following is the entry (Arber, ii. 295):—

'primo die Aprilis [1595]

Entered for Cuthbert-Burby his copie under the wardens handes an Enterlude called the Pynder of Wakefeilde . . . vj^d.'

The date of its composition and of its first appearance can only be conjectured. The earliest notice of it is in Henslowe's *Diary*, ed. Collier, p. 31:—

'Rd at gorge a gren, The 29 of December 1593 . . . iij^{li} x^s o^d.'

but as he does not mark it as a new play, the presumption is that it had been acted before. Henslowe notices it five times. On the 8th of January, 1593, it is entered under the title of '*the pinner of wiackefelld*,' which led Steevens, to whom we owe the first transcripts from the *Diary*, to assume that this was another play. It was ascribed, by Phillips in his *Theatrum Poetarum* (1675), by Winstanley in his *Lives of the Poets* (1687), and by Theophilus Cibber, or whoever was responsible for the *Lives of the Poets* which goes under his name, to John Heywood, presumably because they saw it described on the title-page as an interlude. Langbaine² and Ritson³ saw that it could not belong to Heywood, but gave no opinion about its authorship. Since then a copy of the Quarto of 1599, now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, was brought to light by Mr. Payne Collier with the following notes in manuscript on the title-page:—

'Written by . . . a minister who act[ed] th[e] pinners pt in it himselfe. Teste W. Shakespea[re]

Ed. Juby saith that y^e play was made by Ro. Gree[ne].'

¹ Langbaine, however, *Account of the English Dramatic Poets*, 1691, p. 545, speaks somewhat vaguely of it as 'a Comedy which I have once seen, printed in 4^{to}, as I remember, London, 1632 or thereabouts.'

² *Ibid.*, p. 256.

³ Edition of *Robin Hood Ballads*, vol. i. xxix.

These memoranda appear to be by different persons, and to have been written at a different time, but the handwriting is that of the Elizabethan age. Juby, it may be added, was an actor in Prince Henry's Company in 1604, and had joined Rowley in writing a play called *Sampson* in 1602.

Dyce expresses no opinion about the authenticity of the play, but merely says: 'it has been thought right to include in the present collection *George a' Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield*, in consequence of the manuscript notes having been found¹.'

Tieck in his *Vorrede zu Shakespeare*, 1823, says that he is convinced the play is by Greene:—

'Ich bin jetzt, nachdem ich noch mehr als damals in den Schriftstellern dieser alten Zeit gelesen habe, überzeugt, dass jenes vortreffliche kleine Lustspiel ebenfalls von R. Greene ist.'

It must be admitted that this play has been assigned to Greene on very slender evidence; we have first to assume that the memoranda are genuine, that they are those of a contemporary, and entitled therefore to the authority which contemporary testimony would *prima facie* possess. In the second place, assuming that they are genuine, it is very difficult to reconcile them with probability. A minister would not have been allowed to exhibit himself as an actor on a public stage, an exhibition which the memorandum plainly implies, and, if the play was written by a minister, it is, as I have shown in the General Introduction, in the highest degree unlikely that it was written by Greene. The 'teste William Shakespeare' savours very strongly of the kind of inscriptions with which W. H. Ireland was in the habit of favouring his friends, and is, to say the least, pregnant with suspicion. Again, if we admit that Juby did say it was written by Greene, we have no means of knowing whether Juby was stating what was correct. He may have been expressing casually a mere opinion of his own, or simply retailing what he had vaguely heard.

If we turn to the play itself, the internal evidence in favour of Greene's authorship seems at first sight to incline decidedly towards the negative. The versification is much freer and looser than can be found in any of his extant plays. Of the mythological allusions in which elsewhere he so much delights² there are only three, and those of the most cursory and commonplace kind—the reference to Leda and Helena, l. 269, to Hercules, but that is a proverb, l. 479, and to the picture of Hercules, l. 770. Of the ornate rhetoric, which is an essential characteristic of his style in all his other works, there is nothing. Of the

¹ See his account of Robert Greene, &c., p. 33.

² In *Orlando Furioso* there are 69, in *Frier Bacon* 49, in *Alphonsus* 46, in *James IV*, 14, but in the *Pinner* there are only 3; see *Robert Greene and The play of George a Greene*, by Oscar Mertins, Breslau, 1885.

Euphuism so habitual with him there is not even a touch; of his favourite employment of the infinitive for the substantive there is not a single instance. In no other extant play by him does the *sermo pedestris* predominate so completely over rhetoric and poetry. There are, as Professor Mertins remarks, no Latin and French quotations and words, in which he so much delights elsewhere, and a comparative paucity of epithet, accumulation, and compound words. And yet I am inclined to think on the whole that the play is his. There is certainly no dramatist of those days known to us to whom it could be assigned with more probability. The drama is built up exactly as Greene usually does build up his dramas—as he built up *Alphonsus*, *Frier Bacon*, and *James IV*. On a pseudo-historical foundation is raised a superstructure the materials of which are derived from romance and legend. The characters are just the types of character which Greene commonly depicted. The world is the world of the Fressingham scenes in *Frier Bacon* and *Frier Bongay*. George a' Greene is of the same family as Lambert, Serlsby, and the Keeper in *Frier Bacon*, and as Bartram and Eustace in *James IV*. Bettris, though not developed, belongs to the same family as Margaret; Jenkin is Slipper and Miles over again. The King James and Jane a' Barley incident recalls the King James and Ida incident in *James IV*. Grime's falling in love with Willie in disguise recalls Lady Anderson's falling in love with Dorothea in disguise. In George a' Greene's fidelity to his sovereign, in his simplicity, in his bluff hearty geniality, and above all in the country air which seems to blow through the play, and in the race and gusto with which the rustic characters are depicted, in all this we are reminded of Greene. Sometimes in the verse we catch his exact note, as here:—

'The sweet content of men that line in loue
Breedes fretting humours in a restlesse minde;
And fansie, being checkt by fortunes spite,
Growes too impatient in her sweete desires;
Sweete to those men whome loue leades on to blisse,
But sowre to me whose happe is still amisse' (350-5)

and here:—

'O blessed loue, and blessed fortune both!
But, Bettris, stand not here to talke of loue,
But hye thee straight vnto thy George a Greene:
Neuer went Roe-bucke swifter on the downes
Then I will trip it till I see my George' (589-93).

In single lines and couplets we have his very echo, as here:—

'I haue a lonely Lemman,
As bright of blee as is the siluer moone' (1107-8).

Which may be compared with *Frier Bacon*, i. i:—

'Her bashfull white mixt with the mornings red
Luna doth boast vpon her louely cheekes' (56-7).

The whole of the Jane a' Barley episode is exactly in Greene's manner. It is perhaps worth noting that his favourite word 'lovely' in its natural sense and in its sense of inspiring love, 'amiable,' occurs four times in the play—'O lovely George,' 'lovely Marian,' 'lovely leman,' 'lovely lass'; 'bonny' and 'blithe' are also favourite words of his, the first occurs twice in this play, 'bonnie lasses,' 'blithe and bonnie,' and 'blithe' three times, while the collocation 'blithe and bonnie' occurs in *James IV*, 'She 's *blithe*, fair, lewely, *bonny*.' Compare also the lines :—

'To dignifie those haire of amber hiew
Ill grace them with a chaplet made of pearle,
Set with choice rubies, sparkes and diamonds' (198-200)

with the lines in *James IV*, iv. v :—

'Go to mine *Ida*, tell her that her haire
Salbe embellished with orient pearles,
And Crownes of saphyrs' (1772-4).

A very favourite synonym for beauty in Greene is 'fair,' which occurs at least sixteen times in his works, so here :—

'Then tell me, loue, shall I haue all thy *faire*?' (l. 233).

Another very favourite word with him is 'leman' for 'lover,' and this occurs three times in this play.

Cf. too :—

'Alas, sir, *it is Hebrue unto me*' (l. 558)

with *Looking Glasse*, i. iii :—

'Friend, *thou speakest Hebrew to him*' (l. 304);

also :—

'*Brother of England*, rub not the sore afresh' (l. 736)

with *James IV*, i. i :—

'*Brother of England*, since our neighbouring lands,' &c.;

again :—

'Least I, like *martiall Tamberlaine*, lay waste
Their bordering Countries,' &c. (43-4),

cf. *Alphonsus*, iv. iii :—

'Not *mightie Tamberlaine*,
Nor souldiers,' &c. (1444-5);

again :—

'Let me alone, my Lord, Ile make them
Vayle their plumes' (46-7),

cf. *Orlando Furioso*, v. i :—

'Then maist thou think that Mars himself
Came down, to *vaille thy plumes*' (1240-1).

But it is when we compare this play with the two which invite comparison, namely Munday's *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, and the play he wrote in conjunction with Chettle, *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, that we realize the impression of Greene's hand;

and the impression is confirmed when we compare the method employed in moulding the play out of the materials furnished by the prose history, with the method employed in moulding *Frier Bacon* and *Frier Bongay* out of the old prose history. In both cases a love-story is grafted on the original narrative. In the *Pinner* the centre of it is Bettris, in *Frier Bacon* it is Margaret. In both cases this is made, if not the chief, at least a very important element in the plot, and in both cases its happy event crowns the play. In both plays royal historical personages are introduced. In the *Pinner* we have Edward King of England and James King of Scotland: in *Frier Bacon* we have King Henry III and Edward Prince of Wales. I have already directed attention to the points of similarity between the *Pinner* and *James IV*, and another may be added here. In both plays it is assumed that the action is based on historical fact, in both cases there is no foundation at all for such assumed fact, and, if any positive test be applied, neither play will bear examination for a moment. In spite of the *Pinner's* unlikeness in some important respects to *James IV* and to *Frier Bacon*, it gives us the impression of being a study—a hurried and sketchy study—by the same hand.

The play has been not only very badly printed, the printer being uncertain what should be presented as prose and what as verse, but it has evidently been printed from a confused and mutilated copy. After the scene between King James and Jane a' Barley, a scene has evidently dropt out or been cut down to two lines. The omission of any reward to Robin Hood at the end of the play is a very strong presumption that the close has been mutilated. In the third scene of the fourth act there is hopeless confusion, Wakefield having been put for Bradford. Passages are constantly occurring, both in the prose portions as well as in the verse, which have evidently been curtailed. It is possible that if we possessed the drama in its original form we should have been able to find further and much more satisfactory internal evidence in favour of the play being from Greene's pen.

On the whole, then, though the evidence in favour of Greene's authorship of the *Pinner* is far from conclusive, it is sufficient to warrant us in including it tentatively among his works, and is certainly not so decisive against him as to justify its exclusion. For my own part, I think the balance of probability inclines, though not quite decisively, in favour of Greene. If the choice lay between him and any other playwright whose works are known to us, I should not hesitate to declare for Greene. But when we remember how many plays and playwrights have perished without leaving any trace behind them it would be the height of rashness to speak confidently.

With the exception of a few unimportant collateral details, and the episode of the King of Scotland and Jane a' Barley, this play is founded on a romance, the earliest printed copy of which is dated 1706. It was

published by an editor signing himself N. W. In his preface he says, 'As for the history itself its very easie to observe by its phraseology and manner of writing that 'tis not very modern, but that the MS. must be at least as old as the days of Queen Elizabeth. It's lodged in a public library in the city of London, from which a copy was taken and is now made public with no other alteration than such as were (sic) necessary to make the sense tolerably congruous.' The MS. referred to is now in the library of Sion College, where Thoms, who reprinted in his *Early English Romances* the romance as it was published by N. W., inspected and collated it. By the great kindness of the authorities of Sion College I have been allowed to make a transcript of the MS., the greater part of which will be found in the Appendix to this Introduction. It will be seen that neither N. W.'s version nor Thoms's, who followed him, is altogether faithful, while the spelling has been modernized throughout by them. The MS. is a small folio very legibly written and in excellent preservation. The handwriting is that of the later sixteenth or early seventeenth century. It begins without any introduction, and the title-page runs thus:—

'The famous Hystory off
George a Greene
Pinder off the Towne off
Wakefeild
His Byrthe, Callinge, Valour
And reputation in his
Coontry
With Dyverse and Soondry
pleasant as well as serious
passadges
In the Coorse off his lyffe and
Fortunes
——Famam extendere Factis
Hoc virtutis opus.——
Virg: lib: Aeneida: 10.'

This is undoubtedly the romance on which this play was founded; whether the author of the play read the romance in manuscript, or whether some printed edition of the pre-Elizabethan or Elizabethan age has perished, can only be matter of conjecture. In the Bodleian Library is another romance printed in black-letter in 1632 with the following title-page:—

'The Pinder of Wakefield:
Being the merry History of George a Greene
the lusty Pinder of the North.
Briefly shewing his manhood and his brave
Merriments amongst his boone Companions.
A pill fit to purge Melancholy in this
drooping age,
Read, then judge,

With the great Battel fought betwixt him and
Robin Hood, Scarlet and little John,
And after of his living with them in
the Woods.

Full of pretty Histories, Songs, Catches,
Jests, and Ridles.

London.

Printed by G. P. for E. Blackamoore, dwelling in
Paul's Churchyard at the signe of the Angell, 1632.'

It is in two parts, the first containing sixteen chapters, and the second three. It narrates the birth and parentage of George a' Greene, his various exploits, his bouts with Robin Hood, his jests, and the like. But it says nothing of Kendall's rebellion, and has not been followed by the author of the play. It winds up with a variation of the B. L. ballad which is printed in the Appendix to this Introduction.

In the plot of this drama are blended two cycles of ballad romances which are generally connected, those of which the Pinner is the hero, and those of which Robin Hood is the hero. The literature of the Elizabethan age is full of references to the famous Pinner, who had long been the hero of popular ballads. There is a reference to him in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, iii. i:—

'Good George a' Greene at Bradford was our friend,
And wanton Wakefield's Pinner loved us well.'

The ballad is frequently quoted and referred to, see *Downfall*, v. i; Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. i, and 2 *Henry IV*, v. iii. For more see Ritson's *Introduction to the Robin Hood Ballads*. Drayton, in the twenty-sixth song of the *Polyolbion*, classes him with Robin Hood; Richard Brathwayte, in his poetical *Epistle to all true-bred Northern sparks of the generous Society of the Cottonneers* and in his *Strappado for the Divell*, has this notice of him:—

'The first whereof that I intend to show
Is merry Wakefield, and her pindar too
Which fame hath blaz'd with all that did belong
Unto that towne in many gladsome song.
The pindars valour and how firme he stood
In th' townes defence 'gainst th' rebel Robin Hood;
How stoutly he behaved himselfe, and would
In spite of Robin bring his horse to th' fold.
His many May games which were to be seene
Yearly presented upon Wakefield greene.'

And in *Barnabee's Journal* there is the following account of him in his description of a visit to Wakefield:—

'Hinc diverso cursu, sero
Quod audissem de pindero
Wakefieldensi: gloria mundi
Ubi socii sunt iucundi:

Mecum statui peragrarē
Georgii fustem visitare.

'Turning thence none could me hinder
To salute the Wakefield pindar,
Who indeed is the worlds glory
With his comrades never sorrye.
This was the cause, less you should misse it
Georges Club I meant to visit.

'Veni Wakefield peramoenum
Ubi quaerens Georgium Greenum
Non inveni, sed in lignum
Ubi allam bibi feram
Donec Georgio fortior eram.

'Straight at Wakefield I was seen a
Where I sought for George a Green a,
But could find not such a creature,
Yet on a sign I saw his feature
Where strength of ale had so much stir'd me
That I grew stouter far than Jordie.'

It may be added that the Pindar of Wakefield was a common sign for a public-house, and is still retained as a title, as an inn in Gray's Inn Road testifies to the present day. The honest Pindar's virtues passed also into a proverb, and 'as good as George a' Greene' was often on the lips of our ancestors.

As it is impossible to settle the dates of our old plays, we cannot say whether Robin Hood had already been popular on the stage through the anonymous comedy *Look about You* and through the two plays written respectively by Munday, and by Munday and Chettle, or whether this play preceded those. For Robin Hood and his circle, and their connexion with the Pinner of Wakefield, see Ritson's excellent *Introduction to the Robin Hood Ballads* and the Ballads themselves. For the details referred to or described in the play see the Notes.

The episode of Jane a' Barley and her child may have been suggested by the story of Caterina Sforza, whom Caesar Borgia, when he was besieging Forli, tried to force into surrender by threatening to execute her children who were in his possession on the plain outside the castle. In that case, as in the play, the resolute mother preferred her honour and her castle to the lives of her children¹. See *Muratori Annales*, vol. xi. p. 556.

Greene's admirers may well be unwilling to deprive him of the honour of having written this play. If it be his it is one of the most pleasing and one of the most skilfully constructed of his dramas. The plot, simple though it be, is admirably complicated and diversified. The Jane a' Barley incident is not, it is true, properly developed, and

¹ My friend Mr. P. A. Daniel has pointed out to me that Barnabie Barnes in his *Devil's Charter*, iv. iv, has dramatized this incident.

leaves a ragged end in the fabric, but that is probably not the fault of the author, for this portion of the play has all the appearance of having been cruelly mutilated. The principal character, the Pinner, is a delineation which is quite admirable, and shows more dramatic power than Greene has elsewhere displayed, at least in drawing men. Old Musgrove is also a sketch which lives. Though the rest of the *dramatis personae* are somewhat thin, King James's 'Not thine, but fortunes prisoner' (l. 341) is a touch which would have done honour to Shakespeare. This attractive play is in truth one of the best of those realistic studies of characteristic English life which have come down to us from the Elizabethan age.

It will be seen on comparing the drama with the prose narrative, which is here for the first time printed exactly according to the old copy, that the dramatist has followed his original very closely, his only important deviations from it being these: he has substituted King Edward for King Richard, and James King of Scotland for the Earl of Leicester; he has introduced a war between England and Scotland and the episode of Jane a' Barley; he has not identified Grime with the Justice before whom Bonfield and Kendall are taken; and he has not represented Robin Hood as being rewarded by the king.

APPENDIX TO INTRODUCTION

The famous Hystory off
 George a Greene
 Pinder off the Towne off
 Wakefeild
 His Byrthe, Callinge, Valour
 And reputation in his
 Coontry
 With Dyverse and Soondry
 pleasant as well as serious
 passadges
 In the Coorse off his lyffe and
 Fortunes
 —Famam extendere Factis
 Hoc virtutis opus.—
 Virg: lib: Aeneida: 10.

CAPP. 1-2.

(Birth, Parentage, chosen as Pinder of Wakefield, after proving his efficiency for the office by a bout of quarter-staffs with several champions.)

CAP. 3.

. and as hee attracted the harts off all the men so questionles his valour there expressed havinge a correspondence to his ffayre and

gentle carriage beefore kn(o)wne. Interested him in the boosoms off many women, especially off one ffayre damsell whose name was Beatryce the only Doughter and Heyre to a Riche Justyce off a ffayre reuenewe and off no meane reputation in the Coontreye ; who beeing the prime bewtye in all those Northerne parts was soon espyde by George at such Interims off breathinge when havinge ffoylde one champion, hee cast his eye about till hee perceived another to appeare beefore him, &c.

CAP. 4.

Off a greate Insurrection in the Kingdom made by the Earle off Kendall and his complices. By reason off a vayne prophesye, and howe George a Greene demeaned him selff towards the rebells, &c.

. an Insurrection was raysed by the Earle off Kendall, with dyverse off his adherents as the Lord Bonvyle, S^r Gilbert Armstronge, and others. These havinge gathered an army off some twenty thousand discontents made publick proclamation that hee came into the ffeild ffor no other cause but to purchase his coontreye men libertye and to ffree them ffrom the greate and insufferable oppression wch they then lyud in vnder the prince and the prelate

(These were Prince John and the Bishop of Ely during Richard's absence.)

wch drewe vnto him many ffollowers ffor the present, in so much that hee seemed to have ledd a very potent armye: But the maine reason off his gatheringe this seditious assembly was Bycause that when hee was but a child A wysard had prophesyde off him that Richard and hee should meete in London, and the Kinge shoold theare vayle his bonnet vnto him: wch prediction off the Suthsayer prooued after to bee trewe, but not as hee (voyly *or*) reily (?) had expownded it: the Earle havinge ledd his Armye into the Northe stroke a greate terror, into all those honest subiects that tendered theire allegiance to theire absent Kinge and Souereinge And wished well to the good off the common weale and saffetye off the Kingdom ; yet many were fforct threwe ffear to supply his host with needeffull prouision least otherwyse hee should haue made spoyle and hauock off all wch they had Beeinge all that tyme destute off many thinges vsefull and comodious ffor the Armye and incampinge some ffyue myles ffrom the towne of Wakefeld, the three confederates drewe a Comission, And havinge signed it wth theire (?) three Seales sente it by one Manneringe a servant off the Earles vnto the Bayly and townes men off Wakefeld: requiringe in seeminge intreaty to send vnto his hoast so much provition off corne and cattle, with other provant off wch he was then necessitous and wth all so much monye as would pay the manye soldiers, to wch this Manneringe was to perswade them by all ffayre meanes possible, but If they should

denye his request to menace them wth fyrrre and swoord, wth all the violence that Hostility could threaten. The newes off this Comission cominge to theare knowledge, the Bayly sent a broad to the neighbouring Justyces, as to Mr. Grymes, and others, so that hee and his Bretheren appointed to giue them a meetinge in the towne howse where manye off the comoners were to bee present, amongst others George a Greene purposed to bee theare to kn(o)we what would beecom off the businesse :

(The assembly wavered as to the answer to be given to the messenger.)

wch Manneringe seeinge wth out dooinge any reverence att all vnto the bench beegan to alter his phrases, and change the Coppy off his Countenance, ffyrst tauntinge and derydinge theare ffaynt harted cowardyce. And after threateninge them that If they gaue not present satisfaction vnto his Demand the army would Instantly remooue, make havoocke and spoyle off theare goodds and chatters, &c.

. Att wch hawty and Insufferable menaces whylst the Bench satt quakinge, George pressethe fforward in the fface off the Coort, and desyrethe by the ffavour off the benche, to have the libertye accordinge to his plainesse and weake vnderstandinge to giue the messanger an answer, wch beeinge granted hee boldly stepps vnto him and demands his name, who made him Answer, that his name was Manneringe, Manneringe saythe hee that name was Ill bestowde on one that can so ffar fforgett all manners as to stand couered beefore a benche vpon wch the maiestye off his Souer(i?)ainge was presented : wch manners s(a)ythe hee synce thou wantest, I will teach thee, and wth all snatchinge his hatt ffrom his head ffyrst trad vpon it and then spurned it beefore him att wch the other beeinge inradged, asked him howe hee durst to offer that violence vnto one that brought so stronge a comission : your comission saythe George I cry you mercy Syr I hadd fforgott that : and wth all desyred ffauour off the benche, that hee might haue the libertye to peruse it : wch beeinge granted him, I marry saythe hee (havings read it) I canott chuse but submitt my self vnto this authority, and makinge an offer, as iff hee ment to kiss it toure it in peeces : wch Manneringe seeinge beegan to stampe, stare and swe(a?)re. But George takinge him fast by the collar, so shooke him, as iff he had purposed to make all his bones loose in his skin, and drawinge his Dagger and poyntinge it to his boosm, told him, hee had devysed physicke to purge his collicricke bloode and gatheringe vpp the three Seales tould him, it was these three pills wch hee must Instantly take and swallowe or neuer more return to his mayster nor did hee leaue him, nor take his dagger ffrom his brest till hee had scene it doon : and after when hee perceiued that they had all most choaked him in the goinge downe, hee cald ffor a boule off ale, &c.

CAP. 5.

Howe George writt a letter to ffayre Bettryce w(hi)ch was deliuered vnto her and off the success theroff, wth other accidents pertinent to the Hystory.

(The letters exchanged are given, both being poems.)

(The Earl and the others invited themselves to Grymes's house in order to court fair Beatrice, of whose beauty they had heard. The Earl makes love to her, promising to make her a Countess.)

But on the morrowe they took leaue off Mr. Grimes and his ffayre doughter, and cominge to the army they beegan to laye there heads together and to consult howe to kill the pinder in whose only valor (by Mannerings report) the whole spyritt and strengthe off the towne consisted: whylst theas things were thus debatinge S^e William Musgraue a graue ould Knight assotiated with his young soon Cuddy Musgraue, a valiant and hopeffull gentleman had rayسد a small power in the absent Kinges behalff who thoughe ffewe in nomber waited the opportunity vpon the least advantage to sett vpon the rebels, but they were so strongly incamped that he could not yet doo it with out greate hazard vnto his person and people: In which distraction I must le(i?)ue them ffor a while to speake off other accidents pertinent to the story.

CAP. 6.

Howe George a Greene surprised a spye wch was sent by the rebels to beetrye Handoun or Sandon Castle, off wch S^e William Musgraue and his soon Cuddy had the keepinge and off sundry other passadge (not in the play).

CAP. 7.

Off Robin Hoodd, Mayde Marian And his (boold or) bould yomen : And howe enuyinge the ffame off George a Greene And the Rumor off the bewty off ffayre Beatryce could not bee in quiet till itt could bee tryde whether Robinn or Geoge were the valiantest or shee and Beatryce the ffareste.

(Speeches and songs not in play—Marian is cast down at the report of the valour of George a Greene and the beauty of Beatryce, and after freely uttering her thoughts she) then ffurther conceld (?) him that ffor boathe there honours they should trauell as ffar as Wakeffeld: where hee should try maystryes wth George to prooue wch was the better man and shee to showe her selff vnto Bettryce by wch trewe judgment might giue (?) vpp wch was the ffayrer woman hee gaue instantly order ffor his jorny, but priuately bycause beeing taken ffrom his guard off Archers (Hee beeing outlawed) itt might prooue som danger vnto his person, hee therffore selected out off the rest only three the stowtest amongst his crew namely Slathlock (?) little John and the ffryar ffor his attendants, &c.

CAP. 8.

Howe the Earle off Kendall and the L : Bonvyle layde an Ambush to betray George a Greene and the successe theroff, howe hee pre-
sented the Earles pollycy and what happened therupon.

As the ffame off Greene grew greater and greater, so the displeasure off the barons was increased against him more and more. wherefore they hauinge placed a stronge ambush priuattly Him selff Bonvyle and Manneringe thinkinge to lay a bate ffor him att which he could not chuse but bee nibblinge beeing well mounted brooke downe a stronge ffence and putt in theare horses to ffede in the Corne; George whose carefull ey was euer watchfull ouer his businesse soone espyde them and cald his boye commandinge him to dryue them to the pond. These there disguised asked him what hee purposed to doo wth there horses whether to steale them beefore theare ffa(i)ces and beegan to offer the ladd violence wch George perceiuinge and as yet not kn(o)winge them tould them Itt was greate discourtesy In gentlemen such as they seemed to bee to doo Indurye (?) in that nature and then to maintayne it beeing doon wch the Earle hauinge answered him againe (?) that those horses beelonged vnto them were putt into the corne off purpose and there they should ffede in despyght off him or who should saye nay. The Pinder seeinge no more to appeare thought that their greate woordes should not so carrye it awaye and tould them in pl(a)yne termes a fforfett they had made and an amends they should make or as they ridd on Horsback thither they should trauell on ffoott home and that hee swore (by no beggars) but by the lyfe off good Kinng Richard hee would see performed. The Earle hearinge him name the Kinge tould him that hee was but a base groome and peasant and had affronted one that ere longe would be Kinge Richards better. The woord was no sooner ffrom his lypps but George whose loyalty could not Indure such indignity breath(e)d against his souereigne stroke him wth his staffe a sound blowe betwixt the neck and shoulders tellinge him that hee lyed lyke a trator &c. &c. (The watchword is giuen to the ambushe which George seeinge he apprehends that his safest coorse was to vse pollycy—craued a parley which was with some difficulty obtained—Discourse of George Bonvyle perswaded the Erle to take his (George's) frendly offer, who spoke to him frendly after this manner) My raysinge in armes is to suppress the insolyces (?) off a proude prince and an Insolent prelate who too much insult vpon the priuiledges and liberties off the comon weale, ffor the general good I stand : But the greatest Inducement that drewe mee into this coorse was a wizards most infallid (?) prophisy (?) who at my very byrthe thus calculated off my natyvyty that Kinge Richard and I should meete in London and hee vayle his bonnett vnto mee.

(George, in the course of his answer says—)

There is an ould (*or* auld) reverent man in a Caue not ffar hence (?) who is a greate predictor and was neuer kn(o)wne to fayle in that speculation. Itt were not thereffore amisse to take his advice (?) and to see howe nearly his calculation imper¹ (?) with the former. Please you this night to take such simple provition as my poore cottadge can affoord, my boye shall leade you to his caue where you may be satisfied off(f) all your doubts and difficultyes. The boy conducts them thither when the pinder hauinge disguised himself lyke an ould Hermitt such as hee had beeffore described : coonterffetinge his voyce, tould them off all such thinges as they had beeffore related vnto him att wch they wondered callinge them particularly by theare names and discoueringe vnto them the Intent off theire cominge : breiffly in this there amaz(?)ment, hee flinges off his coonterffett habitt And wth his good staff wch never ffayled him att his neede, Hee so beestyrd him selff that after som small resistance s(a)yinge (?) hee had n(o)we (?) tooke them wth out there ambush. Hee ffyrst disarmed them then ceasd (?) them as his prisoners and hauinge prouided certaine officers wth a stronge guard sent them to the Howse of Iustyce Grymes : by him to bee saffely conueyde to London, to bee disposed off by the Kinge who was n(o)we (?) returned (?) ffrom the holy warrs in Palestyne.

CAP. 9.

Howe George a Greene hauinge ceazed the arch rebels : plotted a meanes howe to bee possessed off his best beeloued Bettryce, and what after beecame off Armstronge and the armye. As the Pinder was vigilant and careffull ffor the honour off the Kinge and the good off the comon weale so lykewyse he was not altogether fforgettffull off his own private affayres especially off that great affection wch hee boure to ffayre Beatrice, beetwixt whome att all convenient opportunity there had past enterchange off letters shee hauing protested vnto him to intermitt (?) no occation to ffree her selff ffrom the close keepinge off her ffathers howse and to ffly ffor the reffuge (?) off her liberty to fflye into his armes as a sanctuarie. Hee thereffore devysed that his boy Willy should putt himselff into the habbitt of a sempsters mayde and ffurnishinge him wth lace bands and comodityes belonging vnto the trade, should without suspition gett admittance vnto her, ffortune so well ffavored the enterpryse that the boy came to showe his wares, when her ffather was busied in recee(a?)uinge the Earle of Kendall and his complices : By reason off wch present troble hee cast no curious eyes vpon the ladd but that hee was ffreely admitted to showe his wares to his doughter who was then in her chamber, who was no

¹ May be 'jumps.'

sooner enter'd but shutting the doore hee disclosed him self w(i)th the Intent of his comminge namely that Beatryce should putt herself into that habitt off a sempster, mufflinge her fface as lff shee had the toot-ach, (ffor in that posture the boy came in) and taking her box, and laces, and passe througe(h?) the gate lee(a?)vinge him in her habitt to answer her ffather: and to stand the perill att all adventure: gladd was ffayre Beatryce off the notion and with as much speede as willingness shifted off her owne cloathes to putt on the others. Willy was as nimble as shee and was soone ready to be taken ffor Mrs Beatryce as shee ffor a sempsters servant who by holdinge her handkercher beefore mouthes as trobled w(i)th a payne in her teethe past througe the howse and so out off the gate unquestiond, where wee le(e?)ue her onward on her waye towards Wakefeild, and Willy in her chamber to answer her escape, and returne to Armstronge, who in the Earles absence had the chardge off the Campe who thinkinge him self as secure as the Earle had showed to bee negligent, was sett vpon in the night by S^e William Musgraue and his son Cuddy, who tooke them when they were careles and asleepe by w(hi)ch meanes they quite discomfited the whole army, and younge Cuddy ffightinge with Arme-stronge took him prisoner hand to hand, gladd off such a present to welcom the Kinge home ffrom the holly warrs, and with that purpose made present preparation to hast with him vppe to London, and present him with his servyce (?) vnto the Kinge.

(A scene where Grymes goes to his daughter's chamber and finds Willy—not in play.)

CAP. 10.

Off that wch happened betwixt Robin Hoodd and his Marian and George a Greene and his Bettryce. How there greate opposition was at leng(t)h reconciled and off other accidentis pertinent to the story.

The greate joy wch was at the meetinge off George and his Beatryce was vnspeakable and the rather bycause so vnexpected yet as there is no daye so clere but there will appeare som clowde or other to eclipse the bewty off the skye, so in there greate Alacritye and abondance off present content there was one thinge that appeared troublesom and greivous vnto them boathe namely the danger that Willy had incurd ffor there sakes ffor wch no suddeine remedye could bee devysed ff(a)ringe least the justyce so mocked and deluded might use him wth no comon rigour and violence. To expell wch melancholy and w(i)thall to devyse the most saffe course ffor his deliverye George one eueninge tooke her by the arme willinge to shoue her the pleasant and delightffull ffeilds full off greene corne and that shee might take the benefitt off the ffreshe and wholesome Ayre (*or* Ayer) when on the sudden they might espy a company off rude and irregular fellowes (as they thought) breake a wide gappe through an Hedge,

pluck vpp the stakes and without makinge choyse off any path tread downe the corne and make towards theſe, wch iniury George in his greate spyritt not able to suffer, made as much hast to meete theſe though Bettryce by much intreatye would have held him backe: but the nature off so willfull a wronge preuaylinge aboue her intreatye or the care off his owne saffety hee tooke his staffe from his necke and badd theſe stand and to giue him not only an account, but present satisfaction and recompence ffor the damadge they hadd doon. Robin and his company had left off there fforest greene and there bowes and arrowes beehind and had only weopend themselves wth good stronge quarter staffs accordinge to the ffashion off the coontry: who se(e or i)minge to take the pinders affront in greate scorne (?) tould him that all wayes were a like to them they were travellers and when (?) they coold make the next waye they saw (?) no reason they had, to goe about, &c., &c.

(The Pinder challenges them to fight him one by one, which they do.) Longe it lasted, and w(i)th greate difficulty wch should bee victor Att lengthe boathe beeinge tyred and weary, saythe Robin hold thy hand noble Pinder ffor (I protest) thou art the stowtest man that euer I yet layde my hand on: to whome the Pinder answered recall thy woord ffor thou neuer yet layde an hand on me. Robin replyde againe nor will I noble George but in Curtesye: Knowe then I am Robin Hood, this my Marian and these my bold yomen, &c.

(Their friendship, Marian and Beatryce embrace.)

CAP. II.

Howe Kinge Richard after his returne by meanes off many complaints made vnto him ordered those absus w(hi)ch in his absense had been comitted by the prince and byshopp howe the rebells were presented vnto him and his disposing off them and howe George a Greene was reported off to the Kinge. Those (reformes) beeinge broughte to soſe reasonable effect Hee then beegan to consider off ffresh fforces to bee suddenly raysed towards the suppression off those rebells in the northe; in the middst off these considerations there arryved att London: young Cuddy Musgraue wth S^e Guilbert Armestronge and presented him a prisoner to the Kynge telling the manner off his surprysal and howe the greate army was defeated, wch was much furthered by the meanes off one George a Greene, pinder off the towne off Wakefeild The Kynge had scarce le(a?)sure to comend theire care and diligence and to make sufficient inquiry what beecame off the other who were the cheiffe off the rebellion but Justyce Grymes arrived lykewyse and presented as ffrom George a Greene the Earle of Kendall, the Lord Bonvyle, and Manneringe prisoners wth such an exact (?) testimony off the Pinders valour (.) that his maiesty made open protestation that hee was prowde to haue so good and valiant a subiect: when turning towards

the Earle off Kendall, the King in mere derysion vayled his bonnett vnto him and sayde wthall my Lord you are velcome to London, &c. . . . Breiffly the rebells were all comitted to the tower there to abyde till theire ffurtherr triall. This doon the Kinge inquiringe ffurther off the pinder and ffindinng more and more to bee spoken off his commendation, purposed to disguise him selff and wth the Earle off Lester only who had bin a copartner wth him in his warrs and Cuddy Musgrau ffor theire guide and conduct to trauell into the northe. . . .

CAP. 12.

Off the towne off merry Bradstad And a custom therein cald Trayl-staff obserued by the shoo-makers otherwyse cald the gentle craft: Howe the Kinge Lester and Cuddy past through this Towne and off there meetinge wth Robin Hoodd and George a Greene and what ffurther happned.

Theare is a towne not ffar ffrom Wakefeild wch is cald merry Bradstead where the shoo-makers haue by lounge tradition obserued a custom that no man off what degree soeuer shall walk throuwe the towne wth his staff vpon his sholders vnlesse hee will haue a bout or too wth som one or other off the gentle craft. But iff hee trayld itt after him hee might passe peacably whout any troble or molestation ffor there was none that would saye so much as black was his eye. Itt so happened that the kinniges way wth Lesters and Cuddyes happened to bee (by *or*) ly throuwe this towne who beeing disguised lyke coountry yomen and it seems not well acquainted wth the custom lyke honest playne trauels (as the use was then) walked bouldly, wth theire stauess vpon theire neckes, wch espyde by the shoemakers, three stowte ffellowes off the trade wth every one a good staff in his hand stept out of there shoppe and beate theires ffrom theire shooldries.

The Kinnge having had gentle entertai(n)ment in all places else woondered at such rudenes and gently demanded off them the reason off that violence then offered them: who answered him againe that itt was a pruilidge they had wch had bin obserued tyme out off mynd:— (more questioning and answering and then)

The Kinnge tould them that they were peacable men and rather than to breake theire custom or to enter into any vnnecessary quarrell they would dragge there stauess after them, and so did.

Whylst these thinge were debatinge came George a Greene disguised, Robin Hood and his yomen wth every one a good sound batt vpon his necke. George havinge tould Robin beefore what custom the madd merry shoemakers maintaind: and bringinge him that waye off purpose only ffor sport and to trye what mettall they had in them espyde the kinge, Lester, and Cuddy to traile there stauess after them, att wch sight beinnge mooued, see Robin (saythe hee) three

lusty, able, proper fellows, that dooe not advance there staues ffor ffere (or ffere) off the shoemakers. Askinge Robin Hoodd what hee thought off them to whome hee answered that hee tooke them to bee base cowardly persons: and that it was pittie such goodly shapes should couer such timorous and degenerate spyritts: wch cowardyce sayth George I will presently correcte in them, and comminge close vpp vnto them, he ffyrst beegan to vpbrayde them wth there ffere and basenes and after concluded that iff they did not presently rayse there staues and beare them vpp mauger any that should dare to interpose them, or hee himselff woold cudgell them more soundly ffor shoowinge themselves than the townsmen were able to doo, had they exprest themselves to be valiant: To whome the kinnge answered, that hee was neuer putt to such an hard choyse as to be beaten ffight or ffight not, only excused him and the rest that they were trauellers, men of peace, and altogethervnacquainted with such hard customis: His woords were scarce ended but out came a crewe off shoo makers euery man well appointed and tould them that euen they should obey there custom badd them downe wth there may poles and wth all began to stryk(e?) there staues ffrom there necks:

(A great combat ensues. The shoemakers, as soon as they recognise the Pinder, submit. George commands a barrel of the best and strongest ale.)

Then George intreatinge them (. .) to bidd his ffrends welcom, wch came about them lyke gnatts. But when George had tould them who they were, namely Robin Hood and his bould yomen who had traueled as ffar as Sherwood fforest to prooue what mettall was in there ffraternity: this was as good as euery man a plaster to his broken head:

All this the Kinge observinge and perceivinge the too prime men to be there present whome he had such greate desyre to see hee cald to Cuddy and bidd him provide him a regall habitt redy wch hee had caused to bee brought wth him vpon any needeffull occation.

(The Pinder drinks the King's health; it is to go round among the company, and he says—)

Only I accept ffrom this healthe those cowardly trauellers vnvoorthy to pledge so brave and valiant a prince who ffor ffere durst not carry there staues vpon there shoolders: Off went the health wth a greate showte and was ffild for Robin wch he had no sooner turned off but the Kinnge hauinge cast a princly mantle about him, and Lester and Cuddy flunge off there disguised habitts stept in amongst them (craves leave to be reckoned the third man to drink his own health. The shoemakers think they are doomed to the gallows).

But att lengthe the Pinder (whome nothing saue so greate a maiesty was able to daunt), recollecting him selff most humbly submitted vnto the Kinnge desyring his grace and pardon ffor those rude and un-

civill insolencies comitted against his sacred maiesty: whome the Kinng as graciously pardond: and takinge Robin Hood ffrom his knee, saluted him by the name off Robert Earle off Huntingdon assuringe him vpon his Kingly promise that all his lands, &c., &c. . . .

Amongst other thinnges his maiesty called ffor George a Greene and badd him kneele downe, bycause that ffor his greate servyce doon vnto the state his purpose was to honour him wth the stile off knight-hood: but hee hu(m)bly besought his maiesty that hee might not exceede the title off his ffather who boathe lyu'd and dyde an honest yomañ that his servyce, howe meane soever did showe better in that humble and lowe estate in wch he then lyved than iff hee were burdened wth the greatest titles of honour.

(Marian and Beatrice, offering a belt and a scarf, kneel before the King, who raises them and lovingly embraces them.)

Nowe enters Grimes bringinge in Willy the Pinders boy and ffyrst desyres iustyce off the Kinge against George ffor stealinge awaye his doughter and that iff itt were so that the matter was so ffar past that hee must needes inioye her itt woold please his maiesty that shee who was left him in her place might bee att his ffree dispose. The Kinge granted boathe and ffyrst hauinge in his princly goodnes reconsild all matters beetwixt ould Grimes and the Pinder: as that hee shoold ffreely inioye her wth all his estate after his deathe hee next demanded howe hee woold haue the other virgin disposed off, who demanded her ffor his wyff, wch the Kinge had no sooner granted but Willy discouring himselff itt made a general shout and laughter vnto all then present: all wch whylst they were much delighted and the ould Justice as much or more displeased. The shoo makers came and presented the Kinng wth a coontry morryce dance in wch nothinge was omitted that could bee prepared on the suddeine to give content wch was so well ordered that it m(u)ch pleased him who badd them aske what in reason they could demande who only petitioned that the lawe off Trayle staff wch they had held only by tradition might nowe in regard (regard) that it had pleas'd his maiesty to trayle (or vayle) his staff vnto them might bee confirmed vnto them ffor euer to wch the Kinng graciously and willingly assented ffor the ioye off wch and the more to applaude the memorable acts of Robin and George the merry . . . sannge beefore the kinng this songe wch ffolowethe.

FINIS.

THE IOLLY PINDER OF WAKEFIELD

WITH

ROBIN HOOD, SCARLET AND IOHN,

B. L.

IN Wakefield there liues a iolly Pinder,
in Wakefield all on a Green,
in Wakefield all on a Green ;

There is neither Knight nor Squire, said the Pinder ;
Nor Baron that is so bold,
Nor Baron that is so bold ;

Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield,
but his pledge goes to the Pinfold, &c.

With that they espy'd the iolly Pinder,
as he sat vnder a thorn, &c.

Now turn again, turn again, said the Pinder,
for a wrong way you haue gone, &c.

For you haue forsaken the King's High-way.
and made a path ouer the Corn, &c.

O that were great shame, said iolly Robin,
we being three, and thou but one, &c.

The Pinder leapt back then thirty good foot,
'twas thirty good foot and one, &c.

He leaned his back fast vnto a thorn,
and his foot against a stone, &c.

And there they fought a long Summers day,
a summers day so long, &c.

Till that their swords on their broad bucklers,
were broke fast vnto their hands, &c.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
and my merry men eueryone, &c.

For this is one of the best Pinders,
that euer I tryed with sword, &c.

And wilt thou forsake thy Pinders Craft,
and liue in the Green-wood with me, &c.

At Michaelmas next my cou'nant comes out,
when euery man gathers his fee, &c.

I'll take my blew blade all in my hand
and plod to the Green-wood with thee, &c.

Hast thou either meat or drink? said Robin Hood,
for my merry men and me, &c.

I haue both bread and beef, said the Pinder,
and good Ale of the best, &c.

And that is meat good enough, said Robin Hood,
for such vnbidden guest, &c.

O wilt thou forsake the Pinder his Craft,
and go to the Green-Wood with me? &c.

Thou shalt haue a Liury twice in the year,
the one green, the other brown, &c.

If Michaelmas day was come and gone,
and my Master had paid me my fee,
and my Master had paid me my fee,

Then would I set as little by him,
as my Master doth by me,
as my Master doth by me.

London, 1670?

Another old Ballad.

'The Iudgment of God shew'd vpon Dr. Iohn Faustus.'

Tune of—'Fortune my Fee.'



A
PLEASANT
CONCEYTED CO-

medie of George a Greene, the Pinner
of Wakefield. &

*ritten by a minister, who at
is printed & in a MS. by W. Shakspeare*

*As it was sundry times acted by the servants of the right
Honourable the Earle of Suffex.*

Ele July last the play was read by R. G.



Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford,
for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be sold at his shop
neere the Royall Exchange. 1599.

¹ <DRAMATIS PERSONAE

EDWARD, *King of England.*

JAMES, *King of Scotland.*

EARL OF KENDAL.

EARL OF WARWICK.

LORD BONFIELD.

LORD HUMES.

SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG,

SIR NICHOLAS MANNERING.

GEORGE A' GREENE.

MUSGROVE.

CUDDY, *his son.*

NED A' BARLEY.

GRIME.

ROBIN HOOD.

MUCH, *the Miller's son.*

SCARLET.

JENKIN, *George a' Greene's man.*

WILY, *George a' Greene's boy.*

JOHN,

Justice.

Townsmen, Shoemakers, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

JANE A' BARLEY.

BETTRIS, *daughter to Grime.*

MAID MARIAN.}

¹ Not in Q—adopted from Dyce.

A PLEASANT CONCEYTED COMEDIE OF
GEORGE A GREENE, THE PINNER
 OF WAKEFIELD

〈ACT I.〉

〈SCENE I. *At Bradford.*〉

*Enter the Earle of Kendall; with him the Lord Bonfild,
 Sir Gilbert Armestrong, and Iohn.*

Earle of Kendall. Welcome to Bradford, martiall gentlemen,
 L(ord) *Bonfild*, and sir *Gilbert Armstrong* both,
 And all my troupes, euen to my basest groome,
 Courage and welcome! for the day is ours.
 Our cause is good, it is for the lands auayle : 5
 Then let vs fight, and dye for Englands good.

Omnes. We will, my Lord.

Kendall. As I am *Henrie Momford*, Kendals Earle,
 You honour me with this assent of yours ;
 And here vpon my sword I make protest 10
 For to relieue the poore or dye my selfe :
 And know, my Lords, that *Iames*, the King of Scots,
 Warres hard vpon the borders of this land :
 Here is his Post.—Say, Iohn Taylour,
 What newes with King Iames ? 15

Iohn. Warre, my Lord, 〈I〉 tell, and good newes, I trow ;
 For King *Iame* vowes to meete you the 26 of this month,
 God willing ; marie, doth he, Sir.

Kendall. My friends, you see what we haue to winne.—
 Well, Iohn, commend me to king Iames, 20
 And tell him, I will meete him the 26 of this month,
 And all the rest ; And so, farewell.

Exit Iohn.

Bonfild, why standst thou as a man in dumps ?

*Quarto 1599. Bodleian. Devonshire Quarto 1599 similar. B. M. Quarto
 1599 similar. S. Kensington Quarto 1599 similar. Dyce.*
 16 (1) *Dyce*

Courage! for, if I winne, Ile make thee Duke :
 I Henry Momford will be King my selfe ; 25
 And I will make thee Duke of Lancaster,
 And Gilbert Armestrong Lord of Doncaster.

Bonfild. Nothing, my Lord, makes me amazde at all,
 But that our souldiers findes our victuals scant.
 We must make hauocke of those countrey Swaynes ; 30
 For so will the rest tremble and be afraid,
 And humbly send prouision to your campe.

Gilb. My Lord Bonfild giues good aduice :
 They make a scorne and stand vpon the King ;
 So what is brought is sent from them perforce ; 35
 Aske Mannering else.

Kend. What sayest thou, Mannering?

Man. When as I shew'd your high commission,
 They made this answere,
 Onely to send prouision for your horses. 40

Kend. Well, hye thee to Wakefield, bid the Towne
 To send me all prouision that I want,
 Least I, like martiall Tamberlaine, lay waste
 Their bordering Countries,
 And leauing none aliuie that contradicts my Commission. 45

Man. Let me alone, my Lord, Ile make them
 Vayle their plumes ; for whatsoere he be,
 The proudest Knight, Iustice, or other, that gaynsayeth
 Your word, Ile clap him fast, to make the rest to feare.

Kend. Doe so, Nick : hye thee thither presently, 50
 And let vs heare of thee againe tomorrowe.

Man. Will you not remooue, my Lord?

Kend. No, I will lye at Bradford all this night—
 And all the next.—Come, Bonfield, let vs goe,
 And listen out some bonny lasses here. 55

Exeunt omnes.

⟨SCENE II. *At Wakefield.*⟩

*Enter the Iustice, a Townesman, George a Greene, and Sir Nicholas.
 Mannering with his Commission.*

Iustice. M⟨aster⟩ Mannering, stand aside, whilst we conferre
 what is best to doe.—Townesmen of Wakefield, the Earle of
 Kendall here hath sent for victuals ; and in ayding him we

shewe our selues no lesse than traytours to the King ; there-
fore let me heare, Townesmen, what is your consents. 60

Townes. Euen as you please, we are all content.

Iustice. Then, M<aster> Mannering, we are resolu'd—

Man. As howe?

Iustice. Marrie, sir, thus. We will send the Earle of Kendall
no victuals, because he is a traytour to the King ; and in ayding 65
him we shewe our selues no lesse.

Man. Why, men of Wakefield, are you waxen madde,
That present danger cannot whet your wits,
Wisely to make prouision of your selues?
The Earle is thirtie thousand men strong in power, 70
And what towne soeuer him resist,
He layes it flat and leuell with the ground.
Ye silly men, you seeke your owne decay :
Therefore send my Lord such prouision as he wants,
So he will spare your towne, and come no neerer 75
Wakefield then he is.

Iustice. Master Manneing, you haue your answer ;
You may be gone.

Man. Well, Woodroffe, for so I gesse is thy name, Ile make
thee curse thy ouerthwart deniall ; and all that sit vpon the 80
bench this day shall rue the houre they haue withstood my
Lord's Commission.

Iustice. Doe thy worst, we feare thee not.

Man. See you these seales? before you passe the towne,
I will haue all things <that> my Lord doth want, 85
In spite of you.

George a Greene. Proud dapper Iacke, vayle bonnet to the bench
That represents the person of the King ;
Or, sirra, Ile lay thy head before thy feete.

Man. Why, who art thou? 90

George. Why, I am George a Greene,
True liegeman to my King,
Who scornes that men of such esteeme as these
Should brooke the braues of any trayterous squire.
You of the bench, and you, my fellowe friends, 95
Neighbours, we subiects all vnto the King ;
We are English borne, and therefore Edwards friends,

Voude vnto him euen in our mothers wombe,
 Our mindes to God, our hearts vnto our King;
 Our wealth, our homage, and our carcases, 100
 Be all King Edwards. Then, sirra, we haue
 Nothing left for traytours, but our swordes,
 Whetted to bathe them in your bloods, and dye
 'Gainst you, before we send you any victuals.

Justice. Well spoken, George a Greene! 105

Townes. Pray let George a Greene speake for vs.

George. Sirra, you get no victuals here,

Not if a hoofe of beefe would saue your liues.

Man. Fellowe, I stand amazde at thy presumption.

Why, what art thou that darest gaynsay my Lord, 110
 Knowing his mighty puissance and his stroke?

Why, my friend, I come not barely of my selfe;

For, see, I haue a large Commission.

George. Let me see it, sirra. [*Takes the Commission.*] Whose
 seales be these? 115

Man. This is the Earle of Kendals seale at armes;

This Lord Charnel Bonfield's;

And this Sir Gilbert Armestronges.

George. I tell thee, sirra, did good King Edwards sonne seale
 a commission against the King his father thus would I teare 120
 it in despite of him,

He teares the Commission.

Being traytour to my Soueraigne.

Man. What, hast thou torne my Lords Commission? Thou
 shalt rue it, and so shall all Wakefield.

George. What, are you in choler? I will giue you pilles to coole 125
 your stomacke. Seest thou these seales? Now, by my fathers
 Soule, which was a yeoman when he was aliue, eate them,
 or eate my daggers poynt, proud squire.

Man. But thou doest but iest, I hope.

George. Sure that shall you see before we two part. 130

Man. Well, and there be no remedie, so, George: *<Swallow
 one of the Seals.>*

One is gone; I pray thee, no more nowe.

101 *Q* has no full stop 103-4 Whetted to bathe them in your bloods, |
 And dye against you, before we send you any victuals *Q*

George. O Sir, if one be good, the others cannot hurt. So,
Sir; *<Mannering swallows the other two seals.>* nowe you 135
may goe tell the Earle of Kendall, although I haue rent his
large Commission, yet of curtesie I haue sent all his seales
backe againe by you.

Man. Well, sir, I will doe your arrant.

Exit.

George. Nowe let him tell his Lord that he hath spoke with 140
George a Greene, hight pinner of merrie Wakefield towne,
that hath phisicke for a foole, pilles for a traytour that doeth
wrong his Soueraigne. Are you content with this that I haue
done?

Justice. I, content, George; 145
For highly hast thou honoured Wakefield toune
In cutting of proud Mannering so short.
Come, thou shalt be my welcome ghest today;
For well thou hast deseru'd reward and fauour.

Excunt omnes.

<SCENE III.>

Enter olde Musgroue and yong Cuddie his sonne.

Cuddie. Nowe, gentle father, list vnto thy sonne, 150
And for my mothers loue,
That earst was blythe and bonny in thine eye,
Graunt one petition that I shall demaund.

Olde Musgroue. What is that, my Cuddie?

Cuddie. Father, you knowe the ancient enmitie of late 155
Betweene the Musgroues and the wily Scottes,
Whereof they haue othe,
Not to leaue one aliue that strides a launce.
O Father you are olde, and, wanyng, age vnto the graue:
Olde William Musgroue, which whilome was thought 160
The brauest horseman in all Westmerland,
Is weake, and forst to stay his arme vpon a staffe,
That earst could wield a launce.

Then, gentle Father, resigne the hold to me;
Giue armes to youth, and honour vnto age. 165

Mus. Auaunt, false hearted boy! My ioynts doe quake

134-6 So, sir, nowe you may goe tell the Earle of Kendall Q 140 hath | Q
141 hight *Dyce*: right Q

Euen with anguish of thy verie words.
 Hath William Musgroue seene an hundred yeres?
 Haue I bene feard and dreaded of the Scottes,
 That when they heard my name in any roade, 170
 They fled away, and posted thence amaine,
 And shall I dye with shame nowe in mine age?
 No, Cuddie, no: thus resolute I,
 Here haue I liu'd, and here will Musgroue dye.

Exeunt omnes.

⟨SCENE IV.⟩

*Enter Lord Bonfiled, Sir Gilbert Armstrong, M. Grime, and Bettris
 his daughter.*

Bon. Now, gentle Grime, God a mercy for our good chere; 175
 Our fare was royall, and our welcome great:
 And sith so kindly thou hast entertained vs,
 If we retorne with happie victorie,
 We will deale as friendly with thee in recompence.

Grime. Your welcome was but dutie, gentle Lord; 180
 For wherefore haue we giuen vs our wealth,
 But to make our betters welcome when they come?

⟨*Aside.*⟩ O, this goes hard when traytours must be flattered!
 But life is sweete, and I cannot withstand it:
 God, (I hope,) will reuenge the quarrell of my King. 185

Gilb. What said you, Grime?

Grime. I say, sir Gilbert, looking on my daughter,
 I curse the houre that ere I got the girle;
 For, sir, she may haue many wealthy suters,
 And yet she disdaines them all, to haue 190
 Poore George a Greene vnto her husband.

Bonfiled. On that, good Grime, I am talking with thy
 Daughter;
 But she, in quirkes and quiddities of loue,
 Sets me to schoole, she is so ouerwise.— 195
 But, gentle girle, if thou wilt forsake
 The pinner and be my loue, I will aduaunce thee high;
 To dignifie those haire of amber hiew,
 Ill grace them with a chaplet made of pearle,
 Set with choice rubies, sparkes, and diamonds, 200
 Planted vpon a veluet hood, to hide that head
 Wherein two sapphires burne like sparkling fire:

This will I doe, faire Bettris, and farre more,
If thou wilt loue the Lord of Doncaster.

Bettris. Heigh ho! my heart is in a higher place, 205
Perhaps on the Earle, if that be he.
See where he comes, or angrie, or in loue,
For why his colour looketh discontent.

Enter the Earle of Kendall (and) Sir Nicholas Mannering.

Kendall. Come, Nick, followe me.

Bonfild. Howe nowe, my Lord! what newes? 210

Kendall. Such newes, Bonfild, as will make thee laugh,
And fret thy fill, to heare how Nick was vsde.
Why, the Iustices stand on their termes:
Nick, as you knowe, is hawtie in his words;
He layd the lawe vnto the Iustices 215
With threatning braues, that one lookt on another,
Ready to stoope; but that a churle came in,
One George a Greene, the pinner of the towne,
And with his dagger drawne layd hands on Nick,
And by no beggers swore that we were traytours, 220
Rent our Commission, and vpon a braue
Made Nick to eate the seales or brooke the stabbe:
Poore Mannering, afraid, came posting hither straight.

Bettris. Oh louely George, fortune be still thy friend!
And as thy thoughts be high, so be thy minde 225
In all accords, euen to thy hearts desire!

Bonfild. What sayes faire Bettris?

Grimes. My Lord, she is praying for George a Greene:
He is the man, and she will none but him.

Bonfild. But him! why, looke on me, my girle: 230
Thou knowest, that yesternight I courted thee,
And swore at my returne to wedde with thee.—
Then tell me, loue, shall I haue all thy faire?

Bettris. I care not for Earle, nor yet for Knight,
Nor Baron that is so bold; 235
For George a Greene, the merrie pinner,
He hath my heart in hold.

Bonfild. Bootlesse, my Lord, are many vaine replies:
Let vs hye vs to Wakefield, and send her the pinners head.

Kend. It shall be so.—Grime, gramercie, 240
 Shut vp thy daughter, bridle her affects;
 Let me not misse her when I make returne;
 Therefore looke to her, as to thy life, good Grime.
Grime. I warrant you, my Lord.

Ex. Grime and Bettris.

Ken. And, Bettris, leaue a base pinner, for to loue an Earle. 245
 Faine would I see this pinner George a Greene.
 It shall be thus;
 Nick Mannering shall leade on the battell,
 And we three will goe to Wakefield in some disguise:
 But howsoeuer, Ile haue his head today. 250
Ex. omnes.

⟨ACT II.

SCENE I. *Outside the wall of Sir Iohn a Barley's castle.*

Enter the King of Scots, Lord Humes, with Souldiers, and Iohnie.

King. Why, Iohnie, then the Earle of Kendall is blithe,
 And hath braue men that troupe along with him!

Iohnie. I, marie, my liege, and hath good men
 That come along with him,

And vowes to meete you at Scrasblesea, God willing. 255

King. If good S⟨aint⟩ Andrewe lend King Iamie leaue,
 I will be with him at the pointed day.

But, soft!—Whose pretie boy art thou?

Enter Iane a Barleys sonne.

Ned. Sir, I am sonne vnto Sir Iohn a Barley,
 Eldest, and all that ere my mother had; 260
 Edward my name.

Iame. And whither art thou going, pretie Ned?

Ned. To seeke some birdes, and kill them, if I can:

And now my scholemaster is also gone,
 So haue I libertie to ply my bowe; 265

For when he comes, I stirre not from my booke.

Iames. Lord Humes, but marke the visage of this child:

By him I gesse the beautie of his mother;

None but Læda could breede Helena.

Tell me, Ned, who is within with thy mother? 270

Ned. Nought but her selfe and houshold seruants, sir:

If you would speake with her, knocke at this gate.

James. Iohnie, knocke at that gate.

Enter Iane a Barley vpon the walles.

Iane. O, I am betraide! What multitudes be these?

James. Feare not, faire Iane, for all these men are mine, 275

And all thy friends, if thou be friend to me:

I am thy loue, Iames the King of Scottes,

That oft haue sued and wooed with many letters,

Painting my outward passions with my pen,

When as my inward soule did bleede for woe. 280

Little regard was giuen to my sute;

But haply thy husbands presence wrought it:

Therefore, sweete Iane, I fitted me to time,

And, hearing that thy husband was from home,

Am come to craue what long I haue desirde. 285

Ned. Nay, soft you, sir! you get no entrance here,

That seeke to wrong sir Iohn a Barley so,

And offer such dishonour to my mother.

James. Why, what dishonour, Ned?

Ned. Though young, 290

Yet often haue I heard my father say,

No greater wrong than to be made cuckold.

Were I of age, or were my bodie strong,

Were he ten Kings, I would shoote him to the heart

That should attempt to giue sir Iohn the horne.— 295

Mother, let him not come in:

I will goe lie at Iockie Millers house.

James. Stay him.

Iane. I, well said, Ned, thou hast giuen the King

His answer; 300

For were the ghost of Cæsar on the earth,

Wrapped in the wonted glorie of his honour,

He should not make me wrong my husband so.

But good King Iames is pleasant, as I gesse,

And meanes to trie what humour I am in; 305

Else would he neuer haue brought an hoste of men,

To haue them witnes of his Scottish lust.

James. Iane, in faith, Iane.—

290-2 Though young, yet often haue I heard | My father say, | No
greater &c. Q 301 Cesar Q

- Iane.* Neuer reply, for I protest by the highest
 Holy God, 310
 That doometh iust reuenge for things amisse,
 King Iames, of all men, shall not haue my loue.
- Iames.* Then list to me; Saint Andrewe be my boote,
 But Ile rase thy castle to the uerie ground,
 Vnlesse thou open the gate, and let me in. 315
- Iane.* I feare thee not, King Iamie: doe thy worst.
 This castle is too strong for thee to scale;
 Besides, tomorrowe will sir Iohn come home.
- Iames.* Well, Iane, since thou disdainst King Iame's loue,
 Ile drawe thee on with sharpe and deepe extremes; 320
 For, by my fathers soule, this brat of thine
 Shall perish here before thine eyes,
 Vnlesse thou open the gate, and let me in.
- Iane.* O deepe extremes! my heart begins to breake:
 My little Ned lookes pale for feare.— 325
 Cheare thee, my boy, I will doe much for thee.
- Ned.* But not so much as to dishonour me.
- Iane.* And if thou dyest, I cannot liue, sweete Ned.
- Ned.* Then dye with honour, mother, dying chaste.
- Iane.* I am armed: 330
 My husbands loue, his honour, and his fame,
 Ioynes victorie by vertue. Nowe, King Iames,
 If mothers teares cannot alay thine ire,
 Then butcher him, for I will neuer yeeld:
 The sonne shall dye before I wrong the father. 335
- Iames.* Why, then, he dyes.

Allarum within. Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My Lord, Musgroue is at hand.

Iames. Who, Musgroue? The deuill he is! Come,
 My horse!

Exeunt omnes.

⟨SCENE II.⟩

Enter olde Musgroue with King Iames prisoner.

Mus. Nowe, King Iames, thou art my prisoner. 340

Iames. Not thine, but fortunes prisoner.

332-3 Nowe, King Iames, if mothers teares &c. one line Q

Enter Cuddie.

Cuddie. Father, the field is ours: their colours we
Haue seyzed,

And Humes is slayne; I slewe him hand to hand.

Mus. God and Saint George!

345

Cuddie. O father, I am sore athirst!

Iane. Come in, young Cuddie, come and drinke thy fill:

Bring in King Iame with you as a ghest;

For all this broile was cause he could not enter.

Exeunt omnes.

⟨SCENE III.⟩

Enter George a Greene alone.

George. The sweete content of men that liue in loue

350

Breedes fretting humours in a restlesse minde;

And fansie, being checkt by fortunes spite,

Growes too impatient in her sweete desires;

Sweete to those men whome loue leades on to blisse,

But sowre to me whose happe is still amisse.

355

Enter the Clowne.

Ienkin. Marie, amen, sir.

George. Sir, what doe you crye, Amen at?

Ienkin. Why, did not you talke of loue?

George. Howe doe you knowe that?

Ienkin. Well, though I say it that should not say it, there are 360
fewe fellows in our parish so netled with loue, as I haue bene
of late.

Geor. Sirra, I thought no lesse, when the other morning you
rose so earely to goe to your wenches. Sir, I had thought
you had gone about my honest busines.

365

Ienkin. Trow, you haue hit it; for, master, be it knowne to
you, there is some good will betwixt Madge the Sousewife,
and I; marie, she hath another louer.

George. Canst thou brooke any riuals in thy loue?

Ien. A rider! no, he is a sow-gelder and goes afoote. But 370
Madge pointed to meete me in your wheate close.

George. Well, did she meete you there?

Ien. Neuer make question of that. And first I saluted her
with a greene gowne, and after fell as hard a wooing as if
the Priest had bin at our backs to haue married vs.

375

Georg. What, did she grant?

Ien. Did she graunt! Neuer make question of that. And she gaue me a shirt coler wrought ouer with no counterfet stuffe.

Georg. What, was it gold?

Ien. Nay, twas better than gold. 380

Georg. What was it?

Ien. Right Couentrie blew. We had no sooner come there—but wot you who came by?

Georg. No: who?

Ien. Clim the sow-gelder. 385

Georg. Came he by?

Ien. He spide Madge and I sit together: he leapt from his horse, laid his hand on his dagger, and began to sweare. Now I seeing he had a dagger, and I nothing but this twig in my hand, I gaue him faire words and said nothing. He comes to me, and takes me by the bosome. 'You hoorson slaue,' said he, 'hold my horse, and looke he take no colde in his feete.' 'No, marie, shall he, sir,' quoth I; 'Ile lay my cloake vnderneath him.' I tooke my cloake, spread it all along, and his horse on the midst of it. 395

Georg. Thou clowne, didst thou set his horse vpon thy cloake?

Ien. I, but marke how I serued him. Madge & he was no sooner gone downe into the ditch, but I plucked out my knife, cut foure hoales in my cloake, and made his horse stand on the bare ground. 400

Georg. Twas well done. Now, sir, go and suruay my fields: if you finde any cattell in the corne, to pound with them.

Ien. And if I finde any in the pound, I shall turne them out.

Exit Ienkin.

Enter the Earle of Kendal, Lord Bonfield, Sir Gilbert, all disguised, with a traine of men.

Kend. Now we haue put the horses in the corne, let vs stand in some corner for to heare what brauing tearmes the pinner will breathe when he spies our horses in the corne. 405

Enter Ienkin blowing of his horne.

Ien. O master, where are you? we haue a prise.

Georg. A prise! what is it?

Ien. Three goodly horses in our wheate close.

George. Three horses in our wheat close! whose be they? 410

Jenkin. Marie, thats a riddle to me; but they are there; veluet horses, and I neuer sawe such horses before. As my dutie was, I put off my cappe, and said as followeth: My masters, what doe you make in our close? One of them, hearing me aske what he made there, held vp his head and neighed, 415 and after his maner laught as heartily as if a mare had bene tyed to his girdle. My masters, said I, it is no laughing matter; for, if my master take you here, you goe as round as a top to the pound. Another vntoward iade, hearing me threaten him to the pound and to tell you of them, cast vp both his 420 heeles, and let such a monstrous great fart, that was as much as in his language to say, A fart for the pound and a fart for George a Greene! Nowe I, hearing this, put on my cap, blewe my horne, called them all iades, and came to tell you.

George. Nowe, sir, goe and driue me those three horses to the 425 pound.

Jenkin. Doe you heare? I were best to take a constable with me.

George. Why so?

(*Jenkin.*) Why, they, being gentlemens horses, may stand on 430 their reputation, and will not obey me.

George. Goe, doe as I bid you, sir.

Jenkin. Well, I may goe.

The Earle of Kendall, the Lord Bonfild, and sir Gilbert Armstrong, meeete them.

Kend. Whither away, sir?

Jenkin. Whither away! I am going to put the horses in the 435 pound.

Kend. Sirra, those three horses belong to vs, and we put them in, and they must tarrie there and eate their fill.

Jenkin. Stay, I will goe tell my master.—Heare you, master? we haue another prise: those three horses be in your wheate 440 close still, and here be three geldings more.

George. What be these?

Jenkin. These are the masters of the horses.

George. Nowe, gentlemen, I know not your degrees, but more you cannot be, vnlesse you be Kings. Why wrong you vs of 445 Wakefield with your horses? I am the pinner, and before you passe, you shall make good the trespasse they haue done.

Kend. Peace, saucie mate, prate not to vs: I tell thee, pinner, we are gentlemen?

George. Why, sir, so may I, sir, although I giue no armes. 450

Kend. Thou! howe art thou a gentleman?

Jenkin. And such is my master, and he may giue as good armes as euer your great grandfather could giue.

Kend. Pray thee, let me heare howe.

Jenkin. Marie, my master may giue for his armes the picture 455
of Aprill in a greene ierkin, with a rooke on one fist and an horne on the other: but my master giues his armes the wrong way, for he giues the horne on his fist; and your grandfather, because he would not lose his armes, weares the horne on his owne head. 460

Kend. Well, pinner, sith our horses be in, in spite of thee they now shall feede their fill, and eate vntill our leasures serue to goe.

George. Now, by my fathers soule, were good King Edwards horses in the corne, they shall amend the scath, or kisse the 465
pound; much more yours, sir, whatsoere you be.

Kend. Why, man, thou knowest not vs: we do belong to Henry Momford, Earle of Kendal; men that, before a month be full expirde, will be King Edwards betters in the land.

Georg. King Edwards better(s)! . Rebell, thou liest. 470

George strikes him.

Bonfild. Villaine, what hast thou done? thou hast stroke an Earle.

Geor. Why, what care I? A poore man that is true, is better then an Earle, if he be false. Traitors reape no better fauours at my hands. 475

Kend. I, so me thinks; but thou shall deare aby this blow.—
Now or neuer lay hold on the pinner!

Enter all the ambush.

Georg. Stay, my Lords, let vs parlie on these broiles: not Hercules against two, the prouerbe is, nor I against so great a multitude.—(*Aside*) Had not your troupes come marching 480
as they did, I would haue stopt your passage vnto London: but now Ile flie to secret policie.

Kend. What doest thou murmure, George?

George. Marie, this, my Lord; I muse, if thou be Henrie Momford, Kendals Earle, that thou wilt doe poore G(eorge) a 485
Greene this wrong, euer to match me with a troupe of men.

Kend. Why doest thou strike me, then?

Geor. Why, my Lord, measure me but by your selfe: had you a man had seru'd you long, and heard your foe misuse you behinde your backe, and would not draw his sword in your 490
defence, you would cashere him. Much more, King Edward is my King: and before Ile heare him so wrong'd, Ile die within this place, and maintaine good whatsoeuer I haue said. And, if I speake not reason in this case, what I haue said Ile maintaine in this place. 495

Bon. A pardon, my Lord, for this pinner; for, trust me, he speaketh like a man of worth.

Kend. Well, George, wilt thou leaue Wakefelde and wend with me, Ile freely put vp all and pardon thee.

Georg. I, my Lord, considering me one thing, you will leaue 500
these armes and follow your good King.

Ken. Why, George, I rise not against King Edward, but for the poore that is opprest by wrong; and, if King Edward will redresse the same, I will not offer him disparagement, but otherwise; and so let this suffise. Thou hear'st the reason 505
why I rise in armes: nowe, wilt thou leaue Wakefield and wend with me, Ile make thee captaine of a hardie band, and, when I haue my will, dubbe thee a knight.

George. Why, my Lord, haue you any hope to winne?

Kend. Why, there is a prophecie doeth say, that King Iames 510
and I shall meete at London, and make the King vaile bonnet to vs both.

Geo. If this were true, my Lord, this were a mighty reason.

Ken. Why, it is a miraculous prophecie, and cannot faile.

George. Well, my Lord, you haue almost turned me.—Ienkin, 515
come hither.

Ienkin. Sir?

George. Goe your waies home, sir, and driue me those three horses home vnto my house, and powre them downe a bushell of good oates. 520

Ienkin. Well, I will.—Must I giue these scuruie horses oates?

Exit Ienkin.

Geor. Will it please you to commaund your traine aside?

Kend. Stand aside.

Exit the trayne.

George. Nowe list to me: here in a wood, not farre from hence, there dwels an old man in a caue alone, that can 535
foretell what fortunes shall befall you, for he is greatly skilfull in magike arte. Go you three to him early in the morning, and question him: if he saies good, why, then, my Lord, I am the formost man, we will march vp with your campe to London.

Kend. George, thou honourest me in this. But where shall we finde him out? 530

George. My man shall conduct you to the place; but, good my Lords, tell me true what the wise man saith.

Kend. That will I, as I am Earle of Kendal.

George. Why, then, to honour G(eorge) a Greene the more, vouchsafe a peece of beefe at my poore house; you shall haue wafer cakes your fill, a peece of beefe hung vp since Martilmas: if that like you not, take what you bring, for me. 535

Kend. Gramercies, George.

Exeunt omnes. 540

(ACT III. SCENE I. *Before Grime's House.*)

Enter George a Greenes boy Wily, disguised like a woman, to M. Grimes.

Wily. O, what is loue! it is some mightie power,
Else could it neuer conquer G(eorge) a Greene.
Here dwels a churle that keepes away his loue;
I know the worst, and if I be espied,
Tis but a beating; and if I by this meanes 545
Can get faire Bettris forth her fathers dore,
It is enough.
Venus, for me, of all the Gods alone,
Be aiding to my wily enterprise!

He knocks at the doore.

Enter Grime.

Gri. How now! who knocks there? what would you haue? 550
From whence came you? where doe you dwell?

Wily. I am, forsooth, a semsters maide hard by,

529 we] who *Dyce* 542 George] G. Q 547-8 *Dyce*: It is enough,
Venus for me, and all goes alone Q See note

That hath brought worke home to your daughter.

Grime. Nay, are you not some craftie queane

That comes from George a Greene, that rascall, 555

With some letters to my daughter?

I will haue you searcht.

Wily. Alas, sir, it is Hebrue vnto me,

To tell me of George a Greene, or any other !

Search me, good sir, 560

And if you finde a letter about me,

Let me haue the punishment that is due.

Grime. Why are you muffed? I like you the worse

For that.

Wily. I am not, sir, asham'd to shew my face, 565

Yet loth I am my cheekes should take the aire :

Not that I am charie of my beauties hue,

But that I am troubled with the tooth-ach sore.

[*Vnmuffles.*]

Grime. A pretie wench of smiling countenance !

Olde men can like, although they cannot loue ; 570

I, and loue, though not so brieft as yong men can.—

Well, goe in, my wench, and speake with my daughter.

Exit Wily.

I wonder much at the Earle of Kendall,

Being a mightie man, as still he is,

Yet for to be a traitor to his King, 575

Is more then God or man will well allow.

But what a foole am I to talke of him !

My minde is more heere of the pretie lasse.

Had she brought some fortie pounds to towne,

I could be content to make her my wife : 580

Yet I haue heard it in a prouerbe said,

He that is olde and marries with a lasse,

Lies but at home, and prooues himselfe an asse.

Enter Bettris in Wilies apparell to Grime.

How now, my wench ! how ist? what, not a word?—

Alas, poore soule, the tooth-ach plagues her sore.— 585

Well, my wench, here is an Angel for to buy three pinnes,

And I pray thee vse mine house ;

The oftner, the more welcome : farewell.

Exit.

S. D. *Exit Wily*] *Exit Q*

Bettris. O blessed loue, and blessed fortune both !
 But, Bettris, stand not here to talke of loue, 590
 But hye thee straight vnto thy George a Greene :
 Neuer went Roe-bucke swifter on the downes
 Then I will trip it till I see my George.

⟨SCENE II.⟩

Enter the Earle of Kendall, L. Bonfield, Sir Gilbert, and Ienkin the clowne.

Kend. Come away, Ienkin.

Ien. Come, here is his house. Where be you, ho? 595

Georg. Who knocks there?

Kend. Heere are two or three poore men, father,
 Would speake with you.

Georg. Pray, giue your man leaue to leade me forth.

Kend. Goe, Ienkin, fetch him forth. 600

Ien. Come, olde man.

Enter George a Greene disguised.

Kend. Father, heere is three poore men come to question
 Thee a word in secrete that concerns their liues.

George. Say on, my sonnes.

Kend. Father, I am sure you heare the newes 605

How that the Earle of Kendal wars against the King.

Now, father, we three are gentlemen by birth,

But yonger brethren that want reuenues,

And for the hope we haue to be preferd,

If that we knew that we shall winne, 610

We will march with him :

If not, we will not march a foote to London more.

Therefore, good father, tell vs what shall happen,

Whether the King or the Earle of Kendal shall win.

George. The King, my sonne. 615

Kend. Art thou sure of that?

George. I, as sure as thou art Henry Momford,

The one Lord Bonfield, the other sir Gilbert.

Kend. Why this is wondrous, being blinde of sight,

His deepe perseuerance should be such to know vs. 620

Gilb. Magike is mightie and foretelleth great matters.

In deede, Father, here is the Earle come to see thee,
 And therefore, good father, fable not with him.
George. Welcome is the Earle to my poore cell,
 And so are you, my Lords ; but let me counsell you 625
 To leaue these warres against your king,
 And liue in quiet.
Kend. Father, we come not for aduice in warre,
 But to know whether we shall win or leese.
George. Lose, gentle Lords, but not by good King Edward ; 630
 A baser man shall giue you all the foile.
Kend. I, marie, father, what man is that ?
George. Poore George a Greene, the pinner.
Kend. What shall he ?
George. Pull all your plumes, and sore dishonour you. 635
Kend. He ! as how ?
Georg. Nay, the end tries all ; but so it will fall out.
Kend. But so it shall not, by my honor Christ.
 Ile raise my campe, and fire Wakefield towne,
 And take that seruile pinner George a Greene, 640
 And butcher him before king Edwards face.
George. Good my Lord, be not offended,
 For I speake no more then arte reueales to me :
 And for greater prooffe,
 Giue your man leaue to fetch me 〈out〉 my staffe. 645
Kend. Ienkin, fetch him his walking staffe.
Ien. Here is your walking staffe.
George. Ile proue it good vpon your carcasses ;
 A wiser wisard neuer met you yet,
 Nor one that better could foredoome your fall. 650
 Now I haue singled you here alone,
 I care not 〈I〉 though you be three to one.
Kend. Villaine, hast thou betraid vs ?
Georg. Momford, thou liest, neuer was I traitor yet ;
 Onely deuise'd this guile to draw you on 655
 For to be combatants.
 Now conquere me, and then march on to London :
 It shall goe hard, but I will holde you taske.
Gillb. Come, my Lord, cheerely, Ile kill him hand to hand.

645 out supplied by Nicholson : Q omits 652 I care not I though] I care
 not though Q 658 It] But Q but Dyes : and Q

Kend. A thousand pound to him that strikes that stroke! 660

Georg. Then giue it me, for I will haue the first.

Here they fight; George kills sir Gilbert, and takes the other two prisoners.

Bonfild. Stay, George, we doe appeale.

George. To whom?

Bon. Why, to the King:

For rather had we bide what he appoynts, 665

Then here be murdered by a seruile groome.

Kend. What wilt thou doe with vs?

Georg. Euen as Lord Bonfild wisht,

You shall vnto the King:

And, for that purpose, see where the Iustice is placed. 670

Enter. Iustice.

Iust. Now, my Lord of Kendal, where be al your threats?

Euen as the cause, so is the combat fallen,

Else one could neuer haue conquerd three.

Kend. I pray thee, Woodroffe, doe not twit me;

If I haue faulted, I must make amends. 675

Georg. Master Woodroffe, here is not a place for many Words.

I beseech ye, sir, discharge all his souldiers,

That euery man may goe home vnto his owne house.

Iustice. It shall bee so. What wilt thou doe, George? 680

Georg. Master Woodroffe, looke to your charge;

Leaue me to myselfe.

Iust. Come, my Lords.

Exit all but George.

Georg. Here sit thou, George, wearing a willow wreath,

As one despairing of thy beautilous loue: 685

Fie, George! no more;

Pine not away for that which cannot be.

I cannot ioy in any earthly blisse,

So long as I doe want my Bettris.

Enter Ienkin.

Ien. Who see a master of mine? 690

George. How now, sirrha! whither away?

Ien. Whither away? why, who doe you take me to bee?

Georg. Why Ienkin, my man.

Ien. I was so once in deede, but now the case is altered.

George. I pray thee, as how?

695

Ien. Were not you a fortune teller to day?

George. Well, what of that?

Ien. So sure am I become a iugler.

What will you say if I iuggle your sweete heart?

George. Peace, prating losell! her ielous father

700

Doth wait ouer her with such suspitious eyes,

That, if a man but dally by her feete,

He thinks it straight a witch to charme his daughter.

Ien. Well, what will you giue me, if I bring her hither?

George. A sute of greene, and twentie crownes besides.

705

Ien. Well, by your leaue, giue me roome.

You must giue me something, that you haue lately worne.

George. Here is a gowne, will that serue you?

Ienkin. I, this will serue me. Keepe out of my circle,

Least you be torne in pieces by shee deuils:

710

Mistres Bettris, once, twice, thrice!

He throwes the gowne in, and she comes out.

Oh, is this no cunning?

George. Is this my loue, or is it but her shadow?

Ienkin. I, this is the shadow, but heere is the substance.

George. Tell mee, sweete loue, what good fortune

715

Brought thee hither?

For one it was that fauoured George a Greene.

Bettris. Both loue and fortune brought me to my George,

In whose sweete light is all my hearts content.

Geor. Tell mee, sweete loue, how camst thou from thy fathers? 720

Bettris. A willing minde hath many slips in loue:

It was not I, but Wily, thy sweete boy.

Geor. And where is Wily now?

Bettris. In my apparell, in my chamber still.

Geor. Ienkin, come hither: goe to Bradford,

725

And listen out your fellow Wily—

Come, Bettris, let vs in,

And in my cottage we will sit and talke.

Exeunt omnes.

(ACT IV. SCENE I.)

Enter King Edward, the King of Scots, Lord Warwicke, young Cuddy, and their traine.

- Edward.* Brother of Scotland, I doe hold it hard,
 Seeing a league of truce was late confirmde 730
 Twixt you and me, without displeasure offered
 You should make such inuasion in my land.
 The vowes of kings should be as oracles,
 Not blemisht with the staine of any breach ;
 Chiefly where fealtie and homage willeth it. 735
- James.* Brother of England, rub not the sore afresh ;
 My conscience grieues me for my deepe misdeede.
 I haue the worst ; of thirtie thousand men,
 There scapt not full fiue thousand from the field.
- Edward.* Gramercie, Musgroue, else it had gone hard : 740
 Cuddie, Ile quite thee well ere we two part.
- James.* But had not his olde Father, William Musgroue,
 Plaid twice the man, I had not now bene here.
 A stronger man I seldome felt before ;
 But one of more resolute valiance, 745
 Treads not, I thinke, vpon the English ground.
- Edward.* I wot wel, Musgroue shall not lose his hier.
- Cuddie.* And it please your grace, my father was
 Fiue score and three at Midsommer last past :
 Yet had King Iamie bene as good as George a Greene, 750
 Yet Billy Musgroue would haue fought with him.
- Edward.* As George a Greene ! I pray thee, Cuddie,
 Let me question thee.
 Much haue I heard, since I came to my crowne,
 Many in manner of a prouerbe say, 755
 Were he as good as G(eorge) a Green, I would strike him sure :
 I pray thee tell me, Cuddie, canst thou informe me,
 What is that George a Greene ?
- Cuddie.* Know, my Lord, I neuer saw the man,
 But mickle talke is of him in the Country : 760
 They say he is the Pinner of Wakefield towne :
 But for his other qualities, I let alone.
- War.* May it please your grace, I know the man too wel.
- Edward.* Too well ! why so, Warwicke ?

War. For once he swingde me till my bones did ake. 765

Edward. Why, dares he strike an Earle?

Warw. An Earle, my Lord! nay, he wil strike a King,

Be it not King Edward.

For stature he is framde,

Like to the picture of stoute Hercules, 770

And for his carriage passeth Robin Hood.

The boldest Earle or Baron of your land,

That offereth scath vnto the towne of Wakefield,

George will arrest his pledge vnto the pound;

And who so resisteth beares away the blowes, 775

For he himselfe is good inough for three.

Edward. Why, this is wondrous: my L(ord) of Warwicke,

Sore do I long to see this George a Greene.

But leauing him, what shall we do, my Lord,

For to subdue the rebels in the North? 780

They are now marching vp to Doncaster.—

Enter one with the Earle of Kendal prisoner.

Soft! who haue we there?

Cuddie. Here is a traitour, the Earle of Kendal.

Edward. Aspiring traitour! how darst thou once

Cast thine eyes vpon thy Sovereigne 785

That honour'd thee with kindenes and with fauour?

But I will make thee buy this treason deare.

Kend. Good my Lord,—

Edward. Reply not, traitor.—

Tell me, Cuddy, whose deede of honour 790

Wonne the victorie against this rebell?

Cuddy. George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield.

Edward. George a Greene! now shall I heare newes

Certaine, what this Pinner is.

Discourse it briefly, Cuddy, how it befell. 795

Cud. Kendall and Bonfild, with sir Gilbert Armstrong,

Came to Wakefield Towne disguisd,

And there spoke ill of your grace;

Which George but hearing, feld them at his feete,

And, had not rescue come into the place, 800

George had slaine them in his close of wheate.

Edward. But, Cuddy, canst thou not tell

777 Lord] L. Q 801 them] him Q

Where I might giue and grant some thing

That might please, & highly gratifie the pinner's thoughts?

Cuddie. This at their parting George did say to me : 805

'If the King vouchsafe of this my seruice,
Then, gentle Cuddie, kneele vpon thy knee,
And humbly craue a boone of him for me.'

Edward. Cuddie, what is it?

Cuddie. It is his will your grace would pardon them, 810

And let them liue, although they haue offended.

Edward. I think the man striueth to be glorious.

Well, George hath crau'd it, and it shall be graunted,
Which none but he in England should haue gotten.—

Liue, Kendall, but as prisoner, 815

So shalt thou end thy dayes within the tower.

Kend. Gracious is Edward to offending subiects.

James. My Lord of Kend, you are welcome to the court.

Edward. Nay, but ill come as it fals out now ;

I, ill come in deede, were it not for George a Greene 820

But, gentle King, for so you would auerre,

And Edwards betters, I salute you both,

And here I vowe by good Saint George,

You wil gaine but little when your summes are counted.

I sore doe long to see this George a Greene : 825

And for because I neuer saw the North,

I will forthwith goe see it ;

And for that to none I will be knowen,

We will disguise our selues and steale downe secretly,

Thou and I, King Iames, Cuddie, and two or three, 830

And make a merrie iourney for a moneth.—

Away, then, conduct him to the tower.—

Come on, King Iames, my heart must needes be merrie,

If fortune make such hauocke of our foes.

Ex. omnes.

(SCENE II.)

Enter Robin Hood, Mayd Marian, Scarlet, *and* Much the Millers sonne.

Robin. Why is not louely Marian blithe of cheere ? 835

What ayles my Lemman, that she gins to lowre ?

Say, good Marian, why art thou so sad ?

Marian. Nothing, my Robin, grieues me to the heart—

- But whensoever I doe walke abroad,
 I heare no songs but all of George a Greene ; 840
 Bettris, his faire Lemman, passeth me :
 And this, my Robin, gaules my very soule.
- Robin.* Content <thee> : what wreakes it vs, though George a
 Greene be stoute,
 So long as he doth proffer vs no scath ? 845
 Enuie doth seldome hurt but to it selfe ;
 And therefore, Marian, smile vpon thy Robin.
- Marian.* Neuer will Marian smile vpon her Robin,
 Nor lie with him vnder the green wood shade,
 Till that thou go to Wakefield on a greene, 850
 And beate the Pinner for the loue of me.
- Robin.* Content thee, Marian, I will ease thy grieve,
 My merrie men and I will thither stray ;
 And heere I vow that, for the loue of thee,
 I will beate George a Greene, or he shall beate me. 855
- Scarlet.* As I am Scarlet, next to little Iohn,
 One of the boldest yeomen of the crew,
 So will I wend with Robin all along,
 And try this Pinner what he dares do.
- Much.* As I am Much, the Millers sonne, 860
 That left my Mill to go with thee,
 And nill repent that I haue done,
 This pleasant life contenteth me ;
 In ought I may, to doe thee good,
 Ile liue and die with Robin Hood. 865
- Marian.* And, Robin, Marian she will goe with thee,
 To see faire Bettris how bright she is of blee.
- Robin.* Marian, thou shalt goe with thy Robin.—
 Bend vp your bowes, and see your strings be tight,
 The arrowes keene, and euery thing be ready, 870
 And each of you a good bat on his necke,
 Able to lay a good man on the ground.
- Scarlet.* I will haue Frier Tuckes.
- Much.* I will haue little Iohns.
- Robin.* I will haue one made of an ashen planke, 875
 Able to beare a bout or two.—
 Then come on, Marian, let vs goe ;

For before the Sunne doth shew the morning day,
I wil be at Wakefield to see this Pinner, George a Greene.

Exeunt omnes.

⟨SCENE III. *At Bradford.*⟩

Enter a Shoemaker sitting upon the stage at works: Ienkin to him.

Ien. My masters, he that hath neither meate nor money, 880
And hath lost his credite with the Alewife.—

For anything I know, may goe supperlesse to bed.—

But, soft! who is heere? here is a Shoemaker;

He knowes where is the best Ale.—

Shoomaker, I pray thee tell me, 885

Where is the best Ale in the towne?

Shoomaker. Afore, afore, follow thy nose;

At the signe of the eggeshell.

Ienkin. Come, Shoemaker, if thou wilt,

And take thy part of a pot. 890

Shoomaker. Sirra, downe with your staffe,

Downe with your staffe.

Ienkin. Why, how now! is the fellow mad?

I pray thee tell me, why should I hold downe my staffe?

Shooma. You wil downe with him, will you not, sir? 895

Ienkin. Why, tell me wherefore?

Shoo. My friend, this is the towne of merry Bradford,

And here is a custome held,

That none shall passe with his staffe on his shoulders

But he must haue a bout with me; 900

And so shall you, sir.

Ienkin. And so will I not, sir.

Shoo. That wil I try.—Barking dogs bite not the sorest.

Ienkin. I would to God I were once well rid of him.

Shooma. Now, what, will you downe with your staffe? 905

Ienkin. Why, you are not in earnest, are you?

Shooma. If I am not, take that.

Ienkin. You whoorsen cowardly scabbe,

It is but the part of a clapperdudgeon

To strike a man in the streete. 910

But darest thou walke to the townes end with me?

Shoomaker. I, that I dare do: but stay till I lay in my

Tooles, and I will goe with thee to the townes end
Presently.

Jenkin. I would I knew how to be rid of this fellow. 915

Shoom. Come, sir, wil you go to the townes end now, sir?

Jenkin. I, sir, come.—

〈Scene changes to the town's end.〉

Now we are at the townes end, what say you now?

Shoomaker. Marry, come, let vs euen haue a bout.

Jenkin. Ha, stay a little; hold thy hands, I pray thee. 920

Shoom. Why whats the matter?

Jenkin. Faith, I am vnder-pinner of a towne,

And there is an order, which if I doe not keepe,

I shall be turned out of mine office.

Shoomaker. What is that, sir? 925

Jenkin. Whensoeuer I goe to fight with any bodie,

I vse to flourish my staffe thrise about my head

Before I strike, and then shew no fauour.

Shoomaker. Well, sir, and till then I will not strike thee.

Jenkin. Wel, sir, here is once, twice:—here is my hand, 930

I will neuer doe it the third time.

Shoomaker. Why, then, I see we shall not fight.

Jenkin. Faith, no: come, I will giue thee two pots

Of the best Ale, and be friends.

Shoomak. Faith, I see it is as hard to get water out of a flint, 935

As to get him to haue a bout with me:

Therefore I will enter into him for some good cheere.—

My friend, I see thou art a faint hearted fellow,

Thou hast no stomacke to fight,

Therefore let vs go to the Alehouse and drinke. 940

Jenkin. Well, content: goe thy wayes, and say thy prayers,

Thou scapst my hands today.

Exeunt omnes.

〈SCENE IV. At Wakefield.〉

Enter George a Greene and Bettris.

George. Tell me, sweet loue, how is thy minde content?

What, canst thou brooke to liue with George a Greene?

Bettris. Oh, George, how little pleasing are these words! 945

Came I from Bradford for the loue of thee

And left my father for so sweet a friend?
Here will I liue vntill my life doe end.

Enter Robin Hood, and Marian, and his traine.

George. Happy am I to haue so sweet a loue.—

But what are these come trasing here along? 950

Bettris. Three men come striking through the corne,
My loue.

George. Backe againe, you foolish trauellers,

For you are wrong, and may not wend this way.

Robin Hood. That were great shame. 955

Now, by my soule, proud sir,

We be three tall yeomen, and thou art but one.—

Come, we will forward in despite of him.

George. Leape the ditch, or I will make you skip.

What, cannot the hie way serue your turne, 960

But you must make a path ouer the corne?

Robin. Why, art thou mad? dar'st thou incounter three?

We are no babes, man, looke vpon our limmes.

Geo. Sirra, the biggest lims haue not the stoutest hearts.

Were ye as good as Robin Hood and his three mery men, 965

Ile driue you backe the same way that ye came.

Be ye men, ye scorne to incounter me all at once;

But be ye cowards, set vpon me all three,

And try the Pinner what he dares performe.

Scarlet. Were thou as high in deedes 970

As thou art haughtie in wordes,

Thou well mightest be a champion for the King:

But emptie vessels haue the loudest sounds,

And cowards prattle more than men of worth.

George. Sirra, darest thou trie me? 975

Scarlet. I, sirra, that I dare.

They fight, & George a Greene beats him.

Much. How now! what, art thou downe?

Come, sir, I am next.

They fight, & George a Greene beates him.

Robin Hood. Come, sirra, now to me: spare me not,

For Ile not spare thee. 980

George. Make no doubt I will be as liberall to thee.

They fight; Robin Hood staves.

Robin Hood. Stay, George, for here I doo protest,
Thou art the stoutest champion that euer I layd
Handes vpon.

George. Soft, you sir! by your leaue, you lye;
You neuer yet laid hands on me. 985

Robin Hood. George, wilt thou forsake Wakefield,
And go with me?
Two liueries will I giue thee euerie yeere,
And fortie crownes shall be thy fee. 990

George. Why, who art thou?

Robin Hood. Why, Robin Hood:
I am come hither with my Marian
And these my yeomen for to visit thee.

George. Robin Hood! next to king Edward
Art thou leefc to me. 995

Welcome, sweet Robin; welcome, mayd Marian;
And welcome, you my friends.

Will you to my poore house;
You shall haue wafer cakes your fill, 1000
A peece of beefe hung vp since Martlemas,
Mutton and veale: if this like you not,
Take that you finde, or that you bring, for me.

Robin Hood. Godamercies, good George,
Ile be thy ghest to day. 1005

George. Robin, therein thou honourest me.
Ile leade the way.

Exeunt omnes.

(ACT V. SCENE I. *At Bradford.*)

Enter King Edward and King Iames disguised, with two stauces.

Edward. Come on, king Iames, now wee are
Thus disguised,
There is none, (I know,) will take vs to be Kings: 1010
I thinke we are now in Bradford,
Where all the merrie shoomakers dwell.

Enter a Shoemaker.

Shoemaker. Downe with your stauces, my friends,—
Downe with them.

Edward. Downe with our staues! I pray thee, why so? 1015

Shoomaker. My friend, I see thou art a stranger heere,
Else wouldest thou not haue questiond of the thing.
This is the towne of merrie Bradford,
And here hath beene a custome kept of olde,
That none may beare his staffe vpon his necke, 1020
But traile it all along throughout the towne,
Vnlesse they meane to haue a bout with me.

Edward. But heare you, sir, hath the King
Granted you this custome?

Shoomaker. King or Kaisar, none shall passe this way, 1025
Except King Edward;
No, nor the stoutest groomme that haunts his court:
Therefore downe with your staues.

Edward. What were we best to do?

James. Faith, my Lord, they are stoute fellowes; 1030
And because we will see some sport,
We will traile our staues.

Edward. Heer'st thou, my friend?

Because we are men of peace and trauellers,
We are content to traile our staues. 1035

Shoomaker. The way lyes before you, go along.

Enter Robin Hood and George a Greene, disguised.

Robin Hood. See, George, two men are passing
Through the towne,
Two lustie men, and yet they traile their staues.

George. Robin, they are some pesants. 1040
Trickt in yeomans weedes.—Hollo, you two trauellers!

Edward. Call you vs, sir?

George. I, you. Are ye not big inough to beare
Your bats vpon your neckes,
But you must traile them along the streetes? 1045

Edward. Yes, sir, we are big inough; but here is a custome
Kept, that none may passe, his staffe vpon his necke,
Vnless he traile it at the weapons point.

Sir, we are men of peace, and loue to sleepe
In our whole skins, and therefore quietnes is best. 1050

George. Base minded pesants, worthlesse to be men!
What, haue you bones and limmes to strike a blow,
And be your hearts so faint you cannot fight?

- Wert not for shame, I would shrub your shoulders well,
 And teach you manhood against another time. 1055
- Shoom.* Well preacht, sir Iacke! downe with your staffe!
- Edward.* Do you heare, my friends? and you be wise,
 Keepe downe your staues,
 For all the towne will rise vpon you.
- George.* Thou speakest like an honest quiet fellow: 1060
 But heare you me; In spite of all the swaines
 Of Bradford town, beare me your staues vpon your necks,
 Or, to begin withall, Ile baste you both so well,
 You were neuer better basted in your liues.
- Edward.* We will hold vp our staues. 1065
- George a Greene fights with the Shoomakers, and beates them all downe.*
- George.* What, haue you any more?
 Call all your towne forth, cut, and longtaile.
The Shoomakers spy George a Greene.
- Shoomaker.* What, George a Greene, is it you?
 A plague found you!
 I thinke you long'd to swinge me well. 1070
 Come, George, we wil crush a pot before we part.
- George.* A pot, you slaue! we will haue an hundred.—
 Heere, Will Perkins, take my purse,
 Fetch me a stand of Ale, and set in the Market place,
 That all may drinke that are athirst this day; 1075
 For this is for a fee to welcome Robin Hood
 To Bradford towne.
- They bring out the stande of ale, and fall a drinking.*
 Here, Robin, sit thou here; for thou art the best man
 At the boord this day.
 You that are strangers, place your selues where you will. 1080
 Robin, heer's a carouse to good King Edwards selfe;
 And they that loue him not, I would we had
 The basting of them a litle.
- Enter the Earle of Warwicke with other noble men, bringing out the Kings garments; then George a Greene and the rest kneele downe to the King.*
- Edward.* Come, masters, ale fellowes.—
 Nay, Robin, you are the best man at the boord to-day.—
 Rise vp, George. 1085

George. Nay, good my Liege, ill nurturd we were, then :

Though we Yorkeshire men be blunt of speech,

And litle skild in court or such quaint fashions,

Yet nature teacheth vs duetie to our king ;

1090

Therefore I humbly beseech you pardon George a Greene.

Robin. And good my Lord, a pardon for poore Robin ;

And for vs all a pardon, good King Edward.

Shoomaker. I pray you, a pardon for the Shoomakers.

Edward. I frankly grant a pardon to you all :

1095

And, George a Greene, giue me thy hand ;

There is none in England that shall doe thee wrong.

Euen from my court I came to see thy selfe ;

And now I see that fame speakes nought but trueth.

George. I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie.

1100

That which I did against the Earle of Kendal,

It was but a subiects duetie to his Soueraigne,

And therefore little merit(s) such good words.

Edward. But ere I go, Ile grace thee with good deeds.

Say what King Edward may performe,

1105

And thou shalt haue it, being in Englands bounds.

George. I haue a louely Lemman,

As bright of blee as is the siluer moone,

And olde Grimes her father will not let her match

With me, because I am a Pinner,

1110

Although I loue her, and she me, dearly.

Edward. Where is she ?

George. At home at my poore house,

And vowes neuer to marrie vnlesse her father

Giue consent ; which is my great grieve, my Lord.

1115

Edward. If this be all, I will dispatch it straight ;

Ile send for Grime and force him giue his grant :

He will not denie King Edward such a sute.

Enter Ienkin, and speaks.

(*Ienkin.*) Ho, who saw a master of mine ?

Oh, he is gotten into company, and a bodie should rake

1120

Hell for companie.

George. Peace, ye slaue ! see where King Edward is.

Edward. George, what is he ?

George. I beseech your grace pardon him, he is my man.

Shoomaker. Sirra, the king hath bene drinking with vs,

1125

And did pledge vs too.

Ienkin. Hath he so? kneele; I dub you gentlemen.

Shoomaker. Beg it of the King, Ienkin.

Ienkin. I wil.—I beseech your worship grant me one thing.

Edward. What is that?

1130

Ienkin. Hearke in your eare. [*He whispers the King in the eare.*]

Edward. Goe your wayes, and do it.

Ienkin. Come, downe on your knees, I haue got it.

Shoomaker. Let vs heare what it is first.

Ienkin. Mary, because you haue drunke with the King, and the
king hath so graciously pledgd you, you shall be no more
called Shoomakers; but you and yours, to the worlds ende,
shall be called the trade of the gentle craft.

Shoomaker. I beseech your maiestie reforme this which he hath
spoken.

1140

Ienkin. I beseech your worship consume this which he hath
spoken.

Edward. Confirme it, you would say.—Well, he hath done it
for you, it is sufficient.—Come, George, we will goe to Grime,
and haue thy loue.

1145

Ienkin. I am sure your worship will abide; for yonder is
comming olde Musgroue and mad Cuddie his sonne.—Master,
my fellow Wilie comes drest like a woman, and master Grime
will marrie Wilie. Heere they come.

Enter Musgroue and Cuddie, and master Grime, Wilie, Mayd

Marian, & Bettris.

Edward. Which is thy old father, Cuddie?

1150

Cuddie. This, if it please your maiestie.

Edward. Ah old Musgroue, kneele vp;

It fits not such gray haire to kneele.

Musgroue. Long liue my Soueraigne!

Long and happie be his dayes!

1155

Vouchsafe, my gracious Lord, a simple gift

At Billy Musgroues hand.

King Iames at Meddellom castle gaue me this;

This wonne the honour, and this giue I thee.

Edward. Godamercie, Musgroue, for this friendly gift;

1160

And, for thou feldst a king with this same weapon,

This blade shall here dub valiant Musgroue knight.

Musg. Alas, what hath your highnes done? I am poore.

- Edw.* To mend thy liuing take thou Meddellom Castle,
And hold of me. And if thou want liuing, complaine, 1165
Thou shalt haue more to mainetaine thine estate.
George, which is thy loue?
- George.* This, if please your maiestie.
- Edward.* Art thou her aged father?
- Grime.* I am, and it like your maiestie. 1170
- Edward.* And wilt not giue thy daughter vnto George?
- Grime.* Yes, my Lord, if he will let me marrie
With this louely lasse.
- Edward.* What sayst thou, George?
- George.* With all my heart, my Lord, I giue consent. 1175
- Grime.* Then do I giue my daughter vnto George.
- Wilie.* Then shall the mariage soone be at an end.
Witnesse, my Lord, if that I be a woman;
For I am Wilie, boy to George a Greene,
Who for my master wrought this subtill shift. 1180
- Edward.* What, is it a boy? what sayst thou to this, Grime?
- Grime.* Mary, my Lord, I thinke this boy hath
More knauerie, than all the world besides.
Yet am I content that George shall both haue
My daughter and my lands. 1185
- Edward.* Now, George, it rests I gratifie thy worth :
And therefore here I doe bequeath to thee,
In full possession, halfe that Kendal hath ;
And what as Bradford holdes of me in chiefe,
I giue it frankely vnto thee for euer. 1190
- Kneele downe, George.
- George.* What will your Maiestie do?
- Edward.* Dub thee a knight, George.
- George.* I beseech your grace, grant me one thing.
- Edward.* What is that? 1195
- George.* Then let me liue and die a yeoman still :
So was my father, so must liue his sonne.
For tis more credite to men of base degree,
To do great deeds, than men of dignitie.
- Edward.* Well, be it so, George. 1200
- James.* I beseech your grace dispatch with me,
And set downe my ransome.

1165 And hold of me] The hold of both Q

Edward. George a Greene, set downe the king of Scots
His ransome.

George. I beseech your grace pardon me ; 1205
It passeth my skill.

Edward. Do it, the honor's thine.

George. Then let king Iames make good
Those townes which he hath burnt vpon the borders ;
Giue a small pension to the fatherlesse, 1210
Whose fathers he caus'd murthered in those warres ;
Put in pledge for these things to your grace,
And so returne.

⟨*Edward.*⟩ King Iames, are you content?

Jamie. I am content, and like your maiestie, 1215
And will leaue good castles in securitie.

Edward. I craue no more.—Now, George a Greene,
Ile to thy house ; and when I haue supt, Ile go to Aske,
And see if Iane a Barley be so faire
As good King Iames reports her for to be. 1220
And for the ancient custome of *Vaile Staffe*, keepe it still,
Clayme priuiledge from me :
If any aske a reason why, or how,
Say, English Edward vaild his staffe to you.

1214 *Edward*] *George Q*

INTRODUCTION TO A MAIDENS DREAME

THIS poem had long disappeared, and was not known to be in existence till 1845, when it was discovered by Mr. James P. Reardon, who sent a transcript of it to the Council of the Shakespeare Society, among whose papers it was printed (vol. ii. pp. 127-45). Dyce incorporated it in the second edition of his *Greene*, but neither Mr. Reardon's transcript nor Dyce's is quite accurate. The original, a quarto of ten leaves—4to in Roman letter—is now in the library of Lambeth Palace. It has been transcribed for my text, and is here exactly reproduced.

The Maiden's Dream was thus entered in the Stationers' Registers: 'Thomas nelson: entred for his copie vnder th(e) (h)andes of Master Frauncis Flower and master watkins A maydens Dreame vppon the Death of my Late lorde Chanceleur, Sir C. Hatton . . . vj^d' (Arber, *Transcripts*, vol. ii. p. 282 b).

Christopher Hatton, the third son of William Hatton of Holdenby in Northamptonshire, and Alice, daughter of Lawrence Saunders of Harrington, in that county, was born at Holdenby in 1540. He was entered as a Gentleman Commoner of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, but left the University without a degree. On May 26, 1560, he became a member of the Inner Temple, and in the following year he supported the part of Master of the Game in a splendid masque at the Inner Temple. 'Being young, of a comely tallness of body and countenance, he got into such favour with the Queen, that she took him into her band of fifty Gentlemen Pensioners' (Camden, *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, bk. iv. p. 34). Not long afterwards he became one of the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber. In 1568 he took part in the composition of the well-known tragedy *Tancred and Gismunda*, the fourth act being written by him. In 1572 he was elected Knight of the Shire for Northampton. In 1577 he was made Vice-Chamberlain of the Queen's household, being knighted by the Queen in the same month, and it was generally believed in Court circles that he had taken the place of Leicester in the Queen's affections. On April 29, 1587, he succeeded Bromley as Lord High Chancellor, as the Earl of Rutland, who had been appointed, died before he received the seals. His elevation to this post created the greatest surprise, and gave great offence to the great lawyers, who regarded him as a mere fribble and courtier. 'Yet,' says Camden, 'he bare the place with the greatest state of all that we ever saw, and what was lacking in him in knowledge of the law, he laboured to supply by equity and justice.' He was no doubt a man who could by natural astuteness give much dignity to ignorance and incompetence. He died Nov. 20, 1591, and was buried in great state in St. Paul's Cathedral. He left no Will;

but he had settled his estates, which were considerable, upon his nephew, Sir William Newport, *alias* Hatton, and the heir male of his body failing, Sir William accordingly succeeded. Sir William had married in 1589 Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir Francis Gaudy, Justice of the King's Bench—the lady to whom this poem is dedicated. See Sir Harris Nicolas, *Life and Times of Sir Christopher Hatton*, p. 502. Greene was not the only poet who celebrated Hatton's virtues in a funeral poem. In Arber's *Transcripts*, vol. ii. p. 282, under Nov. 24, 1592, is entered *A lamentable discourse of the death of the righte Honorable Sir Christopher Hatton knighte late lorde Chancelour of England*. This I have not seen, and know not whether it be extant. Among the Roxburghe Club publications (*A Lampport Garland*, edited by Charles Edmonds) is *A Commemoration on the life and death of the Right Honourable Sir Christopher Hatton, late Lord Chancellor of England*. Published by John Phillips. It speaks well for the truth of these eulogies that they corroborate each other, and are corroborated by Camden's account, *Annales*, sub 1591, in a singular way, both dwelling on the same virtues. Camden thus sums up Hatton's character: 'Vir ingenio pio, summâ in egenos miseratione, eximiâ in bonarum literarum studiosos munificentia, et qui in gravissimo Cancellarii Angliae munere perfungendo, rectae voluntatis conscientia se sustentare poterat.' Hatton, as we know from other sources, was a patron of poets and men of letters. Spenser's sonnet to him is well known, and Christopher Ockland (quoted in Sir Harris Nicolas's *Life of Hatton*, p. 500), in his *Εἰρηπαρχία* or *Elizabetha*, gives this picture of him:—

'Splendidus Hatton

Ille Satellitii regalis ductor, ovanti
Pectore, Maecenas studiosis, maximus altor
Et fautor verae virtutis, munificusque.'

He was also bewailed and eulogized in a volume of verse by various hands entitled *Musarum Plangores*. See Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* (Bliss), vol. i. p. 583. And in the *Polimanteia on the Meanes Lawful and Unlawful to judge of the fate of a Commonwealth, &c.*, by R. C., the writer thus describes him:—

'Then name but *Hatton*, the muses fauourite: the Churches music: Learning's patron, my once porre Iland's ornament: the Courtier's grace, the Schollar's countenance, and the Guardes Captaine. *Thames* I dare auouch will become teares: the sweetest parfumes of the Court will bee sad sighes: Euerie action shall accent griepe: honor and Eternitie shall striue to make his tombe and after curious skill and infinite cost ingraue this with golden letters *minus merito*: the fainting hand vntimely Chasde [his crest] shall trip towards heauen and *tandem si* shall be vertues mot.'

For particular allusions to Hatton's actions and character referred to in the poem, see the notes.

A MAIDENS DREAME

Vpon the Death of the right Honorable Sir
Christopher Hatton Knight, late
Lord Chancellor of England

By Robert Green Master of Arts.

Imprinted at London by Thomas Scarlet
for Thomas Nelson. 1591.

To the right worshipful, bountifull and vertuous
Ladie, the Ladie Elizabeth Hatton, wife
to the right Worshipful Sir William
Hatton Knight, increase of
all honorable vertues.

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

Mourning as well as many (right Worshipfull Ladie) for the late losse of the right Honorable your deceased Unckle, whose death being the common preiudice of the present age, was lamented of most (if not all) and I among the rest sorrowing that my Countrie was depriued of him that liued not for himselfe, 5 but for his Countrie, I began to call to mind what a subiect was ministred to the excellent wits of both Vniuersities to work vpon, when so worthie a Knight, and so vertuous a Iusticiarie, had by his death left many memorable actions performed in his life, deseruing highly by some rare pen to be registred. Passing ouer 10 many daies in this muse, at last I perceiued mens humors slept, that loue of many friends followed no farther then their graues, that Art was growen idle, and either choice schollers feared to write of so high a subiect as his vertues, or else they dated their deuotions no farther then his life. While thus I debated with 15 my selfe, I might see (to the great disgrace of the Poets of our time) some Mycanicall wits blow vp Mountaines, and bring forth mise, who with their follies did rather disparage his Honors, than decypher his vertues: beside, as *Virtutis comes est inuidia*, so base report who hath her tong blistered by slanderous enuie, began 20 as farre as she durst, now after his death, to murmure, who in his life time durst not once mutter: wherupon touched with a zealous ielousie ouer his wonderfull vertues, I could not, whatsoeuer discredit I reapt by my presumption, although I did *Tenui Auena meditari*, but discouer the honorable qualities of so worthie 25 a Counsellor, nor for anie priuat benefit I euer had of him, which

should induce me fauorably to flatter his worthie partes, but onely that I shame to let slip with silence, the vertues and honors of so worthie a Knight, whose deserts had bin so many and so great towards al. Therefore (right worshipful Ladie) I drewe a fiction 30 called A Maidens Dreame, which as it is *Enigmaticall*, so it is not without some speciall and considerate reasons.—Whose slender *Muse* I present vnto your Ladiship, induced therunto, first, that I know you are partaker of your husbands sorrowes for the death of his honourable Uncle, and desire to heare his honors put in 35 memorie after his death, as you wished his aduancement in vertues to be great in his life: as also that I am your Ladiships poore Countriman, and haue long time desired to gratifie your right worshipfull father with some thing worthie him selfe. Which because I could not to my Content performe, I haue now taken 40 oportunitie to shew my duetie to him in his daughter, although the gift be farre too meane for so worshipfull and vertuous a Lady. Yet hoping your Ladishippe will with courtesie fauour my presuming follies, and in gracious acceptance vouch of my well meant labours,

I humbly take my leaue.

Your Ladiships humbly at Commaund

R. GREENE. *Nordovicensis*.

45

A MAIDENS DREAME.

METHOUGHT in slumber as I lay and dreamt,
I sawe a silent spring raild in with Ieat,
From sunnie shade or murmur quite exempt
The glide whereof gainst weeping flints did beat,
And round about were leauellesse beeches set, 5
So darke, it seemed nights mantle for to borrow,
And well to be the gloomie den of sorrow.

About this spring in mourning robes of blacke,
Were sundrie Nymphs or Goddesses, me thought,
That seemly sate in rankes iust backe to backe, 10
On Mossie benches Nature there had wrought.
And cause the wind and spring no murmure brought
They fild the aire with such laments and groanes,
That Eccho sigh'd out their heart-breaking mones.

A MAIDENS DREAME

225

Elbow on knee, and head vpon their hand,
As mourners sit, so sat these Ladies all,
Garlands of Eben-bowes whereon did stand,
A golden crowne, their mantles were of pall,
And from their waterie eies warme teares did fall,
With wringing hands they sat and sigh'd like those,
That had more grieve then well they could disclose.

15

20

I lookt about and by the fount I spied,
A Knight lie dead, yet all in armour clad,
Booted and spurd, a faulchion by his side,
A Crowne of Oliues on his helme he had,
As if in peace and war he were adrad,
A golden Hind was placed at his feet,
Whose valed eares bewraid her inward greet.

25

She seemed wounded by her panting breath,
Her beating breast with sighs did fall and rise,
Wounds was there none, it was her masters death,
That drew Electrum from her weeping eies,
Like scalding smoake her braying throbs outflies,
As Deere do mourne when arrow hath them galled
So was this Hinde with Hart-sicke pains intralled.

30

35

Iust at his head there sate a Sumptuous Queene,
I gest her so, for why she wore a crowne,
Yet were her garments parted white and greene,
Tierd like vnto the picture of renowne,
Vpon her lap she laid his head a downe,
Vnlike to all she smiled on his face,
Which made me long to know this dead mans case.

40

As thus I lookt, gan *Iustice* to arise,
I knew the Goddes by her equall beame,
And dewing on his face balme from her eies,
She wet his visage with a yearnfull streame,
Sad mournfull lookes did from her arches gleame,
And like to one, whom sorrow deep attaints,
With heaued hands she poureth forth these plaints.

45

THE COMPLAINT OF IVSTICE.

Vntoward Twins that tempers humane fate, 50
 Who from your distaffe draws the life of man
Parce impartiall to the highest state,
 Too soone you cut what Clotho earst began,
 Your fatall doomes this present age may ban,
 For you have robd the world of such a Knight, 55
 As best could skil to ballance Iustice right.
 His eyes were seates for mercy and for law,
 Fauour in one, and Iustice in the other:
 The poore he smoth'd, the proud he kept in aw,
 As iust to strangers as vnto his brother. 60
 Bribes could not make him any wrong to smother,
 For to a Lord, or to the lowest Groome:
 Stil conscience and the cawes set down the doome.
 Delaying law that picks the clients purse
 Ne could this knight abide to heare debated 65
 From day to day (that claimes the poor mans curse)
 Nor might the pleas be ouer-long dilated.
 Much shifts of law there was by him abated.
 With conscience carefully he heard the cause:
 Then gaue his doome with short dispatch of lawes. 70
 The poore mans crie he thought a holy knell,
 No sooner gan their suites to pearce his eares,
 But faire-eyed pitie in his heart did dwell.
 And like a father that affection beares
 So tendred he the poore with inward teares. 75
 And did redresse their wrongs when they did call:
 But poore or rich he still was iust to all.
 Oh wo is me (saith Iustice) he is dead,
 The knight is dead that was so iust a man:
 And in Astræas lap low lies his head, 80
 Who whilom wonders in the world did scan.
 Iustice hath lost her chiefest lim, what than.
 At this her sighes and sorowes were so sore:
 And so she wept that she could speak no more.

THE COMPLAINT OF PRVDENCE.

A wreath of Serpents bout her lilly wrist, 85
 Did seemly Prudence weare: she then arose,
 A siluer Doue satt mourning on her fist,
 Teares on hir cheeks like dew vpon a rose,
 And thus began the Goddesse greeful glose.
 Let England mourn, for why? his daies are don 90
 Whom Prudence nurced like her dearest sonne.

Hatton, at that I started in my dreame,
 But not awooke: *Hatton* is dead quoth she,
 Oh, could I pour out teares like to a streame,
 A sea of them would not sufficient be, 95
 For why our age had few more wise then he.
 Like oracles, as were Apollos sawes:
 So were his words accordant to the lawes.

Wisdome sate watching in his wary eyes,
 His insight subtil, if vnto a foe, 100
 He could with counsels *Commonwelths* comprise,
 No forraine wit could Hattons ouergoe
 Yet to a frend, wise, simple, and no mo.
 His ciuill policie vnto the state
 Scarce left behind him now a second mate. 105

For Countries weale his counsel did excede,
 And Eagle-eyed he was to spie a fault:
 For warres or peace right wisely could he reed:
 Twas hard for trechors fore his lookes to hault.
 The smooth-fac'd traitor could not him assault. 110
 As by his Countries loue his grees did rise,
 So to his Countrey was he simple wise.

This graue aduiser of the Commonweale,
 This prudent Counciller vnto his Prince,
 Whose wit was busied with his Mistres heale, 115
 Secret conspiracies could wel conuince,
 Whose insight perced the sharp-eyed Linx.
 He is dead, at this her sorowes were so sore:
 And so she wept that she could speake no more.

THE COMPLAINT OF FORTITVDE.

Next Fortitude arose vnto this Knight, 120
 And by his side sate down with stedfast eyes.
 A broken Columb twixt her arms was pight
 She could not weep nor pour out yernful cries,
 From Fortitude such base affects nil rise.
 Brass-renting Goddesse, she cannot lament, 125
 Yet thus her plaints with breathing sighs were spent.
 Within the Maidens Court, place of all places,
 I did aduance a man of high desert:
 Whom Nature had made proud with all her graces
 Inserting courage in his noble heart, 130
 No perils drad could euer make him start.
 But like to Scaeuola, for countries good,
 He did not value for to spend his blood.
 His lookes were sterne, though in a life of peace.
 Though not in warres, yet war hung in his browes: 135
 His honor did by martiall thoughts increase,
 To martiall men liuing this Knight allowes,
 And by his sword he solemnly auowes
 Thogh not in war, yet if that war were here,
 As warriors do to value honor deere. 140
 Captens he kept and fostered them with fee,
 Soldiers were seruants to this martiall Knight,
 Men might his stable full of coursers see,
 Trotters, whose manag'd lookes would som afright.
 His armorie was rich and warlike dight. 145
 And he himselfe if any need had craued,
 Would as stout Hector haue himselfe behaued.
 I lost a frend when as I lost his life,
 Thus playned Fortitude, and frownd withall,
 Cursed be Atrapos, and curst her knife, 150
 That made the Capten of my gard to fall,
 Whose vertues did his honors high install.
 At this she storm'd, and wrong out sighes so sore:
 That what for grief her tongue could speak no more.

121 eyes *Dyce*: eye *Q*
Dyce: auowed *Q*

128 desert *conj. Dyce*: degree *Q*

138 auowes

THE COMPLAINT OF TEMPERANCE.

Then Temperance with bridle in her hand, 155
 Did mildly look vpon this liuelesse Lord,
 And like to weeping Niobe did stand,
 Her sorrowes and her teares did wel accord,
 Their Diapason was in selfe-same cord,
 Here lies the man (quoth she) that breath'd out this: 160
 To shun fond pleasures is the sweetest blisse.

No choice delight could draw his eyes awry,
 He was not bent to pleasures fond conceits,
 Inueigling pride, nor worlds sweet vanitie,
 Loues luring follies with their strange deceits, 165
 Could wrap this Lord within their baleful sleights.
 But he despising all, said man was grasse:
 His date a span, *et omnia vanitas*.

Temperate he was, and tempered al his deedes,
 He brideled those affects that might offend, 170
 He gaue his wil no more the raines then needs,
 He measured pleasures euer by the end:
 His thoughts on vertues censures did depend.
 What booteth pleasures that so quickly passe,
 When such delights are brickle like to glasse. 175

First pride of life, that subtil branch of sinne,
 And then the lusting humor of the eyes
 And base concupiscence which plies her gin,
 These Sirens that doe worldlings stil intise,
 Could not allure his mind to think of vice. 180
 For he said stil, pleasures delight it is:
 That holdeth man from heauens deliteful blisse.

Temperat he was in euery deep extreame,
 And could wel bridle his affects with reason:
 What I haue lost in loosing him then deeme 185
 Base death, that tooke away a man so geason,
 That measur'd euery thought by tyme and season.
 At this her sighes and sorowes were so sore:
 And so she wept that she could speake no more.

156 Lord *Dyce*: cord *Q*
conj. Dyce: fickle *Q*

159 cord *Dyce*: Lord *Q*

175 brickle

THE COMPLAINT OF BOVNTIE.

With open hands, and mourning lockes dependant, 190
 Bounty stept foorth to waile the dead mans losse.
 On her was loue and plenty both attendant,
 Teares in her eyes, armes folded quite acrossed :
 Sitting by him vpon a turfe of mosse,
 She sigh'd and said, here lies the knight deceased, 195
 Whose bountie, Bounties glorie much increased.

His lookes were liberall, and in his face
 Sate frank Magnificence with armes displaid:
 His open hands discourst his inward grace:
 The poore were neuer at their need denaid: 200
 His careles scorn of gold his deedes bewraid.
 And this he crau'd, no longer for to liue:
 Then he had power, and mind, and wil to giue.

No man went emptie from his frank dispose,
 He was a purse-bearer vnto the poore: 205
 He wel obseru'd the meaning of this glose,
 None lose reward that geueth of their store:
 To all his bounty past. Ay me therefore
 That he should die, with that she sigh'd so sore:
 And so she wept that she could speak no more. 210

THE COMPLAINT OF HOSPITALITIE.

Lame of a leg, as she had lost a lim
 Start vp kind Hospitalitie and wept,
 She silent sate awhile and sigh'd by him
 As one halfe maymed to this knight she crept,
 At last about his neck this Nimph she leapt, 215
 And with her *Cornucopia* in her fist,
 For very loue his chilly lips she kist.

Ay me, quoth she, my loue is lorn by death,
 My chiefest stay is crackt, and I am lame:
 He that his almes frankly did bequeath, 220

A MAIDENS DREAME

231

And fed the poore with store of food : the same
Euen he is dead, and vanisht is his name.
Whose gates were open, and whose almes deede
Supplied the fatherlesse and widowes need.

He kept no Christmas house for once a yeere, 225
Each day his boards were fild with Lordly fare :
He fed a rout of yeomen with his cheare,
Nor was his bread and beefe kept in with care,
His wine and beere to strangers were not spare.
And yet beside to al that hunger greeued, 230
His gates were ope, and they were there releued.

Wel could the poore tel where to fetch their bread,
As *Bausis* and *Philemon* were iblest
For feasting Iupiter in strangers stead,
So happy be his high immortal rest, 235
That was to hospitalitie address :
For few such liue, and then she sigh'd so sore,
And so she wept that she could speak no more.

Then Courtesie whose face was full of smiles,
And frendship with her hand vpon her hart, 240
And tender Charitie that loues no wiles,
And Clemencie ther passions did impart.
A thousand vertues there did straight vp start,
And with ther teares and sighes they did disclose :
For Hattons death their harts were ful of woes. 245

THE COMPLAINT OF RELIGION.

Next from the farthest nooke of all the place,
Weping full sore, there rose a nimph in black
Seemelie and sober with an Angels face,
And sighd as if her heart strings straight should crak
Hir outward woes bewraid her inward wracke. 250
A golden booke she caried in her hand,
It was *religion* that thus meeke did stand.

God wot her garments were full looslie tucked
As one that carelesse was in some despaire,
To tatters were her roabes and vestures pluckt 255

242 ther *Dyce* : her *Q*

Her naked lims were open to the aire,
 Yet for all this her lookes were blith and faire,
 And wondring how religion grew forlorne,
 I spied her roabes by Heresie was torne.
 This holy creature sate her by this knight, 260
 And sigh'd out this, oh here he lies (quoth she)
 Liuelesse, that did religions lampe still light,
 Deuout without dissembling, meeke and free
 To such whose words and liuings did agree,
 Lip-holines in Cleargie men he could not brooke, 265
 Ne such as counted gold aboue their booke.
 Vpright he liu'd, as holy writ him lead,
 His faith was not in ceremonies old,
 Nor had he new found toies within his head,
 Ne was he luke-warme, neither hot nor colde, 270
 But in religion he was constant bold,
 And still a sworne professed fo to all,
 Whose lookes were smooth, harts pharasaicall.
 The brainsicke and illiterate surmisers,
 That like to saints would holy be in lookes, 275
 Of fond religions fabulous deuisers
 Who scornd the Academies and their bookes,
 And yet could sin as others in close nookes.
 To such wild-headed mates he was a foe:
 That rent her robes, and wronged Religion so. 280
 Ne was his faith in mens traditions;
 He hated Antichrist and all his trash:
 He was not led away with superstitions,
 Nor was he in religion ouer rash:
 His hands from heresie he loued to wash. 285
 Then base report, ware what thy tongue doth spred,
 Tis sin and shame for to bely the dead.
 Hart-holy men he still kept at his table,
 Doctors that wel could doom of holie writ,
 By them he knew to seuer faith from fable, 290
 And how the text with iudgement for to hit:
 For Pharisies in Moses chaire did sit.
 At this Religion sigh'd and greeu' so sore:
 And so she wept that she could speak no more.

PRIMATE(S).

Next might I see a rowt of Noble-men, 295
 Earles, Barons, Lords, in mourning weedes attir'd :
 I cannot paint their passions with my pen,
 Nor write so queintly as their woes requir'd.
 Their teares and sighs some *Homer's* quill desir'd.
 But this I know their grief was for his death : 300
 That there had yeelded nature, life and breath :

MILITES.

Then came by Souldiers trailing of their pikes,
 Like men dismaid their beuers were adown;
 Their warlike hearts his death with sorrow strikes;
 Yea war him selfe was in a sable gowne : 305
 For grieve you might perceiue his visage frowne :
 And Scholers came by, with lamenting cries,
 Wetting their bookes with teares fel from their eies.

PLEBS.

The common people they did throng in flocks,
 Dewing their bosomes with their yernfull teares, 310
 Their sighs were such as would haue rent the rocks,
 Their faces ful of grieve, dismay and feares,
 Their cries stroke pittie in my listning eares.
 For why? the groanes are lesse at hels black gate,
 Then Eccho there did then reuerberate. 315

Some came with scrolles and papers in their hand,
 I ghest them sutors that did rue his losse :
 Some with their children in their hand did stand,
 Some poore and hungrie with their hands acrossse :
 A thousand there sate wayling on the mosse. 320
O pater Patriae stil they cried thus :
Hatton is dead, what shal become of vs?

At all these cries my heart was sore amoued,
 Which made me long to see the dead mans face :
 What he should be that was so deare beloued, 325

Whose worth so deepe had won the peoples grace.
 As I came pressing neere vnto the place,
 I lookt, and though his face were pale and wan,
 Yet by his visage I did know the man.

No sooner did I cast mine eie on him 330
 But in his face there flasht a ruddie hue;
 And though before his lookes by death were grim,
 Yet seemd he smiling to my gazing view
 (As if though dead, my presence still he knew:)
 Seeing this change within a dead man's face, 335
 I could not stop my teares, but wept a pace.

I cald to minde how that it was a knight,
 That whilome liu'd in Englands happie soile,
 I thought vpon his care and deepe insight,
 For countries weale, his labour and his toile 340
 He tooke, least that the English State might foile,
 And how his watchfull thought from first had been
 Vowed to the honor of the maiden Queene.

I cald to minde againe he was my friend,
 And held my quiet as his hearts content; 345
 What was so deare, for me he would not spend,
 Then thoght I straight, such friends are seldom hent:
 Thus still from loue to loue my humor went,
 That pondering of his loyaltie so free,
 I wept him dead, that liuing honord me. 350

At this Astraea seeing me so sad,
 Gan blithly comfort me with this replie:
 Virgin (quoth she) no boote by teares is had,
 Nor doth laments ought pleasure them that die,
 Soules must haue change from this mortalitie, 355
 For liuing long sinne hath the larger space,
 And dying well they finde the greater grace.

And sith thy teares bewraies thy loue (quoth she)
 His soule with me shall wend vnto the skies,
 His liewesse bodie I will leaue to thee, 360
 Let that be earthde and tombde in gorgeous wise,
 Ile place his ghost amongst the Hierarchies:
 For as one starre another far exceeds,
 So soules in heauen are placed by their deeds.

A MAIDENS DREAME

235

With that me thought within her golden lap, 365
 (This Sun-bright Goddess smiling with her eie,)
 The soule of *Hatton* curiously did wrap,
 And in a cloud was taken vp on hie.
 Vaine Dreames are fond, but thus as then dreamt I,
 And more me thought I heard the Angels sing 370
 An Alleluia for to welcome him.

As thus attendant faire Astrea flew,
 The Nobles, Commons, yea and euerie wight,
 That liuing in his life time *Hatton* knew,
 Did deepe lament the losse of that good Knight: 375
 But when Astrea was quite out of sight,
 For grieve the people shouted such a screame:
 That I awooke and start out of my dreame.

FINIS.

POEMS FROM THE NOVELS.

I

VERSES AGAINST THE GENTLEWOMEN OF SICILLIA.

Since Ladie milde (too base in aray) hath liude as an exile,
 None of account but stout: if plaine? state slut not a courtesse
 Dames nowadayes? fie none: if not new guised in all points
 Fancies fine, sawst with conceits, quick wits verie wilie.
 Words of a Saint, but deedes gesse how, fainde faith to deceiue
 men. 5
 Courties coy, no vale but a vaunt trickt vp like a Tuscan.
 Paced in print, braue loftie lookes, not vsde with the vestals.
 In hearts too glorious, not a glaunce but fit for an Empresse.
 As mindes most valorous, so strange in aray: mary stately.
 Vp fro the wast like a man, new guise to be casde in a
 dublet. 10

370 sing] *Dyce sugg.* hymn
 I Q 1593

372 attendant] *ascendant Dyce*

Downe to the foote (perhaps like a maid) but hosde to the kneestead.

Some close breetcht to the crotch for cold, tush; peace, tis a shame Syr,

Haires by birth as blacke as Iet, what? art can amend them.

A perywig frounst fast to the frunt, or curld with a bodkin.

Hats from Fraunce thicke pearld for pride, and plumde like a peacocke. 15

Ruffes of a syse, stiffe starcht to the necke, of Lawne; mary lawlesse.

Gownes of silke, why those be too bad side, wide with a witnesse.

Small and gent I' the wast, but backs as broade as a Burgesse.

Needelesse noughts, as crisps, and scarphes worne à la Morisco.

Fumde with sweetes, as sweete as chast, no want but abundance. 20

II

ARBASTO'S SONG.

Whereat erewhile I wept, I laugh,

That which I feared, I now despise

My victor once, my vassall is,

My fo constrainde, my weale supplie.

Thus doo I triumph on my fo,

I weepe at weale, I laugh at wo. 5

My care is cur'd, yet hath none ende,

Not that I want, but that I haue,

My chance was change, yet still I stay,

I would haue lesse, and yet I craue: 10

Ay me poore wretch that thus doe liue,

Constrained to take, yet forst to giue.

Shee whose delights are signes of Death,

Who when she smiles, begins to lower.

Constant in this that still she change, 15

Hir sweetest giftes tyme proues but sowre.

I liue in care, crost with hir guile,

Through hir I weepe, at hir I smile.

I 13 Heares Q 19 Alla Q
1617, 1626 7 none] no Q 1617

II Qq 1584, 1617
9 charge Q 1617

4 supplies Q

III

DORALICIA'S SONG.

In tyme we see that siluer drops
 The craggy stones make soft :
 The slowest snaile in tyme, we see,
 Doth creepe and clime aloft.
 With feeble puffes the tallest pine 5
 In tract of time doth fall :
 The hardest hart in time doth yeeld
 To Venus luring call.
 Where chilling frost alate did nip,
 There flasheth now a fire: 10
 Where deepe disdaine bred noisome hate,
 There kindleth now desire.
 Time causeth hope to haue his hap,
 What care in time not easde?
 In time I loathd that now I loue, 15
 In both content and pleasd.

IV

THE DESCRIPTION OF SILVESTROS LADIE.

Her stature like the tall straight Cedar trees,
 Whose stately bulkes doth fame th' Arabian groues,
 A pace like princelie Iuno when she braued ;
 The Queene of Loue fore Paris in the Vale,
 A front beset with Loue and Courtesie, 5
 A face like modest Pallas when she blusht :
 A seelie shepheard should be beauties Iudge :
 A lip swete ruby red grac'd with delight,
 A cheeke wherein for interchaunge of hue,
 A wrangling strife twixt Lylie and the Rose, 10
 Her eyes two tinckling starres in winter nights,
 When chilling frost doth cleare the azurd skye :
 Her haire of golden hue doth dim the beames,
 That proud Apollo giueth from his coach :
 The Gnydian doues whose white and snowie pens, 15
 Doth staine the siluer streaming Iuory,

May not compare with those two mouing hils,
 Which topt with prettie teates discourers down a vale
 Wherein the God of loue may daigne to sleepe :
 A foot like Thetis, when she tript the sands, 20
 To steale Neptunes fauor with his steps.
 In fine a peece despight of Beautie framde,
 To shew what Natures linage could affoorde.

V

LACENAS RIDDLE.

The man whose methode hangeth by the Moone,
 and rules his diot by Geometrie :
 Whose restles mind rips up his mothers brest
 to part her bowels for his familie.
 And fetcheth Plutoes glee in fro the grasse, 5
 by carelesse cutting of a goddesse gifts :
 That throwes his gotten labour to the earth,
 as trusting to content for others shifts.
 Tis he good Sir that Saturne best did please,
 when golden world set worldlings all at ease. 10
 His name is Person, and his progenie
 Now tell me of what auncient petigree.

VI

VERSES VNDER A PICTVRE OF FORTVNE.

The fickle seat whereon proud Fortune sits,
 the restles globe whereon the furie stands,
 Bewraies her fond and farre inconstant fits,
 the fruitfull horne she handleth in her hands ;
 Bids all beware to feare her flattering smiles, 5
 that giueth most when most she meaneth guiles.
 The wheele that turning neuer taketh rest,
 the top whereof fond worldlings count their blisse,
 Within a minute makes a blacke exchange :
 and then the vild and lowest better is : 10
 Which embleme tels vs the inconstant state,
 of such as trust to Fortune or to Fate.

VII

A SONNET.

The sweete content that quiets angrie thought :
 The pleasing sound of howshold harmonie :
 The Phisicke that alayes what furie wrought :
 The huswifes meanes to make true melodie,
 Is not with Simple, Harpe or worldly pelfe, 5
 But smoothly by submitting of her selfe.
 Iuno the Queene and mistresse of the skye,
 When angry Ioue did threat her with a frowne,
 Causde Gamynede for Nectar fast to hye
 With pleasing face to wash such choller downe : 10
 For angry Husbands findes the soonest ease,
 When sweete submission choller doth appease.
 The Lawrell that impales the head with praise,
 The Iemme that decks the breast of Iuorie :
 The pearle thats orient in her siluer raies : 15
 The Crowne that honors Dames with dignitie :
 No Saphier, gold, greene Bayes nor margarit,
 But due obedience worketh this delight.

VIII

BARMENISSAS SONG.

The stately state that wise men count their good :
 The chiefest blisse that luls asleepe desire ;
 Is not dissent from kings and princely blood :
 Ne stately Crowne ambition doth require.
 For birth by fortune is abased downe, 5
 And perrils are comprisde within a Crowne.
 The Scepter and the glittering pompe of mace,
 The head impalde with honour and renowne,
 The Kingly throne, the seate and regall place,
 Are toyes that fade when angrie fortune frowne. 10
 Content is farre from such delights as those,
 Whom woe and daunger doe enuy as foes.
 The Cottage seated in the hollowe dale,
 That fortune neuer feares, because so lowe :

The quiet mynd that want doth set to sale, 15
Sleepes safe when Princes seates do ouerthrowe.

Want smyles secure, when princely thoughts do feele
That feare and daunger treads vpon their heele.

Blesse fortune thou whose frowne hath wrought thy good :
Bid farewell to the Crowne that ends thy care, 20

The happie fates thy sorrowes haue withstood,
By syning want and pouertie thy share.

For now content (fond fortune to despight)
With patience lows thee quiet and delight.

IX

TEMPORA MVTANTVR, ET NOS MVTAMVR IN ILLIS.

Aspyring thoughts led Phaeton amisse,
Proude Icarus did fall he soard so hie :
Seeke not to clymbe with fond Semyramis,
Least Sonne reuenge the fathers iniurie.

Take heede, Ambition is a sugred ill 5
That fortune layes, presumptuous mynds to spill.

The bitter grieve that frets the quiet minde :
The sting that pricks the froward man to woe
Is Enuie, which in honor seld we finde,
And yet to honor sworne a secret foe. 10

Learne this of me, enuie not others state,
The fruites of enuie is enuie and hate.

The mistie Clowde that so eclipseth fame,
That gets reward a Chaos of despight,
Is blacke reuenge which euer winneth shame, 15
A furie vyld thats hatched in the night.

Beware, seeke not reuenge against thy foe,
Least once reuenge thy fortune ouergoe.

These blasing Commets do foreshew mishap,
Let not their flaming lights offend thyne eye 20
Looke ere thou leape, preuent an after clap :
These three forewarnd well mayst thou flye.

If now by choyce thou aymest at happie health,
Eschew selfloue, choose for the Commonwealth.

X

VERSES WRITTEN VNDER THE PROTRAITVRE OF
VENVS.

When Nature forged the faire vnhappy mould,
 Wherein proud beauty tooke her matchlesse shape :
 She ouer-slipt her cunning and her skill,
 And aym'd to faire, but drew beyond the marke ;
 For thinking to haue made a heauenly blisse, 5
 For wanton gods to dally with in heauen,
 And to haue fram'd a precious iem for men,
 To solace all their dumpish thoughts with glee,
 Shee wrought a plague, a poyson, and a hell
 For gods, for men ; thus no way wrought she well. 10
 Venus was faire, faire was the queene of loue,
 Fairer then Pallas, or the wife of Ioue :
 Yet did the Gigglets beauty greeue the Smith,
 For that she brau'd the Creeple with a horne.
 Mars said, her beauty was the starre of heauen, 15
 Yet did her beauty staine him with disgrace :
 Paris for faire, gaue her the golden ball ;
 And bought his, and his fathers ruine so :
 Thus nature making what should farre excell,
 Lent gods, and men, a poison and a hell. 20

XI

VERSES VNDER A PEACOCKE POVRTRAIED IN
HER LEFT HAND.

The bird of Iuno glories in his plumes,
 Pride makes the Fowle to prune his feathers sq,
 His spotted traine, fetcht from old Argus head,
 With golden rayes, like to the brightest sunne :
 Inserteth selfe-loue in a silly bird, 5
 Till midst his hot an glorious fumes,
 He spies his feete, and then lets fall his plumes.
 Beauty breeds pride, pride hatcheth forth disdaine,
 Disdaine gets hate, and hate calls for reuenge,
 Reuenge with bitter prayers vrgeth still : 10
 Thus selfe-loue nursing vp the pompe of pride,
 Makes beautie wracke against an ebbing tide.

X Q 1617

XI Q 1617

XII

VERSES VNDER A CARVING OF MERCVRY
THROWING FEATHERS INTO THE WINDE.

The richest gift the wealthy heauen affords,
 The pearle of price sent from immortall Ioue,
 The shape wherein we most resemble gods,
 The fire Prometheus stole from lofty skies :
 This gift, this pearle, this shape, this fire is it, 5
 Which makes vs men bold by the name of wit.
 By wit we search diuine aspect aboue,
 By wit we learne what secrets science yeelds,
 By wit we speake, by wit the mind is rul'd,
 By wit we gouerne all our actions: 10
 Wit is the Load-starre of each humane thought,
 Wit is the toole, by which all things are wrought.
 The brightest Iacynth hot becommeth darke,
 Of little steeme is Crystall being crackt,
 Fine heads that can conceit no good, but ill, 15
 Forge oft that breedeth ruine to themselues :
 Ripe wits abus'd that build on bad desire,
 Do burne themselues like flyes within the fire.

XIII

VERSES VNDER A CARVING OF CVPID BLOWING
BLADDERS IN THE AYRE.

Loue is a locke that linketh noble mindes,
 Faith is the key that shuts the spring of loue,
 Lightnesse a wrest, that wringeth all awry,
 Lightnesse a plague, that fancie cannot brooke :
 Lightnesse in loue, so bad and base a thing, 5
 As foule disgrace to greatest states do bring.

XIV

VERSES ON TWO TABLES HVNG BESIDE AN
EFFIGY ON A TOMBE.*First Table.*

The Graces in their glorie neuer gaue
 A rich or greater good to womankind :

XII Q 1617

XIII Q 1617

XIV Q 1617

That more impall's their honors with the Palme,
 Of high renowne then matchlesse constancie.
 Beauty is vaine, accounted but a flowre, 5
 Whose painted hiew fades with the summer sunne :
 Wit oft hath wracke by selfe-conceit of pride.
 Riches is trash that fortune boasteth on.
 Constant in loue who tries a womans minde,
 Wealth, beautie, wit, and all in her doth find. 10

Second Table.

The fairest Iem oft blemisht with a cracke,
 Loseth his beauty and his vertue too ;
 The fairest flowre nipt with the winters frost,
 In shew seemes worsen then the basest weede.
 Vertues are oft farre ouerstain'd with faults, 15
 Were she as faire as Phoebe in her sphere,
 Or brighter then the paramour of Mars,
 Wiser then Pallas daughter vnto Ioue,
 Of greater maiestie then Iuno was,
 More chaste then Vesta goddess of the Maides, 20
 Of greater faith then faire Lucretia :
 Be she a blab, and tattles what she heares,
 Want to be secret giues farre greater staines,
 Then vertues glorie which in her remaines.

XV

MADRIGALL.

Rest thee desire, gaze not at such a Starre,
 Sweet fancy sleepe, loue take a nappie awhile :
 Thy busie thoughts that reach and come so farre,
 With pleasant dreames the length of time beguile.
 Faire Venus coole my ouer-heated brest, 5
 And let my fancy take her wonted rest.
 Cupid abroad was lated in the night :
 His wings were wet with ranging in the raine :
 Harbour he sought, to me he tooke his flight,
 To drie his plumes: I heard the boy complaine, 10
 My doore I oped to grant him his desire,
 And rose my selfe to make the Wagge a fire.

Looking more narrow by the fires flame,
 I spyed his quiuer hanging at his backe :
 I fear'd the child might my misfortune frame, 15
 I would haue gone for feare of further wracke ;
 And what I drad (poore man) did me betide,
 For foorth he drew an arrow from his side.
 He pierst the quicke that I began to start,
 The wound was sweete, but that it was too hie, 20
 And yet the pleasure had a pleasing smart :
 This done, he flyes away, his wings were drie,
 But left his arrow still within my brest,
 That now I greeue, I welcom'd such a ghest.

XVI

BRADAMANT'S MADRIGALE.

The Swans whose pens as white as Iuory,
 Eclipsing fayre Endymions siluer-loue :
 Floting like snowe downe by the bankes of Po.
 Nere tund their notes like Leda once forlorne :
 With more despairing sortes of madrigales, 5
 Then I whome wanton loue hath with his gad,
 Prickt to the courte of deepe and restlesse thoughts.
 The frolike yoongsters Bacchus liquor mads,
 Run not about the wood of Thessaly,
 With more inchaunted fits of lunacy, 10
 Then I whome loue, whome sweete and bitter loue,
 Fiers infects with sundry passions,
 Now lorne with liking ouermuch my loue,
 Frozen with fearing, if I step to far :
 Fired with gazing at such glymmering stars, 15
 As stealing light from Phebus brightest rayes,
 Sparkles and sets a flame within my brest,
 Rest restlesse Loue, fond baby be content :
 Child hold thy darts within thy quiuer close ;
 And if thou wilt be rouing with thy bowe, 20
 Ayme at those hearts that may attend on loue,
 Let countrey swaines, and silly swads be still,
 To Court yoong wag, and wanton there thy fill.

XVII

MELISSA'S DITTYE.

Obscure and darke is all the gloomie aire,
 The curtaine of the night is ouerspred :
 The sylent Mistresse of the lowest spheare,
 Puts on her sable coulored vail and lower.
 Nor Star nor Milkewhite cyrcle of the skye 5
 Appeares where discontent doth hold her lodge.
 She sits shrind in a Cannapie of Clouds,
 Whose massie darkenesse mazeth euery sense,
 Wan is her lookes, her cheekes of Azure hue,
 Hir haire as gorgons foule retorting snakes, 10
 Enuie the glasse wherein the hag doth gaze,
 Restlesse the clocke that chimes hir fast a sleepe,
 Disquiet thoughts the minuts of her watch,
 Forth from her Caue the fiend full oft dooth flie,
 To Kings she goes, and troubles them with Crownes, 15
 Setting those high aspiring brands on fire,
 That flame from earth vnto the seate of loue,
 To such as Midas, men that dote on wealth,
 And rent the bowels of the middle earth :
 For coine : who gape, as did faire Danae, 20
 For showers of gold their discontent in blacke,
 Throwes forth the viols of her restlesse cares,
 To such as sit at Paphos for releefe,
 And offer Venus manie solemne vowes,
 To such as Hymen in his saffron robe, 25
 Hath knit a Gordion knot of passions,
 To these, to all, parting the glomie aire,
 Black discontent doth make hir bad repaire.

XVIII

PRINCE'S SONNET.

In Cypres sat fayre Venus by a Fount,
 Wanton Adonis toying on her knee,
 She kist the wag, her darling of accompt,
 The Boie gan blush, which when his louer see,
 She smild and told him loue might challenge debt, 5
 And he was yoong and might be wanton yet.

XVII Q 1588

XVIII Q 1588

The boy waxt bold fiered by fond desire,
 That woe he could, and court hir with conceipt,
 Reason spied this, and sought to quench the fire
 With cold disdaine, but wily Adon straight 10
 Cherd vp the flame and saide good sir what let,
 I am but young and may be wanton yet.
 Reason replied that Beawty was a bane
 To such as feed their fancy with fond loue,
 That when sweete youth with lust is ouertane, 15
 It rues in age, this could not Adon moue,
 For Venus taught him still this rest to set
 That he was young, and might be wanton yet.
 Where Venus strikes with Beauty to the quick,
 It litle vayles sage reason to reply : 20
 Few are the cares for such as are loue-sicke
 But loue : then though I wanton it awry
 And play the wag : from Adon this I get,
 I am but young and may be wanton yet.

XIX

SONNET OF OLDE MAN (A CALDEE) IN ANSWER.

The Syren Venus nourist in hir lap
 Faire Adon, swearing whiles he was a youth
 He might be wanton : Note his after-hap
 The guerdon that such lawlesse lust ensueth,
 So long he followed flattering Venus lore, 5
 Till seely Lad, he perisht by a bore.
 Mars in his youth did court this lusty dame
 He wooon hir loue, what might his fancy let
 He was but young : at last vnto his shame
 Vulcan intrapt them slily in a net, 10
 And call'd the Gods to witnesse as a truth,
 A leachers fault was not excus'd by youth.
 If crooked Age accounteth youth his spring ;
 The spring, the fayrest season of the yeare,
 Enricht with flowers and sweetes, and many a thing 15
 That fayre and gorgeous to the eyes appeare :
 It fits that youth the spring of man should be,
 Richt with such flowers as vertue yeeldeth thee.

XX

SONNET.

Faire is my loue for Aprill in her face,
 Hir louely brests September claimes his part,
 And Lordly Iuly in her eyes takes place,
 But colde December dwelleth in her heart :
 Blest be the months, that sets my thoughts on fire, 5
 Accurst that Month that hindreth my desire.
 Like Phoebus fire, so sparkles both her eies,
 As ayre perfumde with Amber is her breath :
 Like swelling waues her louely teates do rise,
 As earth hir heart, cold, dateth me to death. 10
 Aye me poore man that on the earth do liue,
 When vnkind earth, death and dispaire doth giue.
 In pompe sits Mercie seated in hir face,
 Loue twixt her brests his trophees dooth imprint.
 Her eyes shines fauour, courtesie, and grace : 15
 But touch her heart, ah that is framd of flynt ;
 That fore my haruest in the Grasse beares graine,
 The rockt will weare, washt with a winters raine.

XXI

SONNET.

Phillis kept sheepe along the westernne plaines,
 And Coridon did feed his flocks hard by :
 This Sheepheard was the flower of all the swaines,
 That trac'd the downes of fruitfull Thessalie,
 And Phillis that did far her flocks surpasses, 5
 In siluer hue was thought a bonny lasse.
 A Bonny lasse quaint in her Country tire,
 Was louely Phillis, Coridon swore so :
 Her locks, her lookes, did set the swaine on fire,
 He left his Lambes, and he began to woe, 10
 He lookt, he sitht, he courted with a kisse :
 No better could the silly swad then this.
 He little knew to paint a tale of Loue ;
 Shepheards can fancie, but they cannot saye :

- Phillis gan smile, and wily thought to proue, 15
 What vncouth greefe poore Coridon did paie,
 She askt him how his flocks or he did fare,
 Yet pensiue thus his sighes did tell his care.
 The sheeheard blusht when Phillis questioned so,
 And swore by Pan it was not for his flocke: 20
 Tis loue faire Phillis breedeth all this woe:
 My thoughts are trapt within thy louely locks,
 Thine eye hath pearst, thy face hath set on fire.
 Faire Phillis kindleth Coridons desire.
 Can sheeheardes loue, said Phillis to the swaine, 25
 Such saints as Phillis, Coridon replied:
 Then when they lust, can many fancies faine,
 Said Phillis: this not Coridon denied:
 That lust had lies, but loue quoth he sayes truth,
 Thy sheeheard loues, then Phillis what ensueth. 30
 Phillis was wan, she blusht and hung the head,
 The swaine stept to, and cher'd hir with a kisse,
 With faith, with troth, they stroke the matter dead,
 So vsed they when men thought not amisse:
 This Loue begun and ended both in one, 35
 Phillis was loued, and she lik't Corydon.

XXII

BELLARIA'S EPITAPH.

- Here lyes entombde Bellaria faire.
 Falsly accused to be vnchaste:
 Cleared by Apollos sacred doome,
 Yet slaine by Iealousie at last.
 What ere thou bee that passeth by, 5
 Cursse him that causde this Queene to die.

XXIII

*Dorastus (in Loue-passion) writes these lines in Praise of his
louing and best-beloued Fawnia.*

- Ah! were she pitiful as she is fair,
 Or but as mild as she is seeming so,

XXII Qq 1588, 1607, 1614

XXIII Q 1677, 1696

Then were my hopes greater than my despair;
 Then all the World were Heauen, nothing Woe.
 Ah! were her Heart relenting as her Hand, 5
 That seems to melt e'en with the mildest touch,
 Then knew I where to seat me in a Land
 Vnder the wide Heauens, but yet not such:
 Iust as she shews, so seems the budding Rose,
 Yet sweeter far than is an earthly Flower; 10
 Soueraign of Beauty! like the spray she grows,
 Compass'd she is with Thorns and canker'd bower:
 Yet where she willing to be pluck'd and worn,
 She would be gathered, tho' she grew on Thorn.
 Ah! when she sings, all Musick else be still, 15
 For none must be compared to her Note;
 Ne'er breath'd such Glee from Philomela's Bill;
 Nor from the Morning Singer's swelling Throat,
 Ah! when she riseth from her blissful Bed,
 She comforts all the World, as doth the Sun; 20
 And at her sight the Nights foul Vapours fled,
 When she is set, the gladsom Day is done:
 O Glorious Sun! imagine me the West,
 Shine in my Arms, and set thou in my Breast.

XXIV

APOLLO'S ORACLE (DOOME).

When Neptune riding on the Southerne seas
 Shall from the bosome of his Lemman yeeld
 Th' arcadian wonder, men and Gods to please:
 Plentie in pride shall march amidst the field,
 Dead men shall warre, and vnborne babes shall frowne, 5
 And with their fawchens hew their foemen downe.
 When Lambes haue Lions for their surest guide,
 And Planets rest vpon th' arcadian hills:
 When swelling seas haue neither ebbe nor tide,
 When equall bankes the Ocean margine fills. 10
 Then looke Arcadians for a happie time,
 And sweete content within your troubled clyme.

XXV

MENAPHON'S SONG.

Some say Loue
 Foolish Loue
 Doth rule and gouerne all the Gods,
 I say Loue,
 Inconstant Loue 5
 Sets mens senses farre at ods.
 Some sweare Loue
 Smooth'd face Loue
 Is sweetest sweete that men can haue:
 I say Loue, 10
 Sower Loue
 Makes vertue yeeld as beauties slaue.
 A bitter sweete, a follie worst of all
 That forceth wisdom to be follies thrall
 Loue is sweete, 15
 Wherein sweete?
 In fading pleasures that doo paine.
 Beautie sweete.
 Is that sweete
 That yeeldeth sorrow for a gaine? 20
 If Loues sweete,
 Heerein sweete
 That Minutes ioyes are monthlie woes.
 Tis not sweete,
 That is sweete 25
 Nowhere, but where repentance growes.
 Then loue who list if beautie be so sower:
 Labour for me, Loue rest in Princes bower.

XXVI

SEPHESTIAS SONG TO HER CHILDE.

Weepe not my wanton smile vpon my knee,
 When thou art olde ther's grieve inough for thee.
 Mothers wagge, pretie boy,
 Fathers sorrow, fathers ioy.

XXV *Qq* 1589, 1610
 XXVI *Qq* 1589, 1610

12 vertues *Q* 1610

17 faine *Q* 1610

POEMS FROM THE NOVELS

251

When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and mee,
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune changde made him so,
When he left his pretie boy,
Last his sorrowe, first his ioy. 10

Weepe not my wanton smile vpon my knee :
When thou art olde ther's grieve enough for thee.
Streaming teares that neuer stint,
Like pearle drops from a flint
Fell by course from his eyes, 15
That one anothers place supplies :
Thus he grioud in euerie part,
Teares of bloud fell from his hart,
When he left his pretie boy,
Fathers sorrow, fathers ioy. 20

Weepe not my wanton smile vpon my knee :
When thou art olde ther's grieve enough for thee.
The wanton smilde, father wept :
Mother cride, babie lept :
More he crowde, more we cride ; 25
Nature could not sorowe hide.
He must goe, he must kisse
Childe and mother, babie blisse :
For he left his pretie boy,
Fathers sorowe, fathers ioy, 30

Weepe not my wanton smile vpon my knee :
When thou art olde ther's grieve enough for thee.

XXVII

MENAPHONS ROVNDELAY.

When tender ewes brought home with euening Sunne
Wend to their foldes,
And to their holdes
The shepheards trudge when light of daye is done.
Vpon a tree 5
The Eagle Ioues faire bird did pearch,
There resteth hee.
A little fie his harbor then did search,

XXVII Qq 1589, 1610

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassie streames,
Her teeth are pearle, the breasts are yuorie
 of faire Samela. 15

Her cheekes like rose and lilly yeeld foorth gleames,
Her browes bright arches framde of ebonie :
 Thus faire Samela.

Passeth faire Venus in her brauest hiew,
And Iuno in the shew of maiestie, 20
 for she's Samela.

Pallas in wit, all three if you well view,
For beautie, wit, and matchlesse dignitie
 yeeld to Samela.

XXIX

DORONS IIGGE.

Through the shrubbes as I can cracke,
 For my Lambes little ones,
 Mongst many pretie ones,
 Nimphes I meane, whose haire was blacke
 As the crow:
 Like the snow
 Her face and browes shinde I weene:
 I saw a little one,
 A bonny prety one,
 As bright, buxsome and as sheene
 As was shee.
 On hir knee
 That lulld the God, whose arrowes warmes
 Such merry little ones,
 Such faire fac'd prety ones,
 As dally in Loues chieftest harmes,
 Such was mine:
 Whose gray eyne
 Made me loue. I gan to woo
 This sweete little one,
 This bonny pretie one.

XXIX Qq 1589, 1610 2, 3 little . . . pretie] pretty . . . little Q 1610
7 shine Q 1610

I wooed hard a day or two,
 Till she bad :
 Be not sad,
 Wooe no more I am thine owne, 25
 Thy dearest little one,
 Thy truest pretie one :
 Thus was faith and firme loue showne,
 As behoues
 Shepheards loues. 30

XXX

MELICERTVS MADRIGALE.

What are my sheepe without their wonted food ?
 What is my life except I gaine my Loue ?
 My sheepe consume and faint for want of blood.
 My life is lost vnlesse I grace approue.
 No flower that sapesse thriues : 5
 No turtle without pheare.

The day without the Sunne dooth lowre for woe,
 Then woe mine eyes vnlesse they beautie see ;
 My Sunne Samelaes eyes, by whom I know
 Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be, 10
 Nought more the heart reuiues
 Than to imbrace his deare.

The starres from earthly humors gaine their light,
 Our humors by their light possesse their power :
 Samelaes eyes fedde by my weeping sight, 15
 Insues my paine or ioyes by smile, or lower.
 So wends the source of loue.
 It feedes, it failes, it ends.

Kinde lookes cleare to your ioy behold her eyes,
 Admire her heart, desire to taste her kisses ; 20
 In them the heauen of ioy and solace lies,
 Without them euery hope his succour misses,
 Oh how I loue to prooue.
 Wheretoo this solace tends.

XXXI

MENAPHON'S SONG IN HIS BEDDE.

You restless cares companions of the night,
That wrap my ioyes in folds of endlesse woes :
Tyre on my heart, and wound it with your spight,
Since Loue and Fortune proues my equall foes.

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies: 5
Welcome sweete grieffe, the subiect of my laies.

Mourne heauens, mourne earth, your shepheard is forlorne ;
Mourne times and houres since bale inuades my bowre :
Curse euerie tongue the place where I was borne,
Curse euerie thought the life which makes me lowre. 10

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies,
Welcome sweete grieffe the subiect of my laies.

Was I not free? was I not fancies aime?
Framde not desire my face to front disdaine?
I was; she did: but now one silly maim
Makes me to droope as he whom loue hath slaine.

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies,
Welcome sweete grieffe the subiect of my layes.

Yet drooping, and yet liuing to this death,
I sigh, I sue for pitie at her shrine,
Whose fierie eyes exhale my vitall breath,
And make my flockes with parching heate to pine.

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies,
Welcome sweete griefe the subiect of my layes.

Fade they, die I, long may she liue to blisse 25
That feedes a wanton fire with fuell of her forme,
And makes perpetuall summer where shee is;
Whiles I doo crie oretooke with enuies storme,

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies:
Welcome sweete grieffe, the subiect of my laies. 30

XXXII

MENAPHON'S DITTIE.

Faire fields proud Floras vaunt, why is't you smile
when as I languish?

You golden meads, why striue you to beguile
my weeping anguish?
I liue to sorrow, you to pleasure spring: 5
why doo you spring thus?
What will not Boreas tempests wrathfull king
take some pitie on vs?
And send foorth Winter in hir rustie weede,
to waile my bemonings; 10
Whiles I distrest doo tune my countrey reede
vnto my gronings.
But heauen, and earth, time, place, and euerie power
haue with her conspired
To turne my blisse full sweetes to bale full sower, 15
Since fond I desired
The heauen whereto my thoughts may not aspire:
ay me vnhappye.
It was my fault and imbrace my bane the fire
that forceth me die. 20
Mine be the paine, but hers the cruell cause
of this strange torment:
Wherefore no time my banning praiers shall pause,
till proud she repent.

XXIII

MENAPHONS ECLOGVE.

Too weake the wit, too slender is the braine
That meanes to marke the power and worth of loue;
Not one that liues (except he hap to proue)
Can tell the sweete, or tell the secret paine.
Yet I that haue been prentice to the grieffe,
Like to the cunning sea-man from a farre,
By gesse will take the beautie of that starre,
Whose influence must yeeld the chiefe reliefe.
You censors of the glorie of my deare,
With reuerence and lowlie bent of knee,
Attend and marke what her perfections bee:
For in my words my fancies shall appeare.

XXXII 10 waile Q 1610: waite Q 1589
7 take Q 1610: talke Q 1589

XXXIII Qq 1589, 1610

Hir lockes are pleighted like the fleece of wooll
 That Iason with his Gretian mates atchiude,
 As pure as golde, yet not from golde deriude; 15
 As full of sweetes, as sweete of sweetes is full.
 Her browes are pretie tables of conceate,
 Where Loue his records of delight dooth quocate,
 On them her dallying lockes doo daily floate
 As Loue full oft dooth feede vpon the baite. 20
 Her eyes, faire eyes, like to the purest lights
 That animate the Sunne, or cheere the day,
 In whom the shining Sun-beames brightly play
 Whiles fancie dooth on them diuine delights.
 Hir cheekes like ripened lillies steept in wine, 25
 Or faire pomegranade kernels washt in milke,
 Or snow white threds in nets of crimson silke,
 Or gorgeous cloudes vpon the Sunnes decline.
 Her lips are roses ouerwasht with dew,
 Or like the purple of Narcissus flower: 30
 No frost their faire, no winde doth wast their power,
 But by her breath her beauties doo renew.
 Hir christall chin like to the purest molde,
 Enchac'de with daintie daysies soft and white,
 Where fancies faire paulion once is pight, 35
 Whereas imbrac'de his beauties he doth holde.
 Hir necke like to an yuorie shining tower
 Where through with azure veynes sweete Nectar runnes,
 Or like the downe of swannes where Senesse woons,
 Or like delight that doth it selfe deuoure. 40
 Hir pappes are like faire apples in the prime,
 As round as orient pearles, as soft as downe:
 They neuer vaile their faire through winters frowne,
 But from their sweetes Loue suckt his summer time.
 Hir bodie beauties best esteemed bowre, 45
 Delicious, comely, daintie, without staine:
 The thought whereof (not touch) hath wrought my paine.
 Whose faire, all faire and beauties doth deuoure,

22 cleare *Q 1610* 29 like *Q 1610* 34 daintiest *Q 1610* 39
 wonnes *Q 1610*: *England's Parn.* omits last three words 45 bodies *Q 1610*
 47 toucht *Q 1610*

Hir maiden mount, the dwelling house of pleasure;
 Not like, for why no like surpasseth wonder: 50
 O blest is he may bring such beauties vnder,
 Or search by sute the secrets of that treasure.

Deuour'd in thought, how wanders my deuice,
 What rests behind I must deuine vpon?
 Who talkes the best, can say but fairer none: 55
 Few words well coucht doo most content the wise.

All you that heare; let not my sillie stile
 Condemne my zeale: for what my tongue should say
 Serues to inforce my thoughts to seeke the way
 Whereby my woes and cares I doo beguile. 60

Selde speaketh Loue, but sighs his secret paines;
 Teares are his truceman, words doo make him tremble.
 How sweete is loue to them that can dissemble
 In thoughts and lookes, till they haue reapt the gaines,

Alonely I complaine, and what I say 65
 I thinke, yet what I thinke tongue cannot tell:
 Sweete censors take my silly worst for well:
 My faith is firme, though homely be my laye.

XXXIV

MELICERTVS ECLOGVE.

What neede compare where sweete exceedes compare?
 Who drawes his thoughts of loue from senselesse things,
 Their pompe and greatest glories doth impaire,
 And mounts Loues heauen with ouer leaden wings.

Stones, hearbes and flowers, the foolish spoyles of earth, 5
 Flouds, mettalls, colours, dalliance of the eye:
 These shew concept is staine with too much dearth:
 Such abstract fond compares make cunning die.

But he that hath the feeling taste of Loue
 Deriues his essence from no earthlie toy; 10
 A weake concept his power cannot approue,
 For earthly thoughts are subiect to annoy.

XXXIII 65 complaine] am plaine Qq XXXIV Qq 1589, 1610 4 mount
 Q 1610

Be whist, be still, be silent Censers now;
 My fellow swaine has tolde a pretie tale
 Which moderne Poets may perhaps allow, 15
 Yet I condemne the tearmes; for they are stale.

Apollo when my Mistres first was borne
 Cut off his lockes, and left them on hir head,
 And said; I plant these wires in Natures scorne,
 Whose beauties shall appeare when Time is dead. 20

From foorth the christall heauen when she was made,
 The puritie thereof did taint hir brow:
 On which the glistering Sunne that sought the shade
 Gan set, and there his glories doth auow,

Those eyes, faire eyes, too faire to be describde, 25
 Were those that earst the chaos did reforme:
 To whom the heauen their beauties haue ascribde,
 That fashion life in man, in beast, in worme.

When first hir faire delicious cheekes were wrought,
 Aurora brought hir blush, the Moone hir white: 30
 Both so combinde as passed Natures thought,
 Compilde those pretie orbes of sweete delight.

When Loue and Nature once were proud with play,
 From both their lips hir lips the corall drew:
 On them doth fancy sleepe, and euerie day 35
 Doth swallow ioy such sweete delights to view.

Whilome while Venus Sonne did seeke a bowre
 To sport with Psyche his desired deare,
 He chose her chinne; and from that happie stowre
 He neuer stints in glorie to appeare. 40

Desires and Ioyes that long had serued Loue,
 Besought a Holde where pretie eyes might woo them:
 Loue made her neeke, and for their best behoue
 Hath shut them there, whence no man can vndoo them.

Once Venus dreamt vpon two pretie things, 45
 Hir thoughts they were affections chieftest neasts:
 She suckt and sightht, and bathde hir in the springs,
 And when she wakt they were my Mistres breasts.

Once Cupide sought a holde to couch his kisses,
 And found the bodie of my best beloude. 50
 Wherein he closde the beautie of his blisses,
 And from that bower can neuer be remoude.

The graces earst, when Acidalian springs
 Were waxen drie, perhaps did finde hir fountaine
 Within the vale of blisse, where cupides wings 55
 Doo shield the Nectar fleeting from the mountaine.

No more fond man: things infinite I see
 Brooke no dimension: Hell a foolish speech;
 For endles things may neuer talked be.
 Then let me liue to honor and beseech. 60

Sweete natures pompe, if my deficient phraze
 Hath staind thy glories by too little skill,
 Yeeld pardon though mine eye that long did gaze,
 Hath left no better patterne to my quill.

I will no more, no more will I detaine 65
 Your listning eares with dallyance of my tongue:
 I speake my ioyes; but yet conceale my paine;
 My paine too olde, although my yeres be yong.

XXXV

DORONS ECLOGVE IOYND WITH CARMELAS.

Sit downe Carmela here are cobs for kings,
 Slowes blacke as ieat, or like my Christmas shooes,
 Sweete Sidar which my leathren bottle brings:
 Sit downe Carmela let me kisse thy toes.

Carmela.

Ah Doron, ah my heart, thou art as white, 5
 As is my mothers Calfe or brinded Cow,
 Thine eyes are like the glow-wormes in the night,
 Thine haire resemble thickest of the snow.

The lines within thy face are deepe and cleere
 Like to the furrowes of my fathers waine, 10
 Thy sweate vpon thy face dooth oft appeare
 Like to my mothers fat and kitchin gaine.

XXXIV 53 Alcidelian Q 1589: Alcedelion Q 1610
 1610 1 cub[b]s Qq 7 Slow-wormes Qq

XXXV Qq 1589,

Ah leaue my toe and kisse my lippes my loue,
 My lippes and thine, for I haue giuen them thee :
 Within thy cap tis thou shalt weare my gloue,
 At foote ball sport thou shalt my champion be. 15

Doron.

Carmela deare, euen as the golden ball
 That Venus got, such are thy goodly eyes,
 When cherries iuice is iumbled therewithall,
 Thy breath is like the steeme of apple pies. 20
 Thy lippes resemble two Cowcumbers faire,
 Thy teeth like to the tuskes of fattest swine,
 Thy speach is like the thunder in the aire :
 Would God thy toes, thy lips and all were mine.

Carmela.

Doron what thing dooth mooue this wishing grieve. 25

Doron.

Tis Loue Carmela ah tis cruell Loue.
 That like a slaue, and caitiffe villaine thiefe,
 Hath cut my throate of ioy for thy behoue.

Carmela.

Where was he borne?

Doron.

In faith I know not where. 30
 But I haue heard much talking of his dart.
 Ay me poore man, with manie a trampling teare,
 I feele him wound the forehorse of my heart,
 What doo I loue? O no, I doo but talke.
 What shall I die for loue? O no, not so. 35
 What am I dead? O no my tongue dooth walke.
 Come kisse Carmela, and confound my woe.

Carmela.

Euen with this kisse, as once my father did,
 I seale the sweete indentures of delight :
 Before I breake my vowe the Gods forbid, 40
 No not by day, nor yet by darkesome night.

14 them] it Q 1589 31 heard] had Q 1589 32 trickling Q 1610
 33 forehorse Dyce: forehearse Qq

Doron.

Euen with this garland made of Holly-hocks
 I crosse thy browes from euerie shepheerds kisse.
 Heigh hoe how glad am I to touch thy lockes,
 My frolicke heart euen now a free man is.

45

Carmela.

I thanke you Doron, and will thinke on you,
 I loue you Doron, and will winke on you.
 I seale your charter pattent with my thummes,
 Come kisse and part for feare my mother comes.

XXXVI

SONETTO.

What thing is Loue? It is a power diuine
 That raines in vs: or else a wreakefull law
 That doomes our mindes to beautie to encline:
 It is a starre whose influence dooth draw

Our hearts to Loue dissembling of his might,
 Till he be master of our hearts and sight.

5

Loue is a discord and a strange diuorce
 Betwixt our sense and reason, by whose power
 As madde with reason we admit that force,
 Which wit or labour neuer may deuoure,

10

It is a will that brooketh no consent:

It would refuse, yet neuer may repent.

Loue's a desire, which for to waite a time,
 Dooth loose an age of yeeres, and so doth passe
 As dooth the shadow seuerd from his prime,
 Seeming as though it were, yet neuer was.

15

Leauing behinde nought but repentant thoughts

Of daies ill spent, for that which profits noughts.

Tis now a peace, and then a sodaine warre,
 A hope consumde before it is conceiude,
 At hand it feares, and menaceth a farre,
 And he that gaines is most of all deceiude:

20

It is a secret hidden and not knowne,

Which one may better feele than write vpon.

XXXVII

MELICERTVS DESCRIPTION OF HIS MISTRES.

Tune on my pipe the praises of my Loue,
 And midst thy oaten harmonie recount
 How faire she is that makes thy musicke mount,
 And euerie string of thy hearts harpe to moue.
 Shall I compare her forme vnto the spheare 5
 Whence Sun-bright Venus vaunts her siluer shine?
 Ah more than that by iust compare is thine,
 Whose christall lookes the cloudie heauens doe cleare.
 How oft haue I descending Titan seene
 His burning lockes couch in the Sea-queenes lap, 10
 And beauteous Thetis his red bodie wrap
 In watric roabes, as he her Lord had been.
 When as my Nymph impatient of the night
 Bad bright Astraeus with his traine giue place,
 Whiles she led forth the day with her faire face, 15
 And lent each starre a more than Delian light.
 Not Ioue or Nature should they both agree
 To make a woman of the Firmament,
 Of his mixt puritie could not inuent
 A Skie borne forme so beautifull as she. 20

XXXVIII

VERSES FROM CICERONIS AMOR.

Wherefore by an auncient Poet were written these verses.

When Gods had framd the sweete of womens face,
 and lockt mens lookes within their golden haire:
 That Phoebus flusht to see their matchles grace,
 and heauenly Gods on earth did make repaire
 To quippe faire Venus ouerweening pride 5
 Loues happie thoughts to ielousie were tide.

Then grew a wrinkle on faire Venus browe,
 The amber sweete of loue was turnd to gall:

XXXVII Qq 1589, 1610 14 Astraeus Dyce: Atr(a)eus Qq
 Qq 1589, 1597, 1605 8 was] is Qq 1597, 1605

XXXVIII

Gloomie was heauen : bright Phoebus did auowe
 He could be coy and would not loue at all, 10
 Swering no greater mischiefe could be wrought
 Then loue vnited to a ielous thought.

XXXIX

POEM.

Vita quae tandem magis est iucunda,
 Vel viris doctis magis expetenda,
 Mente quam pura sociam iugalem,
 Semper amare?

Vita quae tandem magis est dolenda, 5
 Vel magis cunctis fugienda, quam quae,
 (Falso suspecta probitate amicae)
 Tollit amorem?

Nulla eam tollit medicina pestem,
 Murmur, emplastrum, vel imago sagae, 10
 Astra nec curant, magicae nec artes,
 Zelotypiam.

XL

SONNET OR DITTIE.

Mars in a fury gainst loues brightest Queene
 Put on his helme and tooke him to his launce:
 On Erecynus mount was Mauors seene,
 And there his ensignes did the god aduance.
 And by heauens greatest gates he stowtly swore, 5
 Venus should die for she had wrongd him sore.

Cupid heard this and he began to cry,
 And wisht his mothers absence for a while:
 Peace, foole, quoth Venus, is it I must die?
 Must it be Mars? with that she coind a smile: 10
 She trimd hir tresses and did curle hir haire,
 And made hir face with beautie passing faire.

XXXIX *Qq 1589, 1597, 1605* 1 *quo Q 1589* 3 *ingalem Q 1589* 11
currant Q 1589 XL *Qq 1589, 1597, 1605*

A fan of siluer feathers in hir hand,
 And in a coach of Ebony she went :
 She past the place where furious Mars did stand, 15
 And out hir lookes a louely smile she sent,
 Then from hir browes lept out so sharpe a frowne,
 That Mars for feare threwe all his armour downe.
 He vovd repentance for his rash misdeede,
 Blaming his choller that had caud his woe : 20
 Venus grew gracious, and with him agred,
 But chargd him not to threaten beaultie so,
 For womens lookes are such inchaunting charmes,
 As can subdue the greatest god in armes.

XLI

RVNDELAY.

Fond faining poets make of loue a god,
 And leaue the Lawrell for the myrtle boughes :
 When Cupid is a child not past the rod,
 And faire Diana Daphne most allowes.
 Ile weare the bayes and call the wag a boy, 5
 And thinke of loue but as a foolish toy.
 Some giue him bowe and quiuer at his backe,
 Some make him blinde to aime without aduise :
 When naked wretch such feathered bolts he lacke,
 And sight he hath but cannot wrong the wise. 10
 For vse but labours weapon for defence,
 And Cupid like a Coward flieth thence.
 He is god in Court but cottage cals him childe,
 And Vestas virgins with their holy fires
 Doe cleanse the thoughtes that fancie hath defild, 15
 And burnes the pallace of his fonde desires.
 With chast disdain they scorne the foolish god ;
 And prooue him but a boy not past the rod.

XLII

LENTVLVS DESCRIPTION OF TERENTIA IN LATIN.

Qualis in aurora splendescit lumine Titan,
 Talis in eximio corpore forma fuit :

XLI *Qq 1589, 1597, 1605* 1 make *Q 1589* : makes *Q 1597* 4 Daphne
Dyce : Daphnis *Qq* XLII *Qq 1589, 1597, 1605*

Lumina seu spectes radiantia, siue capillos,
 Lux Ariadne tua et lux tua, Phoebe iacet.
 Venustata fuit verbis, spirabat odorem, 5
 Musica vox, nardus, spiritus almus erat :
 Rubea labra, genae rubrae, faciesque decora,
 In qua concertant lilius atque rosa,
 Luxuriant geminae formoso in pectore mammae,
 Circundant niueae candida colla comae : 10
 Denique talis erat diuina Terentia, quales
 Quondam certantes, Iuno, Minerua, Venus.

Thus in English.

Brightsome Apollo in his richest pompe,
 Was not like to the tramels of hir haire :
 Her eies like Ariadnes sparkling starres,
 Shone from the Ebon Arches of hir browes.
 Hir face was like the blushing of the east, 5
 When Titan chargde the morning Sun to rise :
 Hir cheeks rich strewd with roses and with white,
 Did stayne the glorie of Anchises loue.
 Hir siluer teates did ebbe and flow delight,
 Hir necke colume of polisht Iuory. 10
 Hir breath was perfume made of violets,
 And all this heauen was but Terentia.

XLIII

THE SHEEPHEARDS ODE.

Walking in a valley greene,
 Spred with Flora summer queene :
 Where shee heaping all hir graces,
 Niggard seemd in other places.
 Spring it was and here did spring, 5
 All that nature forth can bring :
 Groues of pleasant trees there grow,
 Which fruite and shadowe could bestow.
 Thick leaued boughes small birds couer,
 Till sweete notes themselues discover : 10
 Tunes for number seemd confounded,

XLII 10 colummes Qq 11 perfunes Qq XLIII Qq 1589, 1597, 1605
 2 Spied Q 1589

Whilst their mixtures musickes sounded,
 Greeing well, yet not agreed,
 That one the other shoulde excede.
 A swete streame here silent glides, 15
 Whose cleare water no fish hides.
 Slow it runes which well bewraid,
 The pleasant shore the current staid :
 In this streame a rock was planted,
 Where no art nor nature wanted. 20
 Each thing so did other grace,
 As all places maye giue place.
 Onely this the place of pleasure,
 Where is heaped nature's treasure.
 Heere mine eyes with woonder staid, 25
 Eies amasd and minde afraid :
 Rauisht with what was beheld,
 From departing were withheld.
 Musing then with sound aduise,
 On this earthly paradise : 30
 Sitting by the riuier side
 Louely Phillis was discried :
 Golde hir haire, bright her eyen,
 Like to Phoebus in his shine.
 White hir brow, hir face was faire. 35
 Amber breath perfumde the aire.
 Rose and Lilly both did seeke,
 To shew their glories on hir cheekes.
 Loue did nestle in hir lookes.
 Baiting there his sharpest hookes. 40
 Such a Phillis nere was seene,
 More beautiful than Loues Queene.
 Doubt it was whose greater grace,
 Phillis beautie or the place.
 Hir coate was of scarlet red, 45
 All in pleates a mantle spred :
 Fringd with gold, a wreath of bowes,
 To checke the sunne from hir browes.
 In hir hand a shepherds hooke,
 In hir face Dianas looke : 50

Hir sheepe grased on the plaines,
 She had stolne from the swaines.
 Vnder a coole silent shade,
 By the streames shee garlands made.
 Thus sat Phillis all alone, 55
 Mist shee was by Coridon :
 Chiefest swaine of all the rest,
 Louely Phyllis likt him best.
 His face was like Phoebus loue,
 His necke white as Venus Doue, 60
 A ruddie cheeke filde with smiles,
 Such loue hath when he beguiles.
 His lookes browne, his eyes were gray,
 Like Titan in a summer day.
 A russet lacket sleeues red, 65
 A blew bonnet on his hed :
 A cloake of gray fencst the raine,
 Thus tyred was this louely swaine.
 A shepheards hooke his dog tide,
 Bag and bottle by his side : 70
 Such was Paris shepheards say,
 When with Oenone he did play.
 From his flocke straide Coridon,
 Spying Phillis all alone :
 By the streame he Phillis spide, 75
 Brauer then was Floras pride,
 Downe the valley gan he tracke :
 Stole behinde his true loues backe :
 The sunne shone and shadow made
 Phillis rose and was afraid. 80
 When shee saw hir louer there,
 Smile shee did and left hir feare :
 Cupid that disdaine doth loth,
 With desire stracke them both.
 The swaine did woe, she was nise, 85
 Following fashion nayed him twise :
 Much adoee hee kist hir then,
 Madens blush when they kisse men :
 So did Phillis at that stowre,
 Hir face was like the rose flowre. 90

Last they greed for loue would so,
 Faith and troth they would no mo.
 For shepheards euer held it sin,
 To false the loue they liued in,
 The swaine gaue a girdle red, 95
 Shee set garlandes on his hed.
 Giftes were giuen, they kisse againe,
 Both did smile for both were faine :
 Thus was loue mongst shephards solde,
 When fancy knew not what was golde : 100
 They woed and vowed, and that they keep,
 And goe contented to their sheep.

XLIV

ORPHEVS SONG.

He that did sing the motions of the starres,
 Pale colour'd Phaebus borrowing of her light :
 Aspects of planets oft oppos'd in iarres,
 Of Hesper Henchmen to the day and night
 Sings now of Loue as taught by prooffe to sing : 5
 Women are false and loue a bitter thing.
 I lou'd Eurydice the brightest Lasse,
 More fond to like so faire a Nymph as she :
 In Thesaly, so bright none euer was,
 But faire and constant hardly may agree. 10
 False harted wife to him that loued thee well :
 To leaue thy loue and choose the Prince of hell.
 Theseus did helpe, and I in hast did hie,
 To Pluto, for the Lasse I loued so :
 The God made graunt, and who so glad as I, 15
 I tunde my Harpe, and shee and I gan goe,
 Glad that my loue was left to me alone.
 I looked back, Eurydice was gone.
 She slipt aside backe to her latest loue,
 Vnkinde shee wrong'd her first and truest Feere, 20
 Thus womens loues, delights as tryall proues,
 By false Eurydice I loued so deere.
 To change, and fleete, and euery way to shrinke,
 To take in loue, and lose it with a winke.
 XLIV Q 1599 7, 18 Euridicae Q 22 Eurydycae Q

XLV

THE SONG OF ARION.

Seated vpon the crooked Dolphins back,
 Scudding amidst the purple coloured waues :
 Gazing aloofe for Land, Neptune in black,
 Attended with the Tritons as his slaues.
 Threw forth such stormes as made the ayre thick : 5
 For greefe his Lady Thetis was so sick.

Such plaints he throbd as made the Dolphin stay,
 Women (quoth he) are harbours of mans health :
 Pleasures for night, and comforts for the day,
 What are faire women but rich natures wealth. 10
 Thetis is such, and more if more may be :
 Thetis is sick, then what may comfort me ?

Women are sweets that salue mens sowrest ills,
 Women are Saints, their vertues are so rare :
 Obedient soules that seeke to please mens wills, 15
 Such loue with faith, such Iewels women are.
 Thetis is such, and more if more may be :
 Thetis is sick, then what may comfort me ?

With that he diu'd into the Corall waues,
 To see his loue, with all his watry slaues, 20
 The Dolphin swam, yet this I learned then :
 Faire women are rich Iewells vnto men.

XLVI

SONNET.

Cupid abroade was lated in the night,
 His winges were wet with ranging in the raine,
 Harbour he sought, to mee hee tooke his flight,
 To dry his plumes I heard the boy complaine.
 I opte the doore, and graunted his desire, 5
 I rose my selfe, and made the wagge a fire.

Looking more narrow by the fiers flame,
 I spied his quiuer hanging by his backe :
 Doubting the boy might my misfortune frame,
 I would haue gone for feare of further wrack. 10
 But what I drad, did me poore wretch betide :
 For forth he drew an arrow from his side.
 He pierst the quick, and I began to start,
 A pleasing wound but that it was too hie,
 His shaft procurde a sharpe, yet sugred smart, 15
 Away he flewe, for why his winges were dry.
 But left the arrow sticking in my brest :
 That sore I greeude I welcomd such a guest.

XLVII

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE SHEPHEARD AND
HIS WIFE.

It was neere a thicky shade,
 That broad leaues of Beech had made :
 Ioyning all their tops so nie,
 That scarce Phoebus in could prie,
 To see if Louers in the thicke, 5
 Could dally with a wanton tricke.
 Where sate the swaine and his wife,
 Sporting in that pleasing life,
 That Coridon commendeth so,
 All other liues to ouer-go. 10
 He and she did sit and keepe
 Flocks of kids, and fouldes of sheepe :
 He vpon his pipe did play,
 She tuned voice vnto his lay.
 And for you might her Huswife knowe, 15
 Voice did sing and fingers sowe :
 He was young, his coat was greene,
 With welts of white, seamde betweene,
 Turned ouer with a flappe,
 That brest and bosome in did wrappe, 20
 Skirts side and plighted free,

Seemely hanging to his knee.
 A whittle with a siluer chape,
 Cloke was russet, and the cape
 Serued for a Bonnet oft, 25
 To shrowd him from the wet aloft.
 A leather scrip of colour red,
 With a button on the head,
 A bottle full of Country whigge,
 By the shepheards side did ligge: 30
 And in a little bush hard by,
 There the shepheards dogge did lye,
 Who while his Master gan to sleepe,
 Well could watch both kiddes and sheep.
 The shepheard was a frolicke Swaine, 35
 For though his parell was but plaine,
 Yet doone the Authors soothly say,
 His colour was both fresh and gay:
 And in their writtes plaine discusse,
 Fairer was not Tytirus, 40
 Nor Menalcas whom they call
 The Alderleefest swaine of all.
 Seeming him was his wife,
 Both in line, and in life:
 Faire she was as faire might be, 45
 Like the Roses on the tree:
 Buxsane, blieth, and young, I weene
 Beautious, like a sommers Queene,
 For her cheekes were ruddy hued,
 As if Lillies were imbrued, 50
 With drops of bloud to make thee white,
 Please the eye with more delight;
 Loue did lye within her eyes,
 In ambush for some wanton prize,
 A leefer Lasse then this had beene, 55
 Coridon had neuer seene.
 Nor was Phillis that faire May,
 Halfe so gawdy or so gay:
 She wore a chaplet on her head,
 Her cassocke was of scarlet red, 60
 Long and large as streight as bent,

Her middle was both small and gent.
 A necke as white as whales bone,
 Compast with a lace of stone,
 Fine she was and faire she was, 65
 Brighter then the brightest glasse.
 Such a Shepheards wife as she,
 Was not more in Thessaly.

XLVIII

THE SHEPHEARDS WIVES SONG.

Ah what is loue? It is a pretty thing,
 As sweet vnto a shepheard as a king,
 And sweeter too:
 For kings haue cares that waite vpon a Crowne,
 And cares can make the sweetest loue to frowne: 5
 Ah then, ah then,
 If countrie loues such sweet desires do gaine,
 What Lady would not loue a Shepheard Swaine?
 His flockes are foulded, he comes home at night,
 As merry as a king in his delight, 10
 And merrier too:
 For kings bethinke them what the state require,
 Where Shepheards carelesse Carroll by the fire.
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loues such sweet desires gaine, 15
 What Lady would not loue a Shepheard Swaine.
 He kisseth first, then sits as blyth to eate
 His creame and curds, as doth the king his meate;
 And blyther too:
 For kings haue often feares when they do sup, 20
 Where Shepheards dread no poyson in their cup.
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loues such sweet desires gaine,
 What Lady would not loue a Shepheard Swaine.
 To bed he goes, as wanton then I weene, 25
 As is a king in dalliance with a Queene;
 More wanton too:

For kings haue many griefes affects to moue,
 Where Shepheards haue no greater grief then loue :
 Ah then, ah then, 30
 If countrie loues such sweet desires gaine,
 What Lady would not loue a Shepheard Swaine.
 Vpon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
 As doth the king vpon his bed of downe,
 More sounder too : 35
 For cares cause kings full oft their sleepe to spill,
 Where weary Shepheards lye and snort their fill :
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loues such sweet desires gaine,
 What Lady would not loue a Shepheard Swaine. 40
 Thus with his wife he spends the yeare as blyth,
 As doth the king at euery tyde or syth ;
 And blyther too :
 For kings haue warres and broyles to take in hand,
 Where Shepheards laugh, and loue vpon the land. 45
 Ah then, ah then,
 If Countrie loues such sweet desires gaine,
 What Lady would not loue a Shepheard Swaine?

XLIX

HEXAMETRA ALEXIS IN LAVDEM ROSAMVNDÆ.

Oft haue I heard my lief Coridon report on a loue-day,
 When bonny maides doe meete with the Swaines in the vally
 by Tempe,
 How bright eyd his Phillis was, how louely they glanced,
 When fro th' Aarches Eben black, flew lookes as a lightning,
 That set a fire with piercing flames euen hearts adamantine, 5
 Face Rose hued, Cherry red, with a siluer taint like a Lilly.
 Venus pride might abate, might abash with a blush to behold
 her.
 Phoebus wyers compar'd to her haire vnworthy the praysing.
 Iunoes state, and Pallas wit disgrac'd with the Graces,
 That grac'd her, whom poore Coridon did choose for a loue-
 mate : 10

XLVIII 84 beds Q 45 Where Dyce : When Q XLIX Q 1676
 Rosamundæ Dyce : Rosamundi Q

Ah, but had Coridon now seene the starre that Alexis
Likes and loues so deare, that he melts to sighs when he
sees her.

Did Coridon but see those eyes, those amorous eye-lids,
From whence fly holy flames of death or life in a moment,
Ah, did he see that face, those haire that Venus, Apollo 15
Basht to behold, and both disgrac'd, did grieve, that a creature
Should exceed in hue, compare both a god and a goddesse:
Ah, had he seene my sweet Paramour the Saint of Alexis,
Then had he sayd, Phillis, sit downe surpassed in all points,
For there is one more faire then thou, beloued of Alexis. 20

L

HEXAMETRA ROSAMVNDÆ IN DOLOREM AMISSI
ALEXIS.

Tempe the groue where darke Hecate doth keep her abiding:
Tempe the groue where poor Rosamond bewails her Alexis,
Let not a tree nor a shrub be greene to shew thy reioycing;
Let not a leafe once decke thy boughes and branches, O Tempe,
Let not a bird record her tunes, nor chaunt any sweet Notes, 5
But Philomele, let her bewaile the losse of her amours,
And fill all the wood with dolefull tunes to bemone her,
Parched leaues fill euery Spring, fill euery Fountaine,
All the meades in mourning weede fit them to lamenting.
Eccho sit and sing despaire i' the Vallies, i' the Mountaines; 10
All Thessaly helpe poore Rosamond mournfull to bemone her:
For she's quite bereft of her loue, and left of Alexis,
Once was she lik'd, and once was she loued of wanton Alexis:
Now is she loathed, and now is she left of trothlesse Alexis.
Here did he clip and kisse Rosamond, and vowe by Diana: 15
None so deare to the Swaine as I, nor none so beloued,
Here did he deeply sweare, and call great Pan for a witnesse,
That Rosamond was onely the Rose belou'd of Alexis,
That Thessaly had not such an other Nymph to delight him:
None (quoth he) but Venus faire shall haue any kisses. 20
Not Phillis, were Phillis aliue should haue any fauours,
Nor Galate, Galate so faire for beautilous eyebrowes,
Nor Doris that Lasse that drewe the Swaines to behold her:

Not one amongst all these, nor all should gaine any graces,
 But Rosamond alone to her selfe should haue her Alexis. 25
 Now to reuenge the periurde vowes of faithlesse Alexis,
 Pan, great Pan, that heardst his othes, and mighty Diana,
 You Dryades and watry Nymphs that sport by the Fountaines :
 Fair Tempe the gladsome groue of greatest Apollo,
 Shrubs, and dales, and neighbouring hils, that heard when he
 swore him, 30
 Witnes all, and seeke to reuenge the wrongs of a Virgin,
 Had any Swaine been lief to me but guilefull Alexis,
 Had Rosamond twinde Myrtle boughes, or Rosemary branches,
 Sweet Holihocke, or else Daffadill, or slips of a Bay tree,
 And giuen them for a gift to any Swaine but Alexis : 35
 Well had Alexis done t' haue left his rose for a giglot.
 But Galate nere lou'd more deare her louely Menalcas
 'Then Rosamond did dearely loue her trothlesse Alexis.
 Endimion was nere beloued of his Citherea,
 Halfe so deare as true Rosamond beloued her Alexis. 40
 Now seely Lasse, hie downe to the lake, haste downe to the
 willowes,
 And with those forsaken twigs go make thee a Chaplet,
 Mournfull sit, and sigh by the springs, by the brookes, by the
 riuers,
 Till thou turne for griefe, as did Niobe to a Marble,
 Melt to teares, poure out thy plaints, let Eccho reclame them, 45
 How Rosamond that loued so deare is left of Alexis,
 Now dye, dye Rosamond, let men ingraue o' thy toombe-stone
 Here lyes she that loued so deare the Youngster Alexis,
 Once beloued, forsaken late of faithlesse Alexis :
 Yet Rosamond did dye for loue false hearted Alexis. 50

LI

 PHILADORS ODE THAT HE LEFT WITH THE
 DESPAIRING LOVER

When merry Autumne in her prime,
 Fruitfull mother of swift time,
 Had filled Ceres lappe with store
 Of Vines and Corne, and mickle more,

POEMS FROM THE NOVELS

277

Such needfull fruites as do growe 5
 From Terras bosome here belowe,
 Tytirus did sigh and see
 With hearts grieve and eyes greee,
 Eyes and heart both full of woes
 Where Galate his loue goes, 10
 Her mantle was vermillion red,
 A gawdy Chaplet on her head,
 A Chaplet that did shrowd the beames,
 That Phoebus on her beauty streames
 For Sunne it selfe desired to see 15
 So faire a Nymph as was shee;
 For, viewing from the East to West,
 Faire Galate did like him best:
 Her face was like to Welkins shine,
 Crystall brookes such were his eyne: 20
 And yet within those brookes were fires,
 That scorched youth and his desires.
 Galate did much impaire
 Venus honour for her faire.
 For stately stepping Iunoes pace, 25
 By Galate did take disgrace:
 And Pallas wisdom bare no prise,
 Where Galate would shew her wise.
 This gallant Girle thus passeth by
 Where Tityrus did sighing lye: 30
 Sighing sore for Loue straines
 More then sighes from Louers vaines,
 Teares in eye, thought in heart,
 Thus his grieve he did impart.
 Faire Galate but glance thine eye, 35
 Here lyes he that here must dye:
 For loue is death, if loue not gaine
 Louers salve for Louers paine.
 Winters seuen and more are past,
 Since on thy face my thoughts I cast: 40
 When Galate did haunt the Plaines,
 And fed her sheepe amongst the Swaines:
 When euery shepheard left his flockes,
 To gaze on Galates faire lockes.

When euery eye did stand at gaze : 45
 When heart and thought did both amaze,
 When heart from body would asunder,
 On Galates faire face to wonder :
 Then amongst them all did I
 Catch such a wound as I must dye 50
 If Galate oft say not thus,
 I loue the shepheard Tityrus.
 Tis loue (faire nymph) that doth paine
 Tytirus thy truest Swaine ;
 True, for none more true can be, 55
 Then still to loue, and none but thee.
 Say Galate, oft smile and say,
 Twere pittie loue should haue a nay :
 But such a word of comfort giue
 And Tytirus thy Loue shall liue 60
 Or with a piercing frowne reply
 I cannot liue, and then I dye,
 For Louers nay, is Louers death,
 And heart breake frownes doth stop the breath.
 Galate at this arose, 65
 And with a smile away she goes,
 As one that little carde to ease
 Tytir, pain'd with Loues disease.
 At her parting, Tytirus
 Sighed amaine, and sayed thus : 70
 Oh that women are so faire,
 To trap mens eyes in their haire,
 With beauteous eyes Loues fires,
 Venus sparkes that heates desires :
 But, oh that women haue such hearts, 75
 Such thoughts, and such deep piercing darts,
 As in the beauty of their eye,
 Harbor nought but flattery :
 Their teares are drawne that drop deceit,
 Their faces, Calends of all sleight, 80
 Their smiles are lures, their lookes guile,
 And all their loue is but a wyle.
 Then Tytir leaue leaue Tytirus
 To loue such as scornes you thus :

And say to loue, and women both, 85
 What I liked, now I do loath.
 With that he hyed him to the flockes,
 And counted loue but Venus mockes.

LII

THE SONG OF A COVNTY SWAINE AT THE
 RETVRNE OF PHILADOR.

The silent shade had shadowed euery tree,
 And Phoebus in the west was shrowded low :
 Ech hiue had home her busie laboring Bee,
 Ech bird the harbour of the night did knowe,
 Euen then, 5
 When thus :

All things did from their weary labour linne,
 Menalcas sate and thought him of his sinne.

His head on hand, his elbowe on his knee,
 And teares, like dewe, be-drencht vpon his face, 10
 His face as sad as any swaines might bee :
 His thoughts and dumpes befitting wel the place.

 Euen then,
 When thus :
 Menalcas sate in passions all alone, 15
 He sighed then, and thus he gan to mone.

I that fed flockes vpon Thessalia plaines
 And bad my lambs to feede on Daffadill,
 That liued on milke and curdes poore Shepheards gaines
 And merry sate, and pyp'd vpon a pleasant hill. 20

 Euen then,
 When thus :
 I sate secure and fear'd not fortunes ire,
 Mine eyes eclipt, fast blinded by desire.

Then lofty thoughts began to lift my minde, 25
 I grudg'd and thought my fortune was too low,

A shepherds life 'twas base and out of kinde,
The tallest Cedars haue the fairest growe,

Euen then,

When thus :

30

Pride did intend the sequell of my ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

I left the fields, and tooke me to thé Towne,
Fould sheepe who list, the hooke was cast away,
Menalcas would not be a country Clowne,
Nor Shepherds weeds, but garments far more gay.

35

Euen then,

When thus :

Aspiring thoughts did follow after ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

40

My sutes were silke, my talke was all of State,
I stretcht beyond the compasse of my sleeue,
The brauest Courtier was Menalcas mate,
Spend what I would, I neuer thought on grieve.

Euen then,

45

When thus :

I lasht out lauish, then began my ruth,
And then I felt the follies of my youth.

I cast mine eye on euery wanton face,
And straight desire did hale me on to loue,
Then Louer-like, I pray'd for Venus grace,
That she my mistris deepe affects might moue.

50

Euen then,

When thus :

Loue trapt me in the fatall bands of ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

55

No cost I spar'd to please my mistris eye,
No time ill spent in presence of her sight,
Yet oft she frownd, and then her loue must dye,
But when she smyl'd, oh then a happy wight.

60

Euen then,

When thus :

Desire did draw me on to deeme of ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

The day in poems often did I passe, 65
The night in sighs and sorrowes for her grace,
And she as fickle as the brittle glasse,
Held Sun-shine showres within her flattering face.

Euen then,

When thus :

70

I spy'd the woes that womens loues ensueth,
I saw, and loath the follies of my youth.

I noted oft that beauty was a blaze,
I saw that loue was but a heape of cares,
That such as stood as Deare do at the gaze, 75
And sought their welth amongst affections snares.

Euen such,

I sawe,

With hot pursuit did follow after ruth,
And fostered vp the follies of their youth. 80

Thus clogg'd with loue, with passions and with grieve,
I saw the country life had least molest,
I felt a wound and faine would haue reliefe,
And this resolu'd I thought would fall out best,

Euen then,

85

When thus :

I felt my senses almost solde to ruth,
I thought to leaue the follies of my youth,

To flockes againe, away the wanton towne,
Fond pride auaunt, giue me the shepherds hooke, 90
A coate of gray, Ile be a country clowne :
Mine eye shall scorne on beauty for to looke.

No more,

A doe :

Both Pride and loue are euer pain'd with ruth, 95
And therefore farewell the follies of my youth.

LIII

FROM NEVER TOO LATE.

An Ode.

Downe the valley gan he tracke,	
Bagge and bottle at his backe,	
In a surcoate all of gray,	
Such weare Palmers on the way,	
When with scrip and staffe they see	5
Iesus graue on Caluarie,	
A hat of straw like a swaine,	
Shealter for the sonne and raine,	
With a Scollop shell before :	
Sandalls on his feete he wore,	10
Legs were bare, armes vnclad,	
Such attire this Palmer had,	
His face faire like Titans shine,	
Gray and buxsome were his eyne,	
Whereout dropt pearles of sorrow :	15
Such sweete teares Loue doth borrow,	
When in outward deawes he plaines,	
Harts distresse that Louers paines :	
Rubie lips, cherrie cheekes,	
Such rare mixture Venus seekes,	20
When to keepe hir damsels quiet	
Beautie sets them downe their diet.	
Adon' was not thought more faire.	
Curled lockes of amber haire :	
Lockes where Loue did sit and twine	25
Nets to snare the gazers eyne :	
Such a Palmer nere was seene,	
Lesse loue himselfe had Palmer been.	
Yet for all he was so quaint	
Sorrow did his visage taint.	30
Midst the riches of his face,	
Griefe decyphred hie disgrace :	
Euerie step straind a teare,	
Sodaine sighes shewd his feare :	

And yet his feare by his sight,
 Ended in a strange delight. 35
 That his passions did approue,
 Weedes and sorrow were for loue.

LIV

The Palmers Ode.

Olde Menalcas on a day,
 As in field this shepherd lay,
 Tuning of his oten pipe,
 Which he hit with manie a stripe;
 Said to Coridon that hee 5
 Once was yong and full of glee,
 Blithe and wanton was I then :
 Such desires follow men.
 As I lay and kept my sheepe,
 Came the God that hateth sleepe, 10
 Clad in armour all of fire,
 Hand in hand with Queene Desire :
 And with a dart that wounded nie,
 Pearst my heart as I did lie :
 That when I wooke I gan sweare, 15
 Phillis beautie palme did beare.
 Vp I start, foorth went I,
 With hir face to feede mine eye :
 Then I saw Desire sit,
 That my heart with Loue had hit, 20
 Laying foorth bright Beauties hookes.
 To intrap my gazing lookes.
 Loue I did and gan to woe ;
 Pray and sigh, all would not doe :
 Women when they take the toy 25
 Couet to be counted coy.
 Coy she was, and I gan court,
 She thought Loue was but a sport.
 Profound Hell was in my thought,
 Such a paine Desire had wrought, 30

LIV Qq 1590, 1600, 1607 13 nie] me Qq 1600, 1607 20 had] did Q 1607
 27 and] that Q 1607

That I sued with sighes and teares,
 Still ingrate she stopt her eares,
 Till my youth I had spent,
 Last a passion of Repent,
 Tolde me flat that Desire, 35
 Was a brond of Loues fire,
 Which consumeth men in thrall,
 Vertue, youth, wit, and all.
 At this sawe backe I start,
 Bet Desire from my hart, 40
 Shooke of Loue and made an oth,
 To be enemie to both.
 Olde I was when thus I fled,
 Such fond toyes as cloyde my head.
 But this I learn'd at Vertues gate, 45
 The way to good is neuer late.
 Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.

LV

THE HERMITES EXORDIVM.

Here looke my sonne for no vaine glorious shewes.
 Of royall apparition for the eye,
 Humble and meeke befitteth men of yeeres,
 Behold my cell built in a silent shade,
 Holding content for pouertie and peace, 5
 And in my lodge is fealtie and faith,
 Labour and loue vnited in one league.
 I want not, for my minde affordeth wealth;
 I know not enuie, for I climbe not hie:
 Thus do I liue, and thus I meane to die. 10
 If that the world presents illusions,
 Or sathan seekes to puffe me vp with pompe,
 As man is fraile and apt to follow pride:
 Then see my sonne where I haue in my cell,
 A dead mans scull, which cals this straight to mind, 15
 That as this is, so must my ending be.
 When then I see that earth to earth must passe,
 I sigh, and say, all flesh is like to grasse.

POEMS FROM THE NOVELS

285

If care to liue, or sweete delight in life,
 As man desires to see out manie daies, 20
 Drawes me to listen to the flattering world:
 Then see my glasse which swiftly out doth runne,
 Comparde to man, who dies ere he begins.
 This tells me, time slackes not his poasting course,
 But as the glasse runnes out with euerie hower, 25
 Some in their youth, some in their weakest age,
 All sure to die, but no man knowes his time.
 By this I thinke, how vaine a thing is man,
 Whose longest life is likened to a span.
 When sathan seekes to sift me with his wiles, 30
 Or proudly dares to giue a fierce assault,
 To make a shipwracke of my faith with feares,
 Then armde at all points to withstand the foe
 With holy armour: heres the martiall sword:
 This booke, this bible, this two-edged blade, 35
 Whose sweete content pierceth the gates of hell:
 Decyphring lawes and discipline of warre,
 To ouerthrowe the strength of Sathans iarre.

LVI

ISABELLS ODE.

Sitting by a riuer side,
 Where a silent streame did glide,
 Banckt about with choice of flowers,
 Such as spring from Aprill showers,
 When fair Iris smiling sheaws. 5
 All her riches in her dewes,
 Thicke leaued trees so were planted,
 As nor arte nor nature wanted,
 Bordring all the broke with shade,
 As if Venus there had made 10
 By Floraes wile a curious bowre,
 To dally with her paramoure.
 At this current as I gazd,
 Eies intrapt, mind amazde,

LV 25 the] a Q 1607 80 seekes om. Q 1607 LVI Qq 1590, 1600,
 1607 1 Riuerz Qq 1600, 1607 8 nor] not Qq 1600, 1607

I might see in my ken,	15
Such a flame as fireth men,	
Such a fier as doth frie,	
With one blaze both heart and eie,	
Such a heate as dooth proue	
No heate like to the heate of loue.	20
Bright she was, for twas a she,	
That tracde hir steps towards me :	
On her head she ware a bay,	
To fence Phoebus light away :	
In her face one might descrie	25
The curious beauty of the skie,	
Her eies carried darts of fier,	
Feathred all with swift desier,	
Yet forth these fierie darts did passe	
Pearled teares as bright as glasse,	30
That wonder 'twas in her eine	
Fire and water should combine :	
If th' old sawe did not borrow,	
Fier is loue, and water sorrow :	
Downe she sate, pale and sad,	35
No mirth in her lookes she had,	
Face and eies shewd distresse,	
Inward sighes discourst no lesse :	
Head on hand might I see,	
Elbow leaned on hir knee,	40
Last she breathed out this saw,	
Oh that loue hath no law.	
Loue inforceth with constraint,	
Loue delighteth in complaint ;	
Who so loues hates his life :	45
For loues peace is mindes strife.	
Loue doth feede on beauties fare,	
Euerie dish sawst with care :	
Chieffly women, reason why,	
Loue is hatcht in their eye :	50
Thence it steppeth to the hart,	
There it poysneth euerie part :	
Minde and heart, eye and thought,	
Till sweete loue their woes hath wrought.	

POEMS FROM THE NOVELS

287

Then repentant they 'gin crie,
Oh my heart that trowed mine eye.
Thus she said and then she rose,
Face and minde both full of woes :
Flinging thence with this saw ;
Fie on loue that hath no law. 60

LVII

FRANCESCOS ODE.

When I looke about the place
Where sorrow nurseth vp disgrace,
Wrapt within a folde of cares,
Whose distresse no heart spares :
Eyes might looke, but see no light, 5
Heart might thinke but on despight,
Sonne did shine, but not on me :
Sorrow said it may not be,
That heart or eye should once possesse
Anie salue to cure distresse : 10
For men in prison must suppose
Their couches are the beds of woes.
Seeing this I sighed then,
Fortune thus should punish men.
But when I calde to minde her face 15
For whose loue I brooke this place,
Starrie eyes, whereat my sight,
Did eclipse with much delight,
Eyes that lighten and doo shine,
Beames of loue that are diuine, 20
Lilly cheekes whereon beside
Buds of Roses shew their pride,
Cherrie lips which did speake
Words that made all hearts to breake :
Words most sweete, for breath was sweete, 25
Such perfume for loue is meete.
Precious words, as hard to tell
Which more pleased, wit or smell.

LVII 55 'gin Dyce: gan Qq LVII Qq 1590, 1600, 1607 1 looked Q
1607 28 perfumes Qq 1600, 1607

When I saw my greatest paines
 Grow for hir that beautie staines. 36
 Fortune thus I did reproue,
 Nothing grieuefull growes from loue.

LVIII

CANZONE.

As then the Sun sate lordly in his pride,
 Not shadowed with the vale of any cloude :
 The Welkin had no racke that seemd to glide,
 No duskie vapour did bright Phoebus shroude :
 No blemish did eclipse the beauteous skie 5
 From setting foorth heauens secret searching eie,
 No blustring winde did shake the shadie trees,
 Each leafe lay still and silent in the wood,
 The birds were musically, the labouring Bees
 That in the sommer heapes their winters good, 10
 Plied to the hiues sweet hony from those flowers,
 Whereout the serpent strengthens all his powers.
 The lion laid and stretcht him in the lawnes,
 No storme did hold the Leopard fro his pray,
 The fallow fields were full of wanton fawnes, 15
 The plough-swaines neuer saw a fairer day,
 For euery beast and bird did take delight
 To see the quiet heauens to shine so bright.
 When thus the windes lay sleeping in the caues,
 The ayre was silent in her concaue sphere, 20
 And Neptune with a calme did please his slaues,
 Ready to wash the neuer drenched Beare :
 Then did the change of my affects begin ;
 And wanton loue assaid to snare me in.
 Leaning my backe against a loftie pine, 25
 Whose top did checke the pride of all the aire,
 Fixing my thoughts, and with my thoughts mine eie
 Vpon the Sunne, the fairest of all faire :
 What thing made God so faire as this, quoth I ?
 And thus I musde vntill I darkt mine eie. 30

Finding the Sunne too glorious for my sight,
 I glaunst my looke to shun so bright a lampe,
 With that appeard an obiect twice as bright,
 So gorgeous as my senses all were damp.
 In Ida richer beautie did not win 35
 When louely Venus shewd her siluer skin.
 Her pace was like to Iunoes pompous straines,
 When as she sweeps through heuens brasse-paued way,
 Her front was powdred through with azurde vaines,
 That twixt sweet Roses and faire lillies lay, 40
 Reflecting such a mixture from her face,
 As tainted Venus beautie with disgrace.
 Arctophylax the brightest of the stars
 Was not so orient as her christall eies,
 Wherein triumphant sat both peace and wars, 45
 From out whose arches such sweete fauours flies,
 As might reclaime Mars in his highest rage,
 At beauties charge his fury to assuage.
 The Diamond gleames not more reflecting lights,
 Pointed with fiery pyramides to shine, 50
 Than are those flames that burnish in our sights,
 Darting fire out the christall of her eine,
 Able to set Narcissus thoughts on fier,
 Although he swore him foe to sweete desier.
 Gazing vpon this lemman with mine eie, 55
 I felt my sight vaile bonnet to her lookes,
 So deepe a passion to my heart did flie,
 As I was trapt within her luring hookes,
 Forst to confesse before that I had done,
 Her beauty farre more brighter than the Sunne. 60

LIX

INFIDAS SONG.

Sweet Adon', darst not glaunce thine eye.

N'oserez vous, mon bel amy?

Vpon thy Venus that must die,

Je vous en prie, pitie me:

LVIII 33 appeare *Q* 1590 43 Artophilex *Q* 1590: Artophilax *Qq* 1600,
 1607 48 fauour *Qq* 1600, 1607 50 pointed *Dyce*: painted *Qq* 56 to]
 with *Qq* 1600, 1607 58 hookes *Dyce*: lookes *Qq* LIX *Qq* 1590, 1600,
 1607 2 oserez *Qq* and so through the Song

<i>N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,</i>	5
<i>N'oserez vous, mon bel amy?</i>	
See how sad thy Venus lies,	
<i>N'oserez vous, mon bel amy?</i>	
Loue in heart and teares in eyes,	
<i>Je vous en prie, pitie me :</i>	10
<i>N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,</i>	
<i>N'oserez vous, mon bel amy?</i>	
Thy face as faire as Paphos brookes,	
<i>N'oserez vous, mon bel amy?</i>	
Wherein fancie baites her hookes,	15
<i>Je vous en prie, pitie me :</i>	
<i>N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,</i>	
<i>N'oserez vous, mon bel amy?</i>	
Thy cheekes like cherries that doo growe,	
<i>N'oserez vous, mon bel amy?</i>	20
Amongst the Westernne mounts of snowe,	
<i>Je vous en prie, pitie me :</i>	
<i>N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,</i>	
<i>N'oserez vous, mon bel amy?</i>	
Thy lips vermilion, full of loue,	25
<i>N'oserez vous, mon bel amy?</i>	
Thy necke as siluer-white as doue,	
<i>Je vous en prie, pitie me :</i>	
<i>N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,</i>	
<i>N'oserez vous, mon bel amy?</i>	30
Thine eyes like flames of holie fires,	
<i>N'oserez vous, mon bel amy?</i>	
Burnes all my thoughts with sweete desires,	
<i>Je vous en prie, pitie me :</i>	
<i>N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,</i>	35
<i>N'oserez vous, mon bel amy?</i>	
All thy beauties sting my hart,	
<i>N'oserez vous, mon bel amy?</i>	
I must die through Cupid's dart,	
<i>Je vous en prie, pitie me :</i>	40
<i>N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,</i>	
<i>N'oserez vous, mon bel amy?</i>	

Wilt thou let thy Venus die?
N'oserez vous, mon bel amy?
 Adon were vnkinde, say I, 45
Je vous en prie, pitie me:
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel amy?
 To let faire Venus die for woe,
N'oserez vous, mon bel amy? 50
 That doth loue sweete Adon so;
Je vous en prie, pitie me:
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel amy?

LX

FRANCESCOES ROVNDELAY.

Sitting and sighing in my secret muse,
 As once Apollo did, surprisde with loue,
 Noting the slippery wayes young yeeres do vse,
 What fond affects the prime of youth doth moue,
 With bitter teares despairing I do crie, 5
 'Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eie.'

When wanton age, the blossome of my time,
 Drewe me to gaze vpon the gorgeous sight,
 That beauty pompous in her highest prime,
 Presents to tangle men with sweete delight, 10
 Then with despairing teares my thoughts did crie,
 'Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eie.'

When I surueid the riches of her lookes;
 Whereout flew flames of neuer quencht desire,
 Wherein lay baites, that Venus snares with hookes, 15
 Oh, where proud Cupid sate all armde with fire:
 Then toucht with loue my inward soule did crie,
 'Wo worth the faultes and follies of mine eie.'

The milke white Galaxia of her brow,
 Where Loue doth daunce lauoltas of his skill, 20

LX Qq 1590, 1600, 1607 7 blossome Dyce: blossom[e]s Qq 11 did
 Dyce: do[e] Qq

Like to the Temple, where true louers vow
 To follow what shall please their Mistresse will,
 Noting her iuorie front, now do I crie,
 'Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eie.'

Hir face like siluer Luna in hir shine, 25
 All tainted through with bright vermillion straines,
 Like lillies dipt in Bacchus choicest wine,
 Powdred and interseamd with azurde vaines,
 Delighting in their pride now may I crie,
 'Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eie.' 30

The golden wyers that checkers in the day,
 Inferiour to the tresses of her haire,
 Her amber tramells did my heart dismay,
 That when I lookte, I durst not ouer-dare:
 Prowd of her pride, now am I forst to cri, 35
 'Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eie.'

These fading beauties drew me on to sin,
 Natures great riches framde my bitter ruth,
 These were the trappes that loue did snare me in,
 Oh, these, and none but these haue wrackt my youth. 40
 Misled by them, I may despairing crie,
 'Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eie.'

By these I slipt from vertues holy tracke,
 That leades vnto the highest Christall sphere,
 By these I fell to vanitie and wracke, 45
 And as a man forlorne with sin and feare,
 Despaire and sorrow doth constraine me crie,
 'Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eie.'

LXI

THE PENITENT PALMERS ODE.

Whilome in the Winters rage
 A Palmer old and full of age,
 Sate and thought vpon his youth,
 With eyes, teares, and harts ruth,
 Being all with cares yblent, 5

When he thought on yeares mispent,
 When his follies came to minde,
 How fond loue had made him blinde,
 And wrapt him in a field of woes,
 Shadowed with pleasures shoes, 10
 Then he sighed and said alas,
 Man is sinne, and flesh is grasse.
 I thought my mistris haire were gold,
 And in her lockes my heart I folde:
 Her amber tresses were the sight 15
 That wrapped me in vaine delight:
 Her luorie front, her pretie chin,
 Were stales that drew me on to sin:
 Her starrie lookes, her Christall eyes,
 Brighter then the Sunnes arise: 20
 Sparkling pleasing flames of fire,
 Yoakt my thoughts and my desire,
 That I gan crie ere I blin,
 Oh her eyes are paths to sin.
 Her face was faire, her breath was sweete, 25
 All her lookes for loue was meete:
 But loue is follie this I knowe,
 And beautie fadeth like to snowe.
 Oh why should man delight in pride,
 Whose blossome like a deaw doth glide: 30
 When these supposes toucht my thought,
 That world was vaine, and beautie nought,
 I gan sigh and say alas,
 Man is sinne, and flesh is grasse.

LXII

ISABELS SONNET THAT SHE MADE IN PRISON.

Veritas non quaerit Anglos.

No storme so sharp to rent the little Reede,
 For sild it breakes though euery way it bend,
 The fire may heat but not consume the Flint,
 The gold in furnace purer is indeede.

LXI 28 were Q 1607 33 to before sigh add Qq 1600, 1607
 Qq 1590, 1600, 1607 1 read Q 1607

LXII

Report that sild to honour is a friend, 5
 May many lies against true meaning mynt :
 But yet at last
 Gainst slaunders blast,
 Truth doth the silly sackles soule defend.
 Though false reproach seekes honour to distaine 10
 And enuy bites the bud though nere so pure :
 Though lust doth seek to blemish chast desire,
 Yet truth that brookes not falshoods slaunderous staine,
 Nor can the spight of enuies wrath indure,
 Will trie true loue from lust in Iustice fire, 15
 And maulger all
 Will free from thrall
 The guiltles soule that keepes his footing sure.
 Where innocence triumpheth in her prime,
 And guilt cannot approach the honest minde : 20
 Where chast intent is free from any misse,
 Though enuie striue, yet secret searching time,
 With piercing insight will the truth out finde,
 And make discouerie who the guiltie is :
 For time still tries 25
 The truth from lies,
 And God makes open what the world doth blinde.

Veritas temporis filia.

LXIII

FRANCESCOES SONNET, MADE IN THE PRIME OF HIS PENAVNCE.

With sweating browes I long haue plowde the sandes :
 My seede was youth, my croppe was endlesse care :
 Repent hath sent me home with emptie hands
 At last, to tell how rife our follies are :
 And time hath left experience to approue : 5
 The gaine is grieve to those that traffique loue.
 The silent thoughts of my repentant yeeres
 That fill my head, haue cald me home at last :

LXII 18 keepes] sets Qq 1600, 1607
 searching Qq 27 find[e] Qq 1600, 1607
 7 thought Qq

22 secret-searching Walker :
 LXIII Qq 1590, 1600, 1607

Now loue vnmaskt a wanton wretch apearcs ;
 Begot by guilefull thought with ouer hast, 10
 In prime of youth a rose, in age a weede,
 That for a minutes ioye payes endlesse neede.
 Dead to delights, a foe to fond conceipt,
 Allied to wit by want, and sorrow bought :
 Farewell fond youth, long fostred in deceit : 15
 Forgiue me Time disguisd idle thought.
 And Loue adew, loe hasting to mine ende ;
 I finde no time too late for to amend.

LXIV

FRANCESCOS SONNET CALD HIS PARTING BLOW.

Reason that long in prison of my will
 Hast wept thy mistris wants and losse of time :
 Thy wonted siege of honour safely clime,
 To thee I yeeld as guiltie of mine ill.
 Lo (fettered in their teares) mine eyes are prest 5
 To pay due homage to their natiue guide,
 My wretched heart wounded with bad betide,
 To craue his peace from reason, is adrest.
 My thoughts ashamd since by themselues consumd
 Haue done their duetie to repentant wit : 10
 Ashamde of all sweete guide I sorie sit,
 To see in youth how I too farre presumde,
 That he whom loue and errour did betray,
 Subscribes to thee, and takes the better way.

Sero sed serio.

LXV

EVRYMACHVS FANCIE IN THE PRIME OF HIS
AFFECTION.

When lordly Saturne in a sable roabe
 Sat full of frownes and mourning in the West,

The euening starre scarce peept from out her lodge
And Phoebus newly gallopt to his rest :

Euen then

5

Did I

Within my boate sit in the silent streames,
And voyd of cares as he that lies and dreames.

As Phao so a Ferriman I was,
The countrie lasses sayd I was too faire,
With easie toyle I labourd at mine oare,
To passe from side to side who did repaire :

10

And then

Did I

For paines take pence, and Charon like transport
Assoone the swayne as men of high import.

15

When want of worke did giue me leaue to rest,
My sport was catching of the wanton fish :
So did I weare the tedious time away,
And with my labour mended oft my dish :

20

For why

I thought

That idle houres were Calenders of ruth
And time ill spent was preiudice to youth.

I scornd to loue, for were the Nymph as faire,
As she that loued the beauteous Latmian swayne,
Her face, her eyes, her tresses, nor her browes
Like Iuorie could my affection gaine :

25

For why

I said

With high disdaine, Loue is a base desire,
And Cupids flames, why the'are but watrie fire.

30

As thus I sat disdayning of proud loue,
Haue ouer Ferriman there cried a boy,
And with him was a paragon, for hue
A louely damosell beauteous and coy,

35

And there

With her

A maiden, couered with a tawnie vale,
Her face vnseene for breeding louers bale.

40

I stird my boate, and when I came to shoare
 The boy was wingd, me thought it was a wonder :
 The dame had eyes like lightning, or the flash
 That runnes before the hot report of thunder :

Her smiles 45
 Were sweete,

Louely her face : was neere so faire a creature,
 For earthly carkasse had a heauenly feature.

My friend (quoth she) sweete Ferriman behold,
 We three must passe, but not a farthing fare, 50
 But I will giue (for I am Queene of loue)
 The brightest lasse thou lik'st vnto thy share,

Choose where
 Thou louest

Be she as faire as Loues sweet Ladie is, 55
 She shall be thine if that will be thy blisse.

With that she smiled with such a pleasing face,
 As might haue made the marble rocke relent :
 But I that triumpht in disdaine of loue,
 Bad fie on him that to fond loue was bent, 60

And then
 Said thus,

So light the Ferriman for loue doth care,
 As Venus passe not, if she pay no fare.

At this a frowne sat on her angrie brow, 65
 She winkes vpon her wanton sonne hard by :
 He from his quiuer drew a bolt of fire,
 And aynd so right as that he pearst mine eye :

And then
 Did she 70

Draw downe the vale that hid the virgins face,
 Whose heauenly beautie lightned all the place,

Straight then I leande mine eare vpon mine arme,
 And lookt vpon the Nymph (if so) was faire :
 Her eyes were starres, and like Apollos locks, 75
 The thought appeard the tramels of her haire,

Thus did
 I gaze

68 he] I Q 1600 73 eare . . . arme] arme . . . eare Q 1590

And suckt in beautie till that sweete desire
 Cast fuell on and set my thought on fire. 80
 When I was lodgd within the net of loue
 And that they saw my heart was all on flame,
 The Nymph away, and with her trips along
 The winged boy, and with her goes his dame.
 Oh then 85
 I cried
 Stay Ladies stay and take not any care,
 You all shall passe and pay no penny fare.
 Away they fling, and looking coylie backe
 They laugh at me: oh with a loude disdaine 90
 I send out sighes to ouertake the Nymph,
 And teares as lures to call them backe againe:
 But they
 Flie thence,
 But I sit in my boate, with hand on oare, 95
 And feele a paine, but knowe not whats the sore.
 At last I feele it is the flame of loue,
 I striue but bootlesse to expresse the paine,
 It cooles, it fires, it hopes, it feares, it frets,
 And stirreth passions throughout euery vaine. 100
 That downe
 I sat,
 And sighing did faire Venus lawes approoue,
 And swore no thing so sweete and sowre as loue.
Et florida pungunt.

LXVI

RADAGONS SONNET.

No cleare appeard vpon the azurd Skie,
 A vale of stormes had shaddowed Phoebus face,
 And in a sable mantle of disgrace,
 Sate he that is ycleapt heauens bright eye,
 As though that he, 5
 Perplext for Clitia, meant to leaue his place,
 And wrapt in sorrowes did resolute to die:

LXV 91 Nymph *Dyce*: Nymphs *Q 1590*: Nymphs *Qq 1600, 1607* 98 knowes
Q 1600 98 represses *Qq 1600, 1607* LXVI *Qq 1590, 1600, 1607*

299

10

15

25

30

35

40

45

Ah borne was she within a happy howre
 That makes heauen, earth, and gods and all to smile,
 Such wonders can her beauteous lookes compile,
 To cleare the world from any froward lowre,
 Ah blest be shee. 50

LXVII

EVRIMACHVS IN LAVDEM MIRIMIDÆ HIS
MOTTO.

Inuita fortuna dedi vota concordia.

When Flora proude in pompe of all her flowers
 Sat bright and gay,
 And gloried in the deaw of Iris showers,
 And did display
 Her mantle checquered all with gawdy greene : 5
 Then I
 Alone
 A mournfull man in Erecine was seene.
 With folded armes I trampled through the grasse,
 Tracing as he 10
 That held the Throane of Fortune brittle glasse,
 And loue to be
 Like Fortune fleeting, as the restlesse wind
 Mixed
 With mists 15
 Whose dampe doth make the cleerest eyes grow blind.
 Thus in a maze I spied a hideous flame,
 I cast my sight,
 And sawe where blythly bathing in the same
 With great delight, 20
 A worme did lye, wrapt in a smokie sweate :
 And yet
 Twas strange
 It carelesse lay and shrunke not at the heate.
 I stood amazd and wondring at the sight, 25
 While that a dame

That shone like to the heauens rich sparkling light,
 Discourst the same :
 And sayd, my friend this worme within the fire
 Which lies 30
 Content,
 Is Venus worme, and represents desire.
 A Salamander is this princely beast,
 Deckt with a crowne,
 Giuen him by Cupid as a gorgeous crest 35
 Gainst fortunes frowne,
 Content he lies and bathes him in the flame,
 And goes
 Not foorth :
 For why he cannot liue without the same. 40
 As he : so louers lie within the fire
 Of feruent loue,
 And shrinke not from the flame of hot desire,
 Nor will not mooue
 From any heate, that Venus force imparts : 45
 But lie
 Content
 Within a fire and wast away their harts.
 Vp flew the dame and vanisht in a clowde,
 But there stood I, 50
 And many thoughts within my mind did shrowde
 My loue : for why,
 I felt within my heart a scortching fire,
 And yet
 As did 55
 The Salamander, twas my whole desire.

LXVIII

RADAGON IN DIANAM.

Non fuga Teucrus amat : quae tamen odit habet.

It was a valley gawdie greene,
 Where Dian at the fount was seene,
 Greene it was,
 And did passe

LXVII 41 lies *Qq* 1600, 1607
 LXVIII *Qq* 1590, 1600, 1607

52 My *Qq* 1600, 1607: Of *Q* 1590

All other of Dianas bowers, 5
 In the pride of Floras flowers.
 A fount it was that no Sunne sees,
 Circled in with Cipres trees,
 Set so nie,
 As Phoebus eye 10
 Could not doo the Virgins scathe,
 To see them naked when they bathe.
 She sat there all in white,
 Colour fitting her delite,
 Virgins so 15
 Ought to go :
 For white in Armorie is plast
 To be the colour that is chast.
 Her tafta Cassocke might you see,
 Tucked vp aboue her knee, 20
 Which did show
 There below
 Legges as white as whales bone.
 So white and chast was neuer none.
 Hard by her vpon the ground, 25
 Sat her Virgins in a round
 Bathing their
 Golden haire,
 And singing all in notes hye
 Fie on Venus flattring eye. 30
 Fie on loue it is a toy,
 Cupid witlesse and a boy,
 All her fires
 And desires
 Are plagues that God sent downe from hie, 35
 To pester men with miserie.
 As thus the Virgins did disdaine,
 Louers ioy and Louers paine,
 Cupid nie
 Did espie, 40

11 virgin *Qq 1600, 1607* 21 did] all did *Qq 1600, 1607* 35 downe from
 hie] from a hie *Q 1600* : from on hie *Q 1607*

Greeuing at Dianas song,
 Slylie stole these maides among.
 His bow of steele, darts of fire,
 He shot amongst them sweete desire,
 Which straight flies 45
 In their eyes,
 And at the entrance made them start,
 For it ran from eye to hart.
 Calisto straight supposed Ioue
 Was faire and frolicke for to loue : 50
 Dian shee
 Scapt not free :
 For well I wot hereupon
 She loued the swayne Endimion.
 Clitia, Phoebus, and Cloris eye 55
 Thought none so faire as Mercurie :
 Venus thus
 Did discusse
 By her sonne in darts of fire,
 None so chast to checke desire. 60
 Dian rose with all her maids,
 Blushing thus at loues braids,
 With sighs all
 Shew their thrall,
 And flinging hence pronounce this saw, 65
 What so strong as Loues sweet law ?

LXIX

MVLIDORS MADRIGALE.

Dildido dildido,
 Oh loue, oh loue,
 I feele thy rage romble below and aboue.
 In sommer time I sawe a face,
 Trop belle pour moy hélas hélas, 5
 Like to a stoand horse was her pace :
 Was euer yong man so dismaid,
 Her eyes like waxe torches did make me afraid,
 Trop belle pour moy, voila mon trespas.
 LXIX Qq 1590, 1600, 1607 9 voila] aide Qq 1600, 1607

Thy beautie (my Loue) exceedeth supposes, 10
 Thy haire is a nettle for the nicest roses,
Mon dieu, aide moy,
 That I with the primrose of my fresh wit,
 May tumble her tyrannie vnder my feete,
Hé donque ie sera un ieune roy. 15
Trop belle pour moy, hélas hélas,
Trop belle pour moy, voyla mon trespas.

LXX

THE PALMER'S VERSES.

In greener yeares when as my greedie thoughts
 Gan yeeld their homage to ambitions will,
 My feeble wit that then preuailed noughts,
 Perforce presented homage to his ill :
 And I in follies bondes fulfild with crime, 5
 At last vnloosd : thus spide my losse of time.
 As in his circuler and ceaselesse ray
 The yeare begins, and in it selfe returnes
 Refresht by presence of the eye of day,
 That sometimes nie and sometimes farre soiournes, 10
 So loue in me (conspiring my decay)
 With endles fire my heedles bosome burnes,
 And from the end of my aspiring sinne,
 My paths of error hourelly doth begin.

Aries.

When in the Ram the Sunne renews his beames, 15
 Beholding mournfull earth araid in grieve,
 That waights reliefe from his refreshing gleames,
 The tender flockes reioycing their reliefe,
 Doe leape for ioy and lap the siluer streames,
 So at my prime when youth in me was chiefe, 20
 All Heifer like with wanton horne I playd,
 And by my will my wit to loue betrayd.

Taurus.

When Phoebus with Europa's bearer bides,
 The Spring appeares, impatient of delaies,

The labourer to the fields his plow-swaynes guides, 25
 He sowes, he plants, he builds at all assaies,
 When prime of yeares that many errors hides,
 By fancies force did trace vngodly waies,
 I blindfold walkt, disdayning to behold,
 That life doth vade, and yong men must be old. 30

Gemini.

When in the hold whereas the Twins doo rest,
 Proud Phlaegon breathing fire doth last amaine :
 The trees with leaues, the earth with flowers is drest,
 When I in pride of yeres with peeuish braine
 Presum'd too farre and made fond loue my guest ; 35
 With frosts of care my flowers were nipt amaine.
 In height of weale who beares a careles hart,
 Repents too late his ouer foolish part.

Cancer.

When in Aestiual Cancers gloomie bower,
 The greater glorie of the heauens dooth shine ; 40
 The aire is calme, the birds at euerie stowre
 Do tempt the heauens with harmonie diuine,
 When I was first inthralld to Cupids powre,
 In vaine I spent the May-month of my time,
 Singing for ioy to see me captiue thrall 45
 To him, whose gaines are greefe, whose comfort smal.

Leo.

When in the height of his Miridian walke,
 The Lions holde containes the eye of day,
 The riping corne growes yeolow in the stalke,
 When strength of yeares did blesse me euerie way. 50
 Maskt with delights of follie was my talke,
 Youth ripened all my thoughts to my decay :
 In lust I sowde, my frute was losse of time ;
 My hopes were proud, and yet my bodie slime.

Virgo.

When in the Virgins lap earths comfort sleepes, 55
 Bating the furie of his burning eyes,

42 To Qq 45 me] my Qq 1600, 1607 54 were] are Q 1607 55
 steep[e]s Qq 1600, 1607

Both corne and frutes are firmd and comfort creepes
 On euerie plant and flowre that springing rise :
 When age at last his chiefe dominion keepes,
 And leades me on to see my vanities ; 60
 What loue and scant foresight did make me sowe
 In youthfull yeares, is ripened now in woe.

Libra.

When in the Ballance Daphnes Lemman blins
 The Ploughman gathereth frute for passed paine
 When I at last considered of my sinnes, 65
 And thought vpon my youth and follies vaine,
 I cast my count, and reason now begins
 To guide mine eyes with iudgement, bought with paine,
 Which weeping wish a better way to finde,
 Or els for euer to the world be blinde. 70

Scorpio.

When with the Scorpion proud Apollo plaies,
 The wines are trode and carried to their presse,
 The woods are feld gainst winters sharpe affraies :
 When grauer yeares my iudgements did addresse,
 I gan repaire my ruines and decaies : 75
 Exchanging will to wit and soothfastnesse :
 Claiming from Time and Age no good but this,
 To see my sinne, and sorrow for my misse.

Sagittarius.

When as the Archer in his Winter holde
 The Delian Harper tunes his wonted loue, 80
 The ploughman sows and tills his labored molde ;
 When with aduise and iudgement I approue,
 How Loue in youth hath grieve for gladnes solde,
 The seedes of shame I from my heart remooue,
 And in their steads I set downe plants of grace, 85
 And with repent bewaile my youthfull race.

Capricornus.

When he that in Eurotas siluer glide
 Doth baine his tresse, beholdeth Capricorne,

The daies growes short, then hasts the winters tide,
 The Sun with sparing lights doth seeme to mourn, 90
 Gray is the green, the flowers their beautie hides :
 When as I see that I to death was borne,
 My strength decaide, my graue alreadie drest,
 I count my life my losse, my death my best.

Aquarius.

When with Aquarius Phoebes brother staies, 95
 The blythe and wanton windes are whist and still,
 Cold frost and snow the pride of earth betraies :
 When age my head with hoarie haires doth fill,
 Reason sits downe, and bids mee count my dayes,
 And pray for peace, and blame my froward will : 100
 In depth of grieve in this distresse I crie,
 Peccauī Domine, miserere mei.

Pisces.

When in the Fishes mansion Phoebus dwells,
 The dayes renew, the earth regaines his rest :
 When olde in yeares, my want my death foretells : 105
 My thoughts and praiers to heauen are whole adrest,
 Repentance youthly follie quite expells,
 I long to be dissolued for my best,
 That yong in zeale long beaten with my rod,
 I may grow old to wisdom and to God. 110

LXXI

DESCRIPTION OF THE LADIE MAESIA.

Hir stature and hir shape was passing tall,
 Diana like, when longest the lawnes she goes,
 A stately pace like Iuno when she braued,
 The queene of heauen fore Paris in the vale,
 A front beset with loue and maiestie, 5
 A face like louely Venus when she blusht
 A seely shepherd shoulde be beauties iudge,
 A lip sweete rubie red, gracd with delight,
 Hir eies two sparkling starres in winter night,

LXX 89 day Q 1607 90 do Q 1607 91 is] in Q 1607 hide Qq 1600,
 1607 96 Qq 1600, 1607 omit this line 107 youthly] youth by Qq 1590,
 1600, 1607 LXXI Qq 1591, 1617

When chilling frost doth cleere the azurd skie, 10
 Hir haire in tresses twind with threds of silke,
 Hoong wauing downe like Phoebus in his prime :
 Hir breasts as white as those two snowie swannes
 That drawes to Paphos Cupids smiling dame :
 A foote like Thetis when she tript the sands, 15
 To steale Neptunus fauour with his steps :
 In fine, a peece despight of beauty framd,
 To see what natures cunning could afford.

LXXII

MAESIA'S SONG.

Sweet are the thoughts that sauour of content,
 the quiet mind is richer than a crowne,
 Sweet are the nights in carelesse slumber spent,
 the poore estate scornes fortunes angrie frowne.
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such blis 5
 beggers inioy, when Princes oft do mis.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest,
 the cottage that affords no pride nor care,
 The meane that grees with Countrie musick best,
 the sweet consort of mirth and musicks fare, 10
 Obscured life sets downe a type of blis,
 a minde content both crowne and kingdome is.

LXXIII

LINES TRANSLATED FROM GVAZZO.

He that appaled with lust would saile in hast to Corinthum,
 There to be taught in Layis schoole to seeke for a mistresse,
 Is to be traird in Venus troupe and changd to the purpose,
 Rage imbraced but reason quite thrust out as on exile,
 Pleasure a paine rest tournd to be care and mirth as a madnesse, 5
 Firie mindes inflamd with a looke intraged as Aleto,
 Quaint in aray, sighs fetcht from farre, and teares many fained,
 Pen sicke sore depe plungd in paine, not a place but his hart
 whole,

Daies in grieve and nights consumed to thinke on a goddesse,
 Broken sleeps, swete dreams but short fro the night to the
 morning 10

Venus dasht his mistresse face as bright as Apollo,
 Helena stained the golden ball wrong giuen by the sheeheard,
 Haires of gold eyes twinckling starres hir lips to be rubies,
 Teeth of pearle hir brests like snow hir cheekes to be roses.
 Sugar candie she is as I gesse fro the wast to the kneestead. 15
 Nought is amisse no fault were found if soule were amended.
 All were blisse if such fond lust led not to repentance.

LXXIV

FROM DANTE.

A monster seated in the midst of men,
 Which daily fed is neuer satiat,
 A hollow gulfe of vild ingratitude,
 Which for his food vouchsafes not pay of thankses,
 But still doth claime a debt of due expence, 5
 From hence doth Venus draw the shape of lust,
 From hence Mars raiseth bloud and stratagemes,
 The wracke of wealth the secret foe to life,
 The sword that hastneth on the date of death,
 The surest friend to phisicke by disease, 10
 The pumice that defaceth memorie,
 The misty vapour that obscures the light,
 And brightest beames of science glittering sunne,
 And doth eclipse the minde with sluggish thoughtes,
 The monster that afoordes this cursed brood, 15
 And makes commixture of these dyer mishaps,
 Is but a stomach ouerchargd with meates,
 That takes delight in endlesse gluttony.

LXXV

PHILOMELAS ODE THAT SHEE SVNG IN
 HER ARBOVR.

Sitting by a Riuers side,
 Where a silent streame did glide,

LXXIII 12 sheeheard Q 1591
 Qq 1615, 1631

LXXIV Qq 1591, 1617

LXXV

Muse I did of many things,
 That the mind in quiet brings.
 I gan thinke how some men deeme 5
 Gold their god, and some esteeme
 Honour is the chiefe content,
 That to man in life is lent.
 And some others doe contend,
 Quiet none, like to a friend. 10
 Others hold, there is no wealth
 Compared to a perfect health.
 Some mans mind in quiet stands,
 When he is Lord of many lands.
 But I did sigh, and sayd all this 15
 Was but a shade of perfect blis.
 And in my thoughts I did approue,
 Nought so sweet as is true loue,
 Loue twixt louers passeth these,
 When mouth kisseth and hart grees, 20
 With folded armes and lippes meeting,
 Each soule another sweetly greeting.
 For by the breath the soule fleeteth,
 And soule with soule in kissing meeteth.
 If Loue be so sweet a thing, 25
 That such happy blisse doth bring,
 Happy is loues sugred thrall,
 But vnhappy maydens all,
 Who esteeme your Virgins blisses,
 Sweeter then a wiues sweet kisses. 30
 No such quiet to the mind,
 As true loue with kisses kind.
 But if a kisse proue vnchast,
 Then is true loue quite disgrast.
 Though loue be sweet, learn this of me 35
 No loue sweet but honesty.

LXXVI

PHILOMELAES SECOND OADE.

It was frosty winter season,
 And faire Floras wealth was geason:

LXXVI Qq 161f, 163r

Meades that earst with greene were spred,
 With choyce flowers diapred,
 Had tawny vales: cold had scanted 5
 What the Spring and Nature planted:
 Leaeuesse boughes there might you see,
 All except fayre Daphnes tree,
 On their twigs no byrdes pearched,
 Warmer couerts now they searched; 10
 And by Natures secret reason,
 Trained their voyces to the season:
 With their feeble tunes bewraying,
 How they griued the springs decaying:
 Frosty Winter thus had gloomed 15
 Each fayre thing that sommer bloomed,
 Fields were bare, and trees vnclad,
 Flowers withered, byrdes were sad:
 When I saw a shepheard fold,
 Sheepe in Coate to shunne the cold: 20
 Himselfe sitting on the grasse,
 That with frost withered was:
 Sighing deepely, thus gan say,
 Loue is folly when astray:
 Like to loue no passion such, 25
 For 'tis madnesse, if too much:
 If too little, then despaire:
 If too high, he beates the ayre;
 With bootlesse cries, if too low:
 An eagle matcheth with a crow. 30
 Thence growes iarres, thus I find,
 Loue is folly, if vnkind;
 Yet doe men most desire
 To be heated with this fire:
 Whose flame is so pleasing hot, 35
 That they burne, yet feele it not:
 Yet hath loue another kind,
 Worse than these vnto the mind:
 That is, when a wantons eye
 Leades desire cleane awry, 40

5 scanted *Dyce*: scattered *Qq*
 his *Qq*

10 now *Dyce*: none *Qq*

26 'tis *Dyce*:

And with the Bee doth reioyce,
 Euery minute to change choyce,
 Counting he were then in blisse,
 If that each fare fere were his :
 Highly thus is loue disgraste, 45
 When the louer is vncaste ;
 And would taste of fruit forbidden,
 Cause the scape is easily hidden.
 Though such loue be sweet in brewing
 Bitter is the end ensuing ; 50
 For the honour of loue he shameth,
 And himselfe with lust defameth ;
 For a minutes pleasure gayning,
 Fame and honour euer stayning,
 Gazing thus so farre awry, 55
 Last the chip fals in his eye,
 Then it burns that earst but heate him,
 And his owne rod gins to beate him ;
 His choycest sweets turne to gall,
 He finds lust his sins thrall : 60
 That wanton women in their eyes,
 Mens deceiuings doe comprise.
 That homage done to fayre faces,
 Doth dishonour other graces :
 If lawlesse loue be such a sinne, 65
 Curst is he that liues therein :
 For the gaine of Venus game,
 Is the downefalle vnto shame :
 Here he paus'd and did stay,
 Sigh'd and rose, and went away. 70

LXXVII

LVLESIO'S SONNET.

Natura nihil frustra.

On women Nature did bestow two eyes,
 Like Heauen's bright lamps, in matchles beauty shining,
 Whose beames doe soonest captiuate the wise

LXXVI 44 face *Dyce*: fall *Qq* 45 is *Dyce*: in *Qq* 51 honour *Dyce*:
 humour *Qq* LXXVII *Qq* 1615, 1631 2 Heavens *Dyce*: Hemians *Qq*

And wary heads, made rare by arts refining.
 But why did Nature in her choyce combining, 5
 Plant two faire eyes within a beautilous face,
 That they might fauour two with equall grace?

Venus did sooth vp Vulcan with one eye,
 With th' other granted Mars his wished glee :
 If she did so, who Hymen did defie, 10
 Thinke loue no sinne, but grant an eye to me,
 In vayne else Nature gaue two stars to thee :
 If then two eyes may well two friends maintaine,
 Allow of two, and proue not Nature vayne.

Natura repugnare belluinum.

LXXVIII

POEME IN ANSWER.

Quot Corda, tot Amores.

Nature foreseeing how men would deuise
 More wiles than Protheus, women to entise,
 Graunted them two, and those bright shining eyes,
 To pearce into men's faults if they were wise.
 For they with shew of vertue maske their vice, 5
 Therefore to women's eyes belongs these gifts,
 The one must loue, the other see mens shifts.

Both these await vpon one simple heart,
 And what they choose, it hides vp without change.
 The Emrauld will not with his portraite part, 10
 Nor will a womans thoughts delight to range.
 They hold it bad to haue so base exchange.
 One heart, one friend, though that two eyes do choose him,
 No more but one, and heart will neuer loose him.

Cor unum, Amor unus.

LXXIX

AN ODE.

What is loue once disgraced?
 But a wanton thought ill placed,

LXXVII 10 who Hymen *Dyce* : whom Heimens *Q 1615* : whom Hymens
Q 1631 15 Naturae *Qq* LXXVIII *Qq 1615, 1631* 4 mans *Qq*
 LXXIX *Qq 1615, 1631*

POEMS FROM THE NOVELS

Which doth blemish whom it payneth,
 And dishonours whom it daineth,
 Seene in higher powers most, 5
 Though some fooles doe fondly bost,
 That who so is high of kin,
 Sanctifies his louers sinne.
 Ioue could not hide Ios scape,
 Nor conceale Calistos rape. 10
 Both did fault, and both were framed,
 Light of loues, whom lust had shamed.
 Let not women trust to men,
 They can flatter now and then.
 And tell them many wanton tales, 15
 Which doe breed their after bales.
 Sinne in kings, is sinne wee see,
 And greater sinne, cause great of gree.
Maius peccatum, this I reed,
 If he be high that doth the deed. 20
 Mars for all his Deity,
 Could not Venus dignifie,
 But Vulcan trapt her, and her blame
 Was punisht with an open shame.
 All the gods laught them to scorne, 25
 For dubbing Vulcan with the horne.
 Whereon may a woman bost,
 If her chastity be lost.
 Shame awaitt'h vpon her face,
 Blushing cheekes and foule disgrace, 30
 Report will blab, this is she
 That with her lust wins infamy,
 If lusting loue be so disgrac't,
 Die before you liue vnchast:
 For better die with honest fame, 35
 Then lead a wanton life with shame.

LXXX

FAMILIAS SONG.

Fie, fie on blind fancie,
 It hinders youths ioy:

LXXX Qq 1592, 1617, 1621

Fayre Virgins learne by me,
 To count loue a toy.
 When Loue learned first the A. B. C. of delight, 5
 And knew no figures, nor conceited Phrase :
 He simplie gaue to due desert her right,
 He led not Louers in darke winding wayes,
 He plainly wild to loue, or flatly answered no,
 But now who lists to proue, shall find it nothing so. 10
 Fie, fie then on fancie,
 It hinders youths ioy,
 Fayre Virgins learne by me,
 To count loue a toy.
 For since he learnd to vse the Poets pen, 15
 He learnde likewise with smoothing words to faine,
 Witching chaste eares with trothlesse tounge of men,
 And wronged faith with falshood and disdaine.
 He giues a promise now, anon he sweareth no,
 Who listeth for to proue, shall finde his changing so : 20
 Fie, fie then on fancie,
 It hinders youthes ioy,
 Fayre Virgins learne by me,
 To count loue a toy.

LXXXI

AGAINST ENTICING CVRTIZANS.

What meant the Poets in inuectiue verse,
 To sing Medeas shame, and Scillas pride,
 Calipsoes charmes, by which so many dide?
 Onely for this, their vices they rehearse,
 That curious wits which in this world conuerse 5
 May shun the dangers and entising shoes
 Of such false Syrens, those home breeding foes
 That from their eyes their venom do disperse.
 So soone kills not the Basiliske with sight,
 The Vipers tooth is not so venomous, 10
 The Adders tounge not halfe so daungerous,
 As they that beare the shadow of delight,
 Who chain blind youths in tramels of their hayre,
 Till wast bring woe, and sorrow hasts despayre.

LXXXI *Qq 1592, 1617, 1621* 1 in *Dyce* : to *Qq* 5 this] the *Qq 1617,*
1621 14 brings *Qq 1617, 1621*

LXXXII

VERSES

Deceyuing world that with alluring toyes,
 Hast made my life the subiect of thy scorne :
 And scornest now to lend thy fading ioyes,
 To lengthen my life, whom friends haue left forlorn
 How well are they that die ere they be borne. 5
 And neuer see thy sleights, which few men shun
 Till vnawares they helpelesse are vndone.

Oft haue I sung of loue and of his fire,
 But now I finde that Poet was advizde
 Which made full feasts increasers of desire, 10
 And proues weak loue was with the poor despizde :
 For when the life with food is not suffizde,
 What thoughts of loue, what motion of delight,
 What pleasance can proceed from such a wight?

Witnes my want the murderer of my wit, 15
 My raiisht sense of woonted fury reft,
 Wants such conceit, as should in Poems fit,
 Set downe the sorrow wherein I am left,
 But therefore haue high heauens, their gifts bereft.
 Because so long they lent them me to vse, 20
 And I so long their bounty did abuse.

O that a yeere were graunted me to liue,
 And for that yeare my former wits restorde,
 What rules of life, what counsell would I giue?
 How should my sinne with sorrow be deplorde? 25
 But I must die of euery man abhorde,
 Time loosely spent will not againe be woone,
 My time is loosely spent, and I vndone.

LXXXIII

A CONCEITED FABLE OF THE OLDE COMEDIAN
AESOP.

An Ant and a Grashopper walking together on a
 greene, the one carelessly skiping, the other carefully

LXXXII Qq 1592, 1617, 1621 4 To lengthen] T'outlength Qq 1617, 1621
 25 be deplorde] then deplore Q 1617 LXXXIII Q 1592, 1617

prying what Winters prouision was scattered in the
 way: the Grashopper scorning (as wantons will) this
 needelesse thrift (as he tearmed it) reprooued him thus. 5

The greedie miser thirsteth still for gaine,
 His thrift is theft, his weale workes others woe,
 That foole is fond which will in caues remaine,
 When mongst faire sweetes he may at pleasure goe.

To this the Ant perceyuing the Grashoppers meaning, 10
 quickly replied:

The thriftie husband spares what vnthrifths spends
 His thrift no theft, for dangers to prouide;
 Trust to thy selfe, small hope in want yeeld friends
 A caue is better then the desarts wide. 15

In short time these two parted, the one to his
 pleasure, the other to his labor. Anon Harvest grew
 on, and reft from the Grashopper his wonted moysture.
 Then weakely skippes he to the medows brinks, where
 till fell winter he abode. But storms continually powr- 20
 ing, he went for succour to the Ant his olde acquaintance,
 to whom he had scarce discouered his estate, but the
 little worme made this replie.

Packe hence (quoth he) thou idle lazie worme,
 My house doth harbour no vnthriftie mates: 25
 Thou scornedst to toyle, and now thou feelst the storm
 And starvst for food, while I am fed with cates,
 Vse no intreats, I will relentlesse rest,
 For toyling labour hates an idle guest.

The Grashopper foodles, helpelesse, and strengthlesse, 30
 got into the next brooke and in the yeelding sand
 digde himselfe a pitte: by which likewise he ingraued
 this Epitaph:

When Springs greene prime arrayde me with delight,
 And euery power with youthfull vigour fild, 35
 Gaue strength to worke what euer fancie wild,
 I neuer fearde the force of winters spight.

When first I saw the Sunne, the day beginne,
 And drie the mornings teares from hearbes and grasse,
 I little thought his chearefull light would passe, 40
 Till vgly night with darkenesse enterd in,
 And then day lost I mournde, spring past I waild,
 But neither teares for this or that auaild,

Then too too late I praisde the Emmets paine,
 That sought in spring a harbour gainst the heate, 45
 And in the haruest gathered winters meate,
 Perceiuing famine, frosts, and stormie raine.

My wretched end may warne Greene springing youth,
 To vse delights, as toyes that will deceiue,
 And scorne the world, before the world them leaue, 50
 For all worlds trust, is ruine without ruth.

Then blest are they that like the toyling Ant,
 Prouide in time gainst winters wofull want.

With this the Grashopper yeelding to the weathers
 extremitie, died comfortlesse without remedie. Like him 55
 my selfe: like me, shall all that trust to friends or
 times inconstancie. Now faint I of my last infirmitie,
 beseeching them that shall burie my bodie, to publish
 this last farewell, written with my wretched hand.

Faelicem fuisse infaustum. 60

LXXXIV

GREENES ODE, OF THE VANITIE OF
WANTON WRITINGS.

Though Tytirus the Heardes Swaine,
 Phillis loue-mate felt the paine,
 That Cupid fiers in the eie,
 Till they loue or till they die,
 Straigned ditties from his pipe, 5
 With pleasant voyce and cunning stripe:
 Telling in his song how faire,
 Phillis eie-browes and hir haire.
 How hir face past all supposes:
 For white Lillies: for red Roses. 10

LXXXIII 58 wofull winters Q 1617

LXXXIV Q 1592

Though he sounded on the hils,
 Such fond passions as loue wils,
 That all the Swaines that foulded by,
 Flockt to heare his harmonie,
 And vowed by Pan that Tytirus 15
 Did Poet-like his loues discusse,
 That men might learne mickle good,
 By the verdict of his mood,
 Yet olde Menalcas ouer-ag'd,
 That many winters there had wag'd, 20
 Sitting by and hearing this:
 Said, their wordes were all amisse.
 For (quoth he) such wanton laies,
 Are not worthie to haue praise.
 Iigges and ditties of fond loues, 25
 Youth to mickle follie moooues.
 And tould this old said saw to thee,
 Which Coridon did learne to me,
 Tis shame and sin for pregnant wits,
 To spend their skill in wanton fits. 30
 Martiall was a bonnie boy,
 He writ loues grieve and loues ioy.
 He tould what wanton lookes passes,
 Twixt the Swaines and the lasses.
 And mickle wonder did he write, 35
 Of Womens loues and their spight,
 But for the follies of his pen,
 He was hated of most men:
 For they could say, t'was sin and shame
 For Schollers to endite such game. 40
 Quaint was Ouid in his rime,
 Chiefest Poet of his time.
 What he could in wordes rehearse,
 Ended in a pleasing verse.
 Apollo with his ay-greene baies, 45
 Crownd his head to shew his praise:
 And all the Muses did agree,
 He should be theirs, and none but he.
 This Poet chaunted all of loue,
 Of Cupids wings and Venus doue: 50

Of faire Corima and her hew,
 Of white and red, and vaines blew.
 How they loued and how they greed,
 And how in fancy they did speed.
 His Elegies were wanton all, 55
 Telling of loues pleasings thrall,
 And cause he would the Poet seeme,
 That best of Venus lawes could deeme.
 Strange precepts he did impart,
 And writ three bookes of loues art. 60
 There he taught how to woe,
 What in loue men should doe,
 How they might soonest winne,
 Honest women vnto sinne :
 Thus to tellen all the truth, 65
 He infected Romes youth :
 And with his bookes and verses brought
 That men in Rome nought els saught,
 But how to tangle maid or wife,
 With honors breach through wanton life : 70
 The foolish sort did for his skill,
 Praise the deepnesse of his quill :
 And like to him said there was none,
 Since died old Anacreon.
 But Romes Augustus worlds wonder, 75
 Brookt not of this foolish blonder :
 Nor likt he of this wanton verse,
 That loues lawes did rehearse.
 For well he saw and did espie,
 Youth was sore impaired thereby : 80
 And by experience he finds,
 Wanton bookes infect the minds,
 Which made him straight for reward,
 Though the censure seemed hard,
 To bannish Ouid quite from Rome, 85
 This was great Augustus doome :
 For (quoth he) Poets quilts,
 Ought not for to teach men ils.
 For learning is a thing of prise,
 To shew precepts to make men wise. 90

And neere the Muses sacred places
 Dwels the virtuous minded graces.
 Tis shame and sinne then for good wits,
 To shew their skill in wanton fits.
 This Augustus did reply, 95
 And as he said, so thinke I.

LXXXV

THE DESCRIPTION OF SIR GEFFERY
CHAWCER.

His stature was not very tall,
 Leane he was, his legs were small,
 Hosd within a stock of red,
 A buttond bonnet on his head,
 From vnder which did hang, I weene, 5
 Siluer haire both bright and sheene,
 His beard was white, trimmed round,
 His countnance blithe and merry found,
 A Sleeuelesse Iacket large and wide,
 With many pleights and skirts side, 10
 Of water Chamlet did he weare,
 A whittell by his belt he beare,
 His shooes were corned broad before,
 His Inckhorne at his side he wore,
 And in his hand he bore a booke, 15
 Thus did this auntient Poet looke.

LXXXVI

THE DESCRIPTION OF IOHN GOWER.

Large he was, his height was long,
 Broad of brest, his lims were strong,
 But couller pale, and wan his looke,
 Such haue they that pleyen their booke,
 His head was gray and quaintly shorne, 5
 Neately was his beard worne.
 His visage graue, sterne and grim,
 Cato was most like to him.

His Bonnet was a Hat of blew,
 His sleeues straight of that same hew, 10
 A surcoate of a tawnie die,
 Hung in pleights ouer his thigh,
 A breech close vnto his dock,
 Handsomd with a long stock,
 Pricked before were his shoone, 15
 He wore such as others doone,
 A bag of red by his side,
 And by that his napkin tide,
 Thus Iohn Gower did appeare,
 Quaint attired as you heere. 20

LXXXVII

THEODORAS SONG.

Secret alone, and silent in my bed,
 When follies of my youth doe touch my thought,
 And reason tels me that all flesh is sinne,
 And all is vaine that so by man is wrought.
 Hearts sighes, 5
 Eies teares,
 With sorrow throb when in my mind I see,
 All that man doth is foolish vanitie.
 When pride presents the state of honors pompe,
 And seekes to set aspiring mindes on fire, 10
 When wanton Loue brings beauty for a bait,
 To scotch the eie with ouer hot desire.
 Hearts sighes,
 Eies teares,
 With sorrow throb when in my mind I see, 15
 That pride and loue are extreame vanitie.
 Oh Loue that ere I loued, yet loue is chaste,
 My fancie likt none but my husbands face.
 But when I thinke I loued none but him,
 Nor would my thought giue any other grace, 20
 Harts sighes,
 Eyes teares,
 With sorrow throb, when in my minde I see,
 The purest loue is toucht with Iealousie.

POEMS FROM THE NOVELS

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Alas mine eye had neuer wanton lookes, 25
 A modest blush did euer taint my Cheekes,
 If then suspition with a faulse conceipt,
 The ruine of my fame and honour seekes,
 Harts sighes,
 Eyes teares, 30
 Must needs throb sorrows, when my mind doth see,
 Chaste thoughts are blamd with causelesse ieaousie.

My husbands will was ere to me a lawe,
 To please his fancie is my whole delight,
 Then if he thinkes whatsoeuer I do is bad, 35
 And with suspition chastitie requight,
 Harts sighes,
 Eyes teares,
 Must needs throb sorrows, when my minde dooth see,
 Dutie and loue are quit with ieaousie. 40

No deeper hell can fret a womans minde,
 Then to be tainted with a false suspect,
 Then if my constant thoughts be ouercrost,
 When prating fond, can yeeld no true detect,
 Harts sighes, 45
 Eyes teares,

Must needs throb sorrows, when my minde doth see,
 Duty and loue are quit with ieaousie.

Seeke I to please, he thinkes I flatter then,
 Obedience is a couer for my fault, 50
 When thus he deemes I treade my shoo awrie,
 And going right, he still suspects I halt,
 Harts sighes,
 Eyes teares,

Must needs throb sorrows, when my minde doth see, 55
 Dutie and loue are quit with ieaousie.

No salue I haue to cure this restlesse soare,
 But sighes to God, to change his ieaious minde,
 Then shall I praise him in applauding himns,
 And when the want of this mistrust I finde, 60
 Harts sighes,
 Eyes teares,

Shall cease, and Lord ile onely pray to thee,
That women neare be wrongd with iealousie.

LXXXVIII

THE DESCRIPTION OF SALOMON.

His stature tall, large, and hie,	
Lim'd and featur'd beauteouslie,	
Chest was broad armes were strong.	
Lockes of Amber passing long,	
That hung and waued vpon his necke,	5
Heauens beautie might they checke.	
Visage faire and full of grace,	
Mild and sterne, for in one place,	
Sate mercie meeklie in his eie :	
And Iustice in his lookes hard by.	10
His Roabes of Bisse, were crimsen hew,	
Bordred round with twines of blew :	
In Tyre no richer silke solde,	
Ouer braided all with golde :	
Costly set with pretious stone,	15
Such before I neere saw none.	
A massie Crowne vpon his head,	
Checquerd through with Rubies red.	
Orient Pearle and bright Topace,	
Did burnish out each valiant place.	20
Thus this Prince that seemed sage,	
Did goe in royall Equipage.	

NOTES

FRIER BACON AND FRIER BONGAY

Page 17, 8. *Lawndes*: see note on *Orl. Fur.*, l. 505, vol. i. p. 313.

5. *teisers*: i.e. 'teasers.' The word occurs also *infra*, l. 1267, in this sense. Dyce appositely quotes Fuller's *Holy State*, p. 66, ed. 1642: 'But these teasers, rather to rouse than pinch the game, onely made Whitaker find his spirits. The fiercest dog is behind, even Bellarmine himself.'

6. *merry Fresingfield*. Fressingfield is a village in the hundred of Hoxne in the county of Suffolk, and is some 4½ miles SSE. from Harleston. Greene's picture of the place was evidently drawn from intimate knowledge.

17. *stammell*, spelt also 'stamel,' 'stammel,' and 'stamell,' a variation of 'stamin,' was a kind of coarse woollen cloth used for making petticoats. See *Babees Book*, ed. Furnivall, p. 248: 'In sommer use to were a scarlet petycoat made of *stamell* or lynse wolse.' So in *A Pleasant Comedie of Pasquil and Katharine*, ii. 1. 7: 'Mistress Smiffe . . . hath newly put on her stammel petticoate.' 'A red stamell petticoat and a broad strawne hat' are noted as the dress of a country haymaker in Deloney's *Pleasant History of Thomas of Reading*. See Fairholt's *Costume in England*, ii. 379. Stammel was usually red; indeed the word was actually used as a name for the colour implied by it. Of this the *Century Dictionary* gives two illustrations. 'Karsies of all orient colours, especially of stamel,' Hakluyt, *Voyages*, i. 440, and

'The Violets purple, the sweet Roses *stammel*,
The Lillie's snow,' &c.

Sylvester, *Du Bartas*, i. 3.

21. *amort* or *alamort*: dejected, disconsolate, or depressed, is a very favourite word with the Elizabethan dramatists, but it was becoming obsolete at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

P. 18, 31. *my cap and my coat*, &c. For information about the dress of clowns and fools Dr. Ward refers to Douce, 'On the Clowns and Fools of Shakespeare,' *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, ii. 317 seqq.

36. *scab*. 'Scab' is a common term of contempt. The *locus classicus* for it may be said to be in Middleton's *A Mad World my Masters*, iii. 2: 'In. You may see I met with a scab, Sir. *Pen. B.* Diversa genera scabierum, as Pliny reports, there are divers kinds of scabs. *In.* Pray, let's hear 'em, Sir. *Pen. B.* An itching scab, that is your

harlot; a sore scab, your usurer; a running scab, your promoter; a broad scab, your intelligencer; but a white scab, that's a scald knave and a pander.'

39. *liuely*. All the Quartos read 'lively,' but Dyce conjectures 'lovely,' perhaps rightly, for it is a very favourite word of Greene's, occurring in this one play no less than twenty-seven times.

60. *Margarites*: see note on *Orl. Fur.*, vol. i. p. 306.

P. 19, 61. *cleues*: 'cleve' means properly a steep sloping ground, the steep side of a hill, cliff. For illustrations see *N.E.D.* sub voce.

67. *taint*: 'taint' (French *teint*, from the Latin *tinctus*) is exactly equivalent to 'tint'; the derived verb is frequently used in the sense of 'tinge' or imbue. Cf. Greene's *Arcadia* (Works, vi. 86, 97): 'Tainted his cheekes with a vermilion die'; 'Her cheekes tainted with a blush of disgrace.'

78. *As Pallace*, &c. There is some propriety in this simile, because Pallas was the goddess of 'huswiferie,' as Ἐργάνη, one of the names under which she was worshipped, implies; but whether the ἱερὰ Ἀθηνᾶνς comprehended more than the arts and trophies of spinning and weaving it would be difficult to say.

80. *run her cheese*: 'to run her cheese,' a phrase occurring three times in this play, ll. 80, 147, 638, means to make her cheese, or rather the constituents of it, properly coagulate; the verb represents the M.E. *rennen*, causative of O.E. *ge-rinnan* (intr.) to coagulate (cf. *rennet*). Cf. Cheyne, quoted in Johnson's *Dictionary*, sub voce: 'What is raised in the day settles in the night, and its cold runs the thin juices into thick sily substances.'

96. *Nigromancer*: see note on l. 762.

P. 20, 109. *prease*: 'prease' is a very common form of 'press,' both substantive and verb, in the English of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries.

110. *plackerd*: this word, generally written 'placket,' is common in the Elizabethan writers, and meant properly some portion of a petticoat, but was also used (as here) for 'placket-hole,' a word still in dialectal use for a slit or opening in the petticoat, giving access to the pocket.

112. *pollicie*: see note on *Orl. Fur.*, l. 308, vol. i. p. 310.

P. 21, 138. *Harleston*: Harleston is a parish in the hundred of Stow, four and a half miles from Fressingfield. Dr. Ward notes that a fair is held there on July 5, but that St. James's Day is on the 25th of that month.

141. *That come to see*, &c.: an obvious reminiscence of Ovid, *Ars Amatoria*, i. 99: 'Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsae.'

145. *Coat him*: for other examples of 'cote' in the sense 'to pass by, go beyond; to outstrip, surpass,' see *N.E.D.*

166. *morris dance*: Dyce conjectures 'dancer' for 'dance'; the

correction seems probable, though morris-dance might mean he was one in whom love capered as he pleased. Cf. *The Hog hath lost his Pearle*, i. 1: 'He is a gentleman whom it pleased Fortune to make her tennis-ball of.' The morris dance (etymologically 'Moorish dance'), also called 'morisco,' was a prominent feature in English popular festivities down to the seventeenth century. It was performed by a company of men in fantastic costumes, representing various characters; the 'Morisco' or Moor had bells attached to his dress. See *Second Part of Henry VI*, iii. 1. 364-6:

'I have seen

Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.'

P. 22, 173. *dostissime* for *doctissime*, and *habitaes* for *habitare* in l. 175, may be intentional blunders, but they are more probably mere misprints, like *Attulisti nos* for *Attulistin'* in l. 174.

175. *Ecce quam bonum*: a parody, as Dr. Ward observes, of the first verse of Psalm cxxxiii, *libros* being ludicrously substituted for *fratres*.

186. *Piromancie*, or divination by fire, was one of the commonest forms of magic. For full information on these points Dr. Ward refers to the *Wagnerbuch* (Scheible, *Kloster*, iii. 115 seqq.), and the treatise 'On the species of Ceremonial Magic called Goetie,' by Georg Pictor of Villingen.

Hadromaticke is a blunder for 'hydromanticke' (as if Gr. ὑδρομαντική), a synonym of hydromancy, i. e. divination by water. Of hydromancy, Auerhan in the *Wagnerbuch* (Scheible, *Kloster*, iii), quoted by Dr. Ward, says: 'In this you conjure the spirits into water: there they are constrained to show themselves as Marcus Varro testifieth when he writeth how he had seen a boy in the water who announced to him in a hundred and fifty verses the issue of the Mithridatic War.'

188. *Aeromancie* was divination from the air. Pictor, as quoted by Dr. Ward, says: 'If the wind blew from the East it signified good fortune; if from the West evil; calamity from the South; disclosure of what is secret from the North; if the wind blew from all quarters at the same time, it signified storm, hail, and violent rain.'

189. *plaine*: the use of 'plain' as an active verb to make plain has long been obsolete, but it was common in our older writers. Dr. Ward compares Shaks. *Pericles*, Prol. to Act iii. 14: 'What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.' The reading of Q3, 'plaine out,' is probably correct: cf. the modern 'to straighten out.'

P. 23, 205. *mother Waters*: among the many ale-wives whose names have been recorded by the Elizabethan writers I can find no Mother Waters, and am inclined to think it must be a misprint for Watkins, who is often referred to. In Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book* in the

Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge there is the tune to an old song entitled :

'A ditty delightful of *Mother Watkin's ale*
A warning well weyed, though counted a tale.'

So Chettle, *Kind-Harts Dream*, ed. Rimbault, p. 15: 'The lascivious undersongs of *Watkins Ale*, the Carmans whistle, the Chopping kniues,' &c. Chettle also alludes to it in a letter (with the signature T. N. to his good friend A. M.) prefixed to Munday's translation of *Gerileon of England*: 'I should hardly be persuaded that any professor of so excellent a science of printing would be so impudent to print such odious and lascivious ribaudrie as *Watkins Ale*.' I only offer this as a conjecture; possibly there may have been some ale-wife known as Mother Waters.

218. *Make storming Boreas*. Compare with this passage *infra*, l. 1537 seqq. These are the ordinary achievements of classical and mediaeval magicians. Cf. what Prospero says, *Tempest*, v. 1. 41:

'I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war.'

222. *Pentageron*: this is one of several blundered forms (perhaps mere misprints) for *pentagonon*. The pentagonon, also called pentagramma or pentalpha, was a mystic figure pentagonal in shape, produced by prolonging the sides of a regular pentagon till they intersect one another, thus:—



It was a very ancient sign, being employed by the Pythagoreans as a salutation at the head of letters, and as a symbol of health. See the Scholiast on Aristophanes, *Nubes*, 599 (following Lucian, *Pro Lapsu in Salutando*, 5): Πλάτων μίντοι ἐν ἀρχῇ τῶν ἐπιστολῶν τὸ εὖ πρᾶττειν προύθηκεν· οἱ δὲ Πυθαγόρειοι τὸ ὑγιαίνειν καὶ τὸ γε τριπλοῦν τρίγωνον, τὸ δι' ἀλλήλων τὸ πεντάγραμμον, ᾧ συμβόλῳ πρὸς τοὺς ὁμοδόξους ἐχρῶντο, ὑγίειν πρὸς αὐτῶν ὠνομάζετο. In Germany it was known as the 'Drudensfuss' (from *Drude* or *Drud*, a witch), and in the Middle Ages it was supposed to be a protection from ghosts and witches; and as late as the last century it was sometimes painted on cradles to protect babies and young children from the influence of evil spirits. The passage in Goethe's *Faust* (Part I. l. 1393) where Mephistopheles is perplexed by it will be familiar:

'*Mephis*. Gesteh' ich's nur! dass ich hinausspaziere,
Verbietet mir ein kleines Hinderniss,
Der Drudenfuss auf Eurer Schwelle—
Faust. Das Pentagramma macht dir Pein?'

227. *Belcephon*. In the wilderness of magical literature this name may exist somewhere, and is hardly likely to have been coined by Greene. As Mr. Fleay has pointed out, it has evidently some relation to the place-name Baal-zephon (Vulgate *Beelzebub*), mentioned in Exodus xiv. 2 and Numbers xxxiii. 7.

234. *The brazen walls*, &c. See Herodotus, i. 184 and iii. 155. That the walls built by Semiramis were of brass is a bold invention of Greene. Aristophanes, *Aves*, 551, 552; Ovid, *Met.* iv. 58; Juvenal, x. 171; Strabo, xvi. 1. 5, describe the walls as of brick. Greene has evidently confounded the walls with the gates.

237. *Rie*. Of Rye in Sussex there is this lively description by Nash, *Lenten Stuffs* (Grosart's *Nash*, v. 243): 'Rie is one of the ancient townes belonging to the Cinque Ports, yet limpeth cinque ace behinde Yarmouth . . . and to stand threshing no longer about it Rie is Ry and no more but Rie and Yarmouth wheate compared with it.'

P. 24, 244. *Mathematicke rules*: cf. ll. 484 and 493. The term 'mathematicke' was frequently applied to astronomy and astrology; so in Latin *mathematici* and *Mathesis* are used respectively for mathematicians and mathematics in the comprehensive sense of the term, and for astrologers and astrology. So Peele in *The Honour of the Garter*, Ad Maecenatem Prologus, speaks of Mathesis as:

'That admirable mathematic skill
Familiar with the stars and zodiac
To whom the heaven lies open as her book.'

247. *roues*. 'Rove' is a term in archery meaning to shoot an arrow, not point blank, but with an elevation; it was called also shooting at rovers. See Nares and Halliwell for illustrations.

260. *pickpacke*. Explained by Nares and Halliwell as the older form of 'pick-a-back,' i. e. carried like a pack over the shoulders—he will be 'at you' or on your shoulders.

P. 25, 299. *guesse*. This form of the plural of guest is not uncommon. Dyce quotes Chamberlayne, *Pharonnida*, Bk. iv. canto iii. 53:

'The empty tables stood, for never guess
Came there except the bankrupts whom distress
Spurr'd on.'

And cf. *Euphues and his England* (ed. Bond, ii. p. 150): 'Guesses and fish say we in Athens are euer stale within three dayes.' So Webster, *Cure for a Cuckold*, v. 1: 'My daughter's honest, and my guess [here, if the text be correct, used for the singular] is a noble fellow,' and *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, sig. H. 4:

'We had no guess

And have of meates so many a messe.'

P. 27, 348. *good cheape* is at a low price, *à bon marché*. Cheap was originally a substantive meaning 'barter' or 'price.' The present use of 'cheap' as an adjective (shortened from 'good cheap') has not been found before the sixteenth century. See Skeat and *N. E. D.* for the history of the word and illustrations.

351. *cope*. 'Cope' is purchase or exchange; the verb is commoner than the substantive. The verb is from the Low German *köpen* (Dutch *koop*en), corresponding to the Old English *clapian* to trade, bargain, buy (whence the obsolete verb to cheap). Dr. Ward quotes the 'Song of Conscience' in *The Three Ladies of London*:

'Have you . . .
Powch-ringes or buskins
To *cope* for new broom.'

The substantive, which first appears in the middle of the sixteenth century, is probably formed from the verb, though Low German had *köp* (modern Dutch *koop*).

359. *Phoebus is blythe*. This is another illustration of Greene's pseudo-mythology; as Dr. Ward remarks, it was not Phoebus, but Jupiter, who courted Semele.

P. 28, 383. *Beccles*. Beccles is a market town and parish in the hundred of Wangford in the county of Suffolk, on the south side of the river Waveney which bounds it on the north and west. It was originally part of the possessions belonging to the monastery of Bury St. Edmunds.

393. *you forget your selfe*. The Quartos assign these words to Margaret; Dyce and Ward give them to Lacy.

405. *hilding*. The derivation of this word is uncertain; *N.E.D.* suggests the old verb 'hield,' to bend downwards, sink. In any case it means a base, worthless wretch, and is applied to both sexes.

411. *in gray*. See note on *Orl. Fur.*, l. 540, vol. i. p. 314.

P. 29, 442. *And venture, &c.*: this line is very awkward, both as being an Alexandrine and because of the repetition 'through the deep.' Dyce proposes to read 'And venture as Agenor's damsel did': Agenor's damsel was Europa. Cf. Greene's *Arcadia* (Works, vi. 76): 'Thus feeding on the delicacy of their features I should like the Tyrian heyfer fall in love with Agenor's darling.'

P. 30, 453. *counterfeit*. 'Counterfeit' is from the French *contre-faire*, and is the common word for a portrait, but it also means a false coin and a base-born child, 'a slip'; and puns on this double sense are not uncommon, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4. 52: '*Rom.* What *counterfeit* did I give you? *Mer.* The slip, Sir, the slip'; Ben Jonson, *Magnetic Lady*, iii. 4: 'Had the slip slurred on me a *counterfeit*'; *Every*

Man in his Humour, ii. 3: 'Let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip.' For other illustrations see Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. v. 396, ed. 1780.

458. *Done*: Dyce queries 'shewn,' but no alteration is needed.

Damas: the French form of 'Damascus'; but Edward, as Dr. Ward remarks, never fought before Damascus.

464. *Fremingham*. Framlingham is a market town in the hundred of Loes, county Suffolk, situated on an eminence not far from the sources of the Ore. The name, Dr. Ward observes, is locally pronounced 'Fromingham.'

466. *Hampton house*. If this be a reference to Hampton Court Palace, as it appears to be, it is of course an anachronism. 'Hampton Court was not a royal residence till Cardinal Wolsey, who had built it, exchanged it with Henry VIII for Richmond' (Dr. Ward).

471. *will*. 'Will' in the sense of 'to require' or 'command' is very common: cf. *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, iii. 2: 'And *wills* you send the peasant that you have'; *Edw. III*, iii. 1: 'And likewise *will* him with our own allies . . . to solicit'; *Fair Em*, sc. 15: 'Therefore by me He *willeth* thee to send his daughter Blanche.'

P. 31, 489. *woonder Vandermast*. Dyce proposes to change 'wonder' into 'wondrous,' but there is no reason for the change. 'Wonder' is habitually used in early English for the adjective, as in Chaucer, see *Second Nun's Tale*, 308: 'Methinketh that it were a *wonder dede*'; *Man of Law's Tale*, 1045: 'This *wonder* chaunce'; *Pardoner's Tale*, 891: '*Wonder* signes of empoisoning,' and so habitually: it is probably to be explained by the resolution of compounds like A.S. *wundor-weorc*, 'wonder-work,' miracle; cf. also common appositive employment of substantives for adjectives, like *bellator equus* and *charta anus* in Latin. (For abundant illustration of it in Elizabethan English, see Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 430.) Elze, being apparently unaware of this, proposes in his *Notes on Elizabethan Dramatists*, p. 28, to read either 'wonder'd'—quoting in support *Tempest*, iv. 1. 123, 'so rare a wonder'd father'—or 'wander'd,' quoting *Henry VIII*, 'our *travell'd* gallants.' Vandermast appears to be a fictitious personage. Dr. Ward says that he has not been able to trace any notice of a Dutch magician or scholar of that name, and I have not been more successful.

497. *Whilst*. 'Whilst' or 'while' in the sense of until is very frequent. Cf. *infra*, l. 1413: 'Be doubtful, *while* I haue debated with my selfe'; also *Never too Late* (Works, viii. 35): 'Are you so idle tasked that you stand upon thornes *while* you have a husband.' Dr. Ward very happily cites from Masson's *Life of Milton*, vol. v. p. 94, a sentence upon a blasphemer in Scotland who was condemned 'to be hanged on a gibbet *while* he be dead'; so in *Looking Glasse*, l. 775: 'You shall drink *while* your skin crack.' It became obsolete in this sense, so far as

literary use is concerned, towards the end of the seventeenth century, but is still common in dialects.

505. *the Ile of Eely*, like Sarum Plain, seems to have been a favourite place for fattening geese. Drayton, *Polyolb.* xxi, notices the 'abundant store' of the fish and fowl there bred.

P. 32, 516. *cutting*. 'Cutter' was a cant word for a swaggerer, bully, or bravo. Cotgrave translates cutter by *balafreux, taillebras, fendeur de naseaux*, and Coles defines a cutter as *gladiator, latro*, so 'cutting' was the exercise of these professions. See Nares and Halliwell, who quote in illustration Beaumont and Fletcher, *Scornful Lady*, v. 4: 'You. Lov. He's turn'd gallant. El. Love. Gallant? You. Love. Ay, gallant, and is now called *Cutting* Morecraft'; cf. too Gabriel Harvey of Greene's disreputable comrade, Ball: 'His employing of Ball surnamed *Cuttinge* Ball, till he was intercepted at Tyburne,' *Four Letters*, p. 9. Dekker, *Seven Deadly Sins of London, Non-Dram. Works*, ed. Grosart, vol. iv. p. 66, speaks of 'trimming this cutter of Queene Hith.' Among the *dramatis personae* of Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* is 'Val Cutting, a roarer or bully.'

537. *Copper-Smiths hall*. Cf. *Looking Glasse*, l. 201: 'His nose was . . . so set with rubies that after his death it should, haue been nailed vp in *Coppersmiths Hall*.' I can find no mention of any such institution either in London or Oxford, nor was there any such guild as the Coppersmiths among the City Companies. The phrase was no doubt a joke—a play on the word suggested by gold and Goldsmiths' Hall, Coppersmiths' Hall being facetiously put for a tavern, where copper noses are coined; cf. Nash, *A Prognostication* (Grosart's *Nash*, vol. ii. 165): 'The knights of *Coppersmith's* hap to doo great deedes of arms upon Cuppes, Cannes, pots, glasses, black jacks.' Cf. Middleton's *Black Book*, Prologue, 'Gilded nosed usurers, base metall'd handers to copper captains.' Cf. *First Part of Henry IV*, iii. 3. 89, where Falstaff says of Bardolf: 'What call you rich? let them *coin his nose*, let them *coin his cheeks*.' My interpretation is borne out by the present passage: 'Where is Brazennose Colledge? Not far from Copper-Smithes hall.' Allusions to the copper nose of the drunkard are very common in our old writers. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 2. 112: 'I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.' See too *supra*, l. 205: 'Mother Waters strong ale will fit his turne to make him haue a *copper nose*.'

548. *Gogs wounds!* A very common form of oath among the vulgar; cf. *Farewell to Folly* (Works, ix. 228): 'I cannot . . . rap out gog's wounds in a taverne.' In *Greene's Ghost*, ed. Halliwell, p. 39, Sim Swashbuckler and Captain Gogswounds are the names of two tavern bullies.

P. 32, 559. *light fingered*. 'Light-fingered gentlemen' is still a phrase for pick-pockets. Dr. Ward quotes the Interlude of *Nice*

Wanton: 'Your son is suspect light-fingered to be'; cf. too *Defence of Conny-Catching* (Works, xi. 97): 'A Woman's Taylor . . . noted for his filching, which although he was *light fingerd*,' &c. In the present passage the word is used in the more general sense 'nimble of his hands.'

573. *Fast fancied*. Tied by fancy which, as generally, signifies love.

P. 34, 588. *colleged state*. The state or estate of the college.

604. *glasse prospectiue* is a glass which reflects magically that which is still in the future, or that which is at a distance; here, as what ensues shows, it has the latter meaning. Bacon's 'magic glass' seems, as Dr. Ward observes, to be a combination in the popular mind of the camera obscura, burning glass, and telescope, which he is supposed to have invented or used. Cf. the description of the perspicil in *Albumazar*, i. 3:

'T will draw the moon so near, that you would swear
The bush of thorns in't pricks your eyes; the crystal
Of a large arch multiplies millions,
Works more than by point blank, and by refractions
Optic and strange searcheth like the eye of truth,
All closets that have windows. Have at Rome,
I see the Pope, his cardinals, and his mule,
The English College, and the Jesuits,
And what they write and do.'

615. *blacke pots*. It would seem from a passage in Heywood, *Love's Mistress* (Works, ed. Pearson, vol. v. 114), that 'black pot' means a jug or vessel of some kind: 'Now should I be in love with whom? With Doll, what's that but dole and lamentation; with Jug, what's she but sister to a *black-pot*?' (Cf. 'black jack,' a leather drinking vessel coated externally with tar.) *Returne from Parnassus*, ii. 826, quoted by Dr. Ward, 'If Elderton were alive to heare his blacke potts should put on mourning apparell,' this Elderton being a noted drunkard. Dr. Ward thinks that it is an allusion to the black caps of the masters and scholars, and this he supports by a reference to the passage, *infra*, l. 871: 'Doctors, whose doting night caps are not capable of my ingenious dignitie.' But it is more likely a reference to the speaker's exploits in the pot-houses or taverns.

S.D. *Bacon and Edward*, &c. 'Here, after the exit of Warren and Ermsby, &c., and after Bacon and Edward had walked a few paces about (or perhaps towards the back of) the stage, the audience were to suppose that the scene was changed to the interior of Bacon's cell' (Dyce, *On the Elizabethan Dramatists*).

617. *temper* in Greene has three meanings (1) to fashion by heating, as here and in *Orl. Fur.* l. 496:

'Where sits Tisiphone, *tempring* in flames
Those torches that do set on fire Reuenge';

- (2) to manage, as *infra*, l. 2069 :

‘Mine Art,

Which once I *tempred* in my secret Cell’;

and in *Alphonsus*, l. 1529 :

‘Long time Dame Fortune *tempred* so her wheele

As that there was no vantage to be seene,’ &c. ;

- (3) to mix or mingle, as *infra*, l. 1394 :

‘Whose beautie, *tempered* with her huswifrie’;

so to temper wine with water, as frequently.

P. 85, S.D. Dyce thinks that the curtain which concealed the upper stage was here withdrawn discovering Margaret and Bungay standing there, and that when the representation in the glass was supposed to be over the curtain was drawn back again.

Frier Bungay. Greene’s Friar Bungay, or rather the Bungay of the original romance, stands in the same relation to the real Bungay as the Friar Bacon stands to the real Bacon. Thomas Bungay, ‘Frater Thomas Bongaye,’ was a distinguished Franciscan schoolman who studied and taught both at Oxford and Cambridge contemporarily with Bacon. In the *Registrum Fratrum Minorum* he is mentioned as one of the Provincial Ministers of the Order in England, and it is stated that he was buried at Northampton. For more about him see Brewer’s *Monumenta Franciscana* and *Dict. of Nat. Biog.* For his association with Bacon as a brother magician see the romance. Ben Jonson, *Tale of a Tub*, ii. 1, refers to his familiar, the dog: ‘A man must carry and vetch Like Bungy’s dog for you.’ See, too, Butler’s *Hudibras*, Part III. canto iii. 741-2: ‘Your surest way is first to pitch On Bongay for a water witch.’

628. *bright-some.* All the Quartos read ‘bright-sunne.’ Dyce’s correction seems certain.

647. *to shadow*, &c.: this is very obscurely expressed. ‘Shadow’ in Greene has two senses, to disguise or conceal, as in *Planetomachia* (Works, v. 85): ‘Could shadow the darke colours of revenge with the glistening hue of reconciled amity,’ and to sketch, so ‘shadows’ for portraits; *Euphues his Censure* (Works, vi. 283): ‘It is but a shadow drawne with a pensell’; and *Farewell to Follie* (Works, ix. 248): ‘Apelles boyes aimed at selfe love for grinding colours for their maisters shadowes’; but here it seems to have the meaning of foreshadow, so that the sense would be ‘his beauty, like that of Paris, is such that it may well justify us in anticipating a rape of Helen.’

P. 86, 688. *ne’er the neare*: see note on *James IV*, l. 56.

P. 37, 700. *Loue ought to creepe*, &c. For the sentiment see Greene’s *Arcadia* (Works, vi. 63): ‘Knowe that Venus standeth on the Tortoys, as shewing that love creepeth on by degrees . . . the sonne shadows, but the motion is not seene; love like these should enter into the eye and by long gradations passe into the heart’; and

cf. *Euphues and his England* (ed. Bond, ii. p. 176): 'The tongue of a loue should be like the poynt on the Diall which though it go none can see it going.'

701. *too too soone*: see note on *Alphonsus*, l. 1336.

705. *No, Frier: what newes?* Dyce assigns this speech to Lacy, but all the Quartos give it to Margaret, and as it makes good sense I do not alter.

P. 38, 746. *Twere a long poinard*, &c. Dyce queries whether this be a prose speech or a corrupted verse; it is probably two Alexandrines.

751. *portace*. This word, also spelt 'porthors,' 'porte-hors,' 'portass,' 'portus,' 'portasse,' 'portise,' 'portesse,' 'porteous,' 'porthose,' 'portuas,' means a portable breviary, or book of prayers, Lat. *portorium* or *portiforium*. The derivation is seen most clearly in the form 'porthors' or 'porte-hors,' carry abroad. See Skeat's note on Chaucer's *Shipman's Tale* (Group B 1321), and Nares and Halliwell, sub voce. To the illustrations there given add *Grim the Collier*, i. 1: 'Arm'd with my *portasse*, bidding of my beades'; *Look About You*, sc. xxv: 'The hermit's *portesse*, garments and his beades'; and *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, iv. 2: 'Nor have I any power to look On portass and on matin book.'

755. *hand-fast*: to hand-fast is properly to betroth. Coverdale's *The Christian State of Matrimony*, published in 1543, contains the following passage: 'Every man lykewyse must esteme the parson to whom he is handfasted none otherwyse than for his owne spouse, though as yet it be not done in the Church ner in the Strete.' The ceremony was sometimes performed by placing a double ring upon the fingers of the betrothed couple. Ben Jonson, in a note on his *Masque of Hymen*, says: 'Auspices were those that hand-fasted the married couple, that wished them good luck,' &c. See Nares and Halliwell, sub voce. Also the commentators on *Measure for Measure*, i. 3. 27; *Cymbeline*, i. 5. 28; *Twelfth Night*, v. 155-64; *Tempest*, iv. 1. 13.

P. 39, 762. *nigromansie*: this should properly be 'necromancy,' as Dyce prints, but the form 'nigromancy' or 'negromancy' was derived directly from the mediaeval writers, who gave the form *nigromantia* because they confounded the Greek *νεκροί* with 'nigri' or black spirits. So in a Vocabulary dated 1475, cited by Trench, *English Past and Present*, p. 306, we find: 'Nigromancia dicitur divination facta per nigros.' See *supra*, l. 95, 'he is a braue Nigromancer,' and l. 225, 'straine out Nigromancie to the deepe'; for the other form see *Greene's Vision* (Works, xii. 258): 'I having some skill in Negromancie.' Cf. *Selimus*, l. 1627, 'He may by divellish Negromancie procure my death,' and one of these two forms it generally has in the Elizabethan writers. So our 'black art' and the German *Schwarze Kunst*.

764. *For mumbling*. 'For' was often used after verbs implying hindrance, when we should now say 'from': see *N.E.D.*, vol. ix. p. 412.

778. *I haue strook*, &c. Dyce proposes to correct the metre by thus arranging:

'I have struck him dumb, my lord; and if you please
I'll fetch this Bungay straight from Fressingfield.'

P. 40, 793. *Flees with his bonny lasse*, &c. Dyce supposes that some word or words are wanting; there is no reason for supposing this; it is merely an octosyllabic line.

S.D. *Regent-house*. The Regent-house was the house where the Regents met, in other words, the House of Congregation.

806. *Almain*: Almain is the common Elizabethan term for 'German,' as 'Almains' are Germans: Lat. *Alamanni* and French *Allemand*.

823. *hold . . . play*: see note on *Orland Fur.*, l. 225, vol. i. p. 229.

P. 41, 837. *rufflers*: a ruffler is a common term for a cheating bully, a lawless or violent person; so 'ruffle,' to bluster. For illustrations see Nares and Halliwell.

841. *doctor Burden*, &c. It is needless to say that these verses are Skeltonical, such Skeltonisms being very common in the Elizabethan dramatists. They abound in *The Death*, and in *The Downfall, of Robert Earl of Huntington*, where they are described as 'ribble rabble rhymes Skeltonical,' and where Skelton is introduced.

lurden: other forms 'lourden,' 'lurdane,' 'lurdein' (from the Old French *lourdin* and modern *lourdaud* from *lourd*), a lazy heavy fellow. See Nares and Halliwell, and add Greene, *Debate between Follie and Love* (Works, iv. p. 206): 'Instead of some brave gentleman I strike upon some filthie *lurden*'; *Calisto and Melibœa*: 'Thinkest thou, *lurden*, thou handlest me fair.'

846. *sheat*: this word, unknown to dictionaries, may have been put in extemporally by the speaker for the jingle. It may be connected, as Professor Skeat has been good enough to inform me, with the A.S. *scēot*, quick, lively, nimble, which might survive provincially as *sheet* with close *e*, of which *sheat* might be a loose spelling. The sense of 'lively' or 'nimble' would fit here very well.

P. 42, 870. *white sonne*: see note on *Looking Glasse*, l. 1282.

878. *pantophles*: 'pantables' or 'pantobles,' loose shoes (French *pantoufle*). See Nares and Halliwell, but add that they were a very important article of ornament in Elizabethan times. In Massinger, *Guardian*, iii. 4, Calypso speaks 'of your pearl embroidered *pantofles* on your feet.' In Stubbes they are distinguished from slippers and other foot gear, 'korked shoes, pinsnets, *pantofles* and slippers: some of them of black velvet, some of white, some of greene and some of yellowe, some of Spanish leather and some of English, stitched with

silk and imbrodered with gold and silver all over the foote'—*Anat. of Abuses* (ed. Furnivall, p. 77). It would seem from Lyly's *Endimion*, ii. 2, that cork was inserted between the sole and the upper leather to raise the stature, 'Your Pantables be higher with cork'; and Warner's *Albion*, ix. ch. xlvii: 'Then wore they shoes of ease, now of an inch broad corked high'; see Fairholt's account of a cork shoe of the Elizabethan age found in the Thames, *Costume in England*, p. 386. There is apparently an allusion to this in Middleton's *Everie Woman in her Humour* (ed. Bullen in his *Collection of Old Plays*), i. 1: 'The truth is the fatal sisters have cut the thread of her cork shoe and she's stept aside into a Cobler's shop to take a true stitch.'

887. *Like Bartlets*, &c. Dyce prints 'Barclay's': the allusion, as he remarks, is to 'The Shyp of Folys of the Worlde, translated out of Latin, Frenche, and Doche into Englysshe Tongue, by Alexander Barclay, Preste, London by Richarde Pynson, 1509, folio.' For a full account of this work, which is a periphrastic version of the *Narrenschiff* of Sebastian Brant, see Jamieson's Introduction to his edition of the poem.

889. *Dawcocke*, &c. This, as Dyce notes, is an expression borrowed from Skelton's *Ware the Hauke*:

'Construas hoc

Domine Dawcocke!'

A 'daw' is a common synonym for a simpleton; cf. *First Part of Henry VI*, ii. 4. 18: 'Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw'; and *Gentylnes and Nobylte*, Reprint, p. 43: 'Then fare ye well as wyse as two dawys'; and Lodge's *Woundes of Civil War*, v. 2:

'These maids are daus

That go to the laws

With a babe in the belly.'

Cf. too Dekker's *Gull's Horn-book* (ed. Nott, p. 141): 'Whether you be a fool, or a Justice of Peace, a cuckold . . . or a dawcocke, a knave,' &c., and *Appius and Virginia*, Dodsley, ed. Hazlitt, vol. iv. p. 119: 'When you, goodman dawcock, lust for to wend.'

895. *Bocardo*: 'the name of the prison in the old north gate of the city of Oxford, pulled down in 1771' (*N.E.D.*). It is the technical name for one of the moods of the third syllogistic figure; the difficulty of reducing it to the first figure being proverbial among students of logic, it is possible that the prison got its name from this mood, the one being as hard to get out of as the other. It was afterwards employed generally as a synonym for a gaol. Middleton, *Family of Love*, i. 3, speaks of something 'which is filthier than the inside of Bocardo.' See Nares and Halliwell for further illustrations.

P. 43, 910. *Earle of Sussex*. Dyce's correction for 'Essex.' Ermsby is a trisyllable.

P. 44, 948. *Hephestion*: see Plutarch, *Life of Alexander*, ch. xlvii,

where Alexander, distinguishing between Craterus and Hephaestion, called the one φιλοβασιλεύς and the other φιλαλέξανδρος.

P. 45, 976. *Sethin planks*: there can be little doubt that 'Sethin planks' are Shittim planks, Shittim wood (*ligna Setim*, Vulgate) being the wood out of which the Ark of the Covenant was made; see Exodus xxv. 10. This is the interpretation suggested by Dr. Ward. It is confirmed by the description of the wood. Cf. Greene's *Metamorphosis* (Works, ix. 75): 'The Sethim wood will never be eaten with wormes'; and *Never too Late* (Works, viii. 40): 'The Sethin wood [is tryed] by the hardness.'

980. *Like Thetis*. With this passage cf. Greene's *Arcadia* (Works, vi. 36): 'Whereon resting himself on a hill that over-peered the great *Mediterraneum*, noting how Phoebus fetched his *Lavaltos* on the purple Plaines of *Neptunus*, as if he had meant to have courted Thetis in the royaltie of his roabes: the Dolphines (the sweete Conceipters of Musicke) fetched their carreers on the calmed waves, as if Arion had touched the stringes of his silver sounding instrument.' For *Lavoltas* see note on *Poems*, lx. 20.

992. *tired*: i.e. 'attired'; Dyce's certain conjecture for the readings of the Quartos. The fancy here is really poetical. Dyce compares for Phoebus's 'lodge,' *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 2. 1:

'Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging.'

998. *Ablata causa*, &c.: 'when the cause is removed the effect is removed'; a formula in logic often familiarly alluded to in Elizabethan literature.

P. 46, 1036. *Who at Damasco*, &c. Edward was never at Damascus, nor, as Peele represents him to have been, at Jerusalem.

P. 47, 1060. *whose conquest is as great*, &c. Dr. Ward very pertinently compares Lyly, *Campaspe* (ed. Bond), v. 4. 146: '*Alex*. How now Hephestion, is Alexander able to resiste loue as he list? *Hep*. The conquering of Thebes was not so honourable as the subdueing of these thoughts. *Alex*. It were a shame Alexander should desire to commaund the world, if he could not commaund himselfe.'

1063. *Aspatia*. This Aspasia was the daughter of Hermotimus, and her name is said to have been Milto till Cyrus changed it into that of the famous mistress of Pericles: she was the favourite concubine of Cyrus, who called her 'The Wise.' After the death of Cyrus she became the wife of Artaxerxes, see Plutarch, *Pericles*, xxiv; *Artaxerxes*, xxvi; but especially Ælian, *V. H.* xii. 1, who tells a very pretty story about her and gives also an elaborate description of her.

P. 48, 1091. *batling*: see *infra*, l. 1417, 'Whose *Batling* pastures fatneth all my flockes.' 'Battle' is another form of batten, and is usually written either 'battil' or 'battel'; it is both active and intransitive, to make fat or to grow fat; cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. viii. 38:

'For sleepe they sayd would make her *battill* better.' So Cotgrave has 'to battle, or get flesh, *prendre chair*.' For the active use see Ray's *Proverbs*: 'Ashes are a marvellous improvement to *battle* barren land.'

laid: for 'laden'; the participial inflection was often dropt in Early English and in the Elizabethan writers. See Abbott, *Shakespearean Grammar*, § 343.

P. 49, 1116. *Melchie*. Dr. Ward suggests that this means the Neoplatonist Porphyry (third century), whose native (Syrian) name was Malchus; but this seems very doubtful. Hermes is Hermes Trismegistus. For him see, in addition to the article in Smith's *Classical Dictionary*, which gives ample information, Lactantius, *De Falsâ Religione*, I. vi: 'Hunc Aegyptii Thoth appellant . . . Qui tametsi homo fuerit antiquissimus tamen et instructissimus omni genere doctrinae; adeo, ut ei multarum rerum et artium scientia, Trismegisto cognomen imponeret. Hic scripsit libros et quidem multos ad cognitionem divinarum rerum pertinentes in quibus majestatem summi ac singularis Dei asserit.' Several of his reputed works were printed in the sixteenth century.

1117-8. *the quadruplicitie Of elementall essence* is of course the four elements.

1119. *a punctum squared to the rest* is no doubt rightly explained by Dr. Ward as 'a mere point when measured by or compared with the rest.'

1120. *compasse*, as usual with words in which the singular ends in *s*, *se*, *ss*, *ce* and *ge*, stands for the plural compasses, that is, sizes; or possibly it may be the singular, the verb exceed being in the plural through attraction.

1129. *concaue latitudes*: i.e. what is held in the circumference of the concave circle of the sun referred to before.

1134. *And those strange*, &c. Dyce thinks that something has dropt out here; it may be so, but the sense is clear.

1137. *Hermes calleth Terrae filii*. There is the same technical allusion in Ben Jonson, *Alchemist*, iv. 1: 'Come near my worshipful boy, my *terrae fili*.' For an account of geomancy see Scheible's *Kloster*, iii. 120-2, a quotation from which is given in Dr. Ward's note on this passage.

The best commentary on the *δαμοναρχίαι*, with which Greene is here dealing, would be Lactantius, *De Origine Erroris*, ii. 13-19 *passim*; Henry More's *Antidote against Atheism*; Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part I. § 2, Mem. I. Subs. II; Ennemoser's *History of Magic*, *passim*.

P. 50, 1155. *Therefore such grosse and earthly spirits*, &c.: for this cf. Lactantius, *De Orig. Error*. ii. 16: 'Eorum (i.e. daemonum) inventa sunt astrologia et aruspicina et auguratio et ipsa quae

dicuntur oracula, et necromantia, et ars magica, et quicquid praeterea malorum exercent homines vel palam vel occulte.'

1168. *Hesperides*: see note on *Orl. Fur.*, l. 56, vol. i. p. 305.

This conjuring up of trees, orchards, gardens, vineyards, animals, and the like, was among the common feats of mediaeval conjurers or 'tregetours' as Chaucer calls them; cf. *Frankelcyn's Tale*, 1142-52. The scene in Auerbach's Cellar in Goethe's *Faust* will be familiar to every one.

P. 52, 1216. *take . . . the foile*: cf. *First Part Henry VI*, v. 3. 23: 'Before that England *give the French the foil*'; and *Eaw. III*, iii. 1: 'My gracious sovereign France *hath ta'en the foil*.' So *give the foil*, cf. Greene's *Metamorphosis* (Works, ix. 59): 'Shall fancy give thee the foile at the first dash'; and '*put the foyle*,' 'Putting the Spaniards to the foyle,' *Spanish Masquerado* (Works, v. 282). See *N. E. D.*, sub voce.

P. 53, 1264. *Amorets*: spelt also 'amorettes,' 'amourettis,' and 'amorits'; explained by Cotgrave to mean 'love tricks, wanton love toys, ticklings, daliaunces,' &c. Greene here and in other places uses it as equivalent to love-kindling looks; cf. *infra*, l. 1668:

'Those piercing Amorits

That Daphne glaunsed.'

So, too, in *Never too Late* (Works, viii. p. 160): 'She alluring him with such wylie *amorettes* of a Curtizan.' It is sometimes used as a synonym for 'love poems'; cf. preliminary verses to *Tullies Love* (Works, vii. 104): 'Ovid . . . did never such quaint *Amorets* rehearse'; and Heywood, *Love's Mistress*, p. 27: 'He will be in his *amorets* and his canzonets, his pastorals,' &c. It is also used in the Italian sense (*amoretts*) for love affairs; cf. the title of Spenser's Sonnets. (The word *amorettes* in *Romaunt of the Rose*, ll. 892 and 4755, is taken from the French original, where, according to the best scholars, it means 'quaking-grass'.)

P. 54, 1302. *sewer*: the sewer was the servant who set the dishes on the table at a feast. The derivation is from the Old French *asseour*, from *asseoir* to place.

1306. *the salt stand*: the salt cellar, generally a very large and massive one, stood in the middle of the table; guests of superior rank always sat above it towards the upper part of the table, those of inferior rank below it towards the bottom. Anthony Nixon, in his *Strange Foot-post with a packet of strange Petitions*, thus describes the troubles of a poor scholar: 'Now for his fare it is likely at the chiefest table, but he must sit under the salt, that is an axiom in such places.' So in Dekker, *The Honest Whore*, Pt. I. ii. 1: 'Plague him, set him beneath the salt and let him not touch a bit till every one has had his full cut.' Cf. Massinger, *Unnatural Combat*, iii. 1, to which see Gifford's note; Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, ii. 1.

P. 55, 1344. *Carueils*: 'carvel is the ordinary name from the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries of a somewhat small light and fast ship, chiefly of Spain and Portugal, but also mentioned as French and English' (*N.E.D.*). It is described by Kersey as 'rigged and fitted out like a galley holding about six score or seven score tun.' For its derivative and variant form 'caravel' see *N.E.D.* s. v. Cf. *Orl. Fur.* l. 86, and cf. Dekker, *The Whore of Babylon* (ed. Pearson, vol. ii. 256), 'ships, Pynaces, Pataches, huge *carviles*,' and again in the same play: 'Add to these gallions Twenty *Carviles*'; and Heywood's *Edward IV* (Works, i. 38): 'Farewell pink and pinnace, flibote and *carvel*.'

1347. *th' Egyptian courtisan*: a reference to the famous story told by Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* ix. 58, of Cleopatra. It would have a particular point to the audience because of the recent extravagant freak of Sir Thomas Gresham, who, when Queen Elizabeth visited the Exchange, drank her health in a cup of wine in which a gem valued at £1,500 had been dissolved, see Heywood, *If you know not me you know Nobody*, Part II, Heywood's Works, ed. Pearson, vol. i. p. 301:

'Here fifteen hundred pounds at one clap goes

Instead of sugar, Gresham drinks this pearl

Unto his queene and mistress. Pledge it, Lords.'

P. 56, 1351. *Volga*. It is not necessary to comment on this strange geographical blunder.

1353. *Mirabiles*: Dyce prints 'Mirabolans': the form in the text does not occur elsewhere, and perhaps Greene wrote 'mirabolanes.' The word is from the Spanish *mirabolano*, dried fruit of five different kinds; for a full account of them see Johnson's *Gerard's Herbal*, p. 1500. Another form in English is 'Marablane.' Cf. *Mamillia* (Greene's Works, ii. 200): 'The blossomes of the Mirabolanes in Spaine is most infectious and yet the fruit verie precious'; see, too, *id.* p. 229. To the dried fruit Greene refers in his *Notable Discovery*, sig. A. 2: 'I have eaten Spanishe *mirabolanes* and yet am nothing of the more metamorphosed.' They were particularly sweet, and Mrs. Pliant's kiss is compared to them in the *Alchemist*, v. 1, 'S light, she melts, like a myrobolane.'

1355. *choiser than the lampe*: this passage appears to be either mutilated or corrupt. Mitford, as Dyce tells us in his note, proposed to alter 'lamp' into 'balm'; 'balm, or the exudation of the Balsamum, was,' he observes, 'the only export of Judæa to Rome and the balm was peculiar to Judæa.' But this does not mend the passage, as it does not suit, as Dyce observes, with what immediately follows. I cannot amend the passage.

For another unsuccessful attempt to explain this passage, by supposing that 'lampe' mean lamprey, see Dr. Ward's note, *Old English Drama*, ed. 1901, p. 280.

1361. *Jacks of wines*: a 'jack' was a vessel for holding liquor, or for drinking from; for examples see *N. E. D.*

1365. *Laxfield*: Laxfield is a village in the hundred of Hoxne in Suffolk, about six miles NNE. of Framlingham.

1380. *And that her state*, &c.: there is no reason for suspecting corruption, though the jingle is intolerable and the expression obscure. After 'so' by a common ellipsis 'as' must be supplied.

P. 58, 1418. *stapled*. The noun 'staple' is still used for the fibre of wool considered with regard to its length and quality (cf. the quotation from Drayton in the next note); hence the adjectives 'long-stapled,' 'short-stapled.' The expression 'stapled with such wool' may be rendered 'consisting of wool of so fine a staple.'

1419. *Lempster*: Lemster or Leominster is a very ancient town on the Lugg, and is in the hundred of Wolphy in Herefordshire. It was long famous for its woollen manufactures; see Drayton, *Polyolbion*, Song vii. 145-50:

'At Lemster for her Wooll whose staple doth excell,
And seemes to overmatch the golden *Phrygian* fell.
Had this our Colchos been unto the Ancients knowne,
When Honor was herself, and in her glory showne,
He then that did commaund the Infantry of *Greece*
Had onely to our Ile adventur'd for this Fleece';

and in his *Battle of Agincourt* he says: 'A golden fleece fair Hereford doth wear.' J. Philips too in his *Cyder*, Bk. ii, asks whether

'The fleece

Boeotic or finest Tarentine compare
With Lemster's silken wool.'

In Dyer's time it seems to have lost its pre-eminence; cf., for his only notices of it, *Fleece*, i. 52 and ii. 199.

1421. *strouting*: 'to strout' is to swell (M. E. *struten*); it is here used exactly as Drayton uses it, *Polyolbion*, xiii:

'The daintie Clouer growes, (of grass the only silke,)
That makes each Vdder *strout* abundantly with milke.'

Cf. too Topsell's *Hist. of Serpents*, p. 252: 'The groyne and hammes doe much *stroute out* and are exceeding distended.' Cf. 'astrout,' which, according to Halliwell (*Dict. of Arch. and Prov.* sub voce), is still used in Somersetshire. In *Prompt. Parv.* p. 16, 'astrut' is translated by *turgide*. The word 'paggle' is known only from this passage, and seems to mean 'to be pendulous,' 'to hang down like a bag.' There are two instances of 'pagled' in the sense of pregnant: one occurs in Nash, *Lenten Stuffle* (*Harl. Miscellany*, vi. 169), 'Hero... was *pagled* and timpanized,' the other in Helkiah Crooke, *Body of Man* (1615), p. 314 (quoted in *N. E. D.*); cf. 'bagged' in the same sense. Dr. Wright tells me the word is unknown to him.

1435. *Giue me*: Dyce queries whether the words 'give me,' which make an Alexandrine of the line, should be omitted.

1436. *Which or to whom*, &c.: this line is harsh in construction, and even ungrammatical; but cf. *supra*, l. 1414: 'Who, or of whome, loue shall constraine me like.' For the clumsy verb 'affectionate' cf. *Penelope's Web* (Greene's Works, v. 202): 'A widow, whom for her beauty he did greatly affectionate.'

1448. *tempers*: see note on l. 617.

1449. *wrongs me*: Dyce suggests with a query 'wrings,' which is ingenious, but not needed.

P. 59, 1475. *The scrowles*, &c. The metre is defective, but 'scrowles' is a disyllable, and perhaps 'to' should be inserted before 'Danae.'

1481, &c. This letter, which is in the most approved style of Euphuism, borrows the phrase accompanying the signature from Camilla's letter to Philautus, *Euphues and his England* (ed. Bond, vol. ii. p. 129): 'Neither thine nor hir owne, Camilla.' The Quartos quite naturally misspell Hemerae *Hemere*. With this passage cf. *Never too Late* (Works, viii. 125): 'We be like the flies *Hemerae* that take life with the sunne and dye with the deaw.'

P. 60, 1509. *Should not haue moude*, &c.: There is surely no reason to suspect, as Dyce does, corruption here; the line is simply an Alexandrine.

1516. *Wealth, trash*: Dyce suggests, to mend the metre, 'Wealth shall be trash.'

P. 62, 1554. *Phobeters*. Ovid, *Met.* xi. 640, mentions Phobetor as a son of Somnus: 'Hunc Icelon superi, mortale Phobetora vulgus Nominat.' In his *Arcadia* (Works, vi. 54) Greene takes Phobetor and Icelon for different persons: 'Charging Morpheus, Phobetor and Icelon, the Gods of sleepe, to present unto his closed eyes the singular beauteie and rare perfections of Samela.'

1574. *nos autem*, &c.: the same miserable jingle occurs in the *Looking Glasse*, l. 201: 'His nose was in the highest degree of noses, it was nose autem glorificam.'

1581. *browne bill*: pikes or halberts carried by watchmen; cf. Middleton, *Father Hubbard's Tale* (Works, viii. p. 11): 'I the black constable commanded my white guard not only to assist my office with their browne bills, but to raise up the house'; and again, *id.* 99: 'I saw the tweering constable of Finsbury with his Bench of Browne bill men.' Cf. also *Second Part Henry VI*, iv. x. 12, and the notes of the commentators.

P. 63, 1591. Allusions to this supposed habit of the nightingale are too common in our old writers to need illustration, but Dr. Ward very pertinently quotes Sir Thomas Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, iii. xxviii: 'Whether the nightingale sitting with her breast against a thorn be any more than that she placeth some prickles on the outside of her

nest, or roosteth in thorny, prickly places where serpents may least approach her?'

P. 64. 1620. *Fabius cumentator*: Miles's blunder for Fabius Cunctator.

1625. *the turrets of thy hope*. It may be questioned whether Greene was a reader of Aeschylus, but there is a curious parallel to this in the *Supplices*, 90, 91:

'Ιάπτει δ' ἐλπίδων ἀφ' ὑψηλῶν
πανώλεις βροτοῦς.

1636. *Demogorgon*. Demogorgon fills an important place in poetry. This deity is supposed to be referred to, though he is not named, in Lucan, *Pharsalia*, vi. 744 seqq.:

'Paretis? an ille

Compellandus erit, quo nunquam terra vocato
Non concussa tremit; qui Gorgona cernit apertam,
Verberibusque suis trepidam castigat Erinny'n';

and possibly again in the same book, 497 seqq.:

'An habent haec carmina certum

Imperiosa deum, qui mundum cogere, quicquid
Cogitur ipse, potest?'

by Statius, *Theb.* iv. 514 seqq.:

'Scimus enim et quicquid dici noscique timetis,
Et turbare Hecaten, ni te, Thymbraee, vererer
Et triplicis mundi summum, quem scire nefastum est:
Illum sed taceo.'

The name seems first to occur in the scholiast on the passage in Statius just quoted, 'dicit Deum Demogorgona summum.' This seems to account for the insertion of the name in Hyginus i: 'Ex Demogorgone et terra, Python.' Jortin, *Tracts*, vol. i. p. 66, says the name occurs in Lactantius, but gives no reference, and I cannot find it there. Boiardo introduces him by name in the *Orlando Innamorato*, ii. xiii. st. 31, and Tasso, *Ger. Lib.* xiii. st. x. Spenser more than once introduces him, describing Archimage as

'A bold bad man! That dared to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darkness and dead night
At which Cocytus quakes and Styx is put to flight.'

Faerie Queene, i. i. st. 37.

Cf. *id.* i. v. st. 22 and iv. ii. st. 47: 'Downe in the bottom of the deepe abysses Where Demogorgon . . . The hideous Chaos keepes.' This seems to have led Milton to identify this deity with chaos. He says (*Prolusiones Oratoriæ*, Works, ed. Bohn, p. 844): 'Apud vetustissimos (though it is difficult to see to whom he can be referring) mythologiae scriptores memoriae datum reperio *Demogorgona* Deorum omnium atavum (quem eundem et Chaos ab antiquis nuncupatum

hariolor) inter alios liberos quos sustulerat plurimos, Terram genuisse.' In *Par. Lost*, ii. 964, he associates this deity with Orcus and Ades:

'Orcus and Ades and the dreaded name
Of *Demogorgon*.'

He is among the powers invoked by Faust in Marlowe's tragedy. See too Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, Act ii. sc. iv. The derivation of the name is quite uncertain: the *N.E.D.* suggests that it may possibly be a corruption of some Oriental name.

1658. *The more the fox*, &c.: another form of this proverb runs 'The fox never fares better than when he is bann'd.' See Ray's *Proverbs*, ed. Bohn, p. 95. Cf. *Defence of Conny-Catching* (Works, xi. 63): 'The fox the more he is curst, the better he fares,' and *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, ii. iii: 'The fox fares better still when he is curs'd.'

P. 66, 1668. *amorits*: see note on l. 1264.

1678. *As Edward hath*, &c. Dyce observes that this line is corrupted: there is no reason to suspect it, the sense is clear; it is an Alexandrine.

1681. *honour vp*: for this use of 'up' see note on *Alphonsus*, l. 1934, vol. i. p. 290.

P. 67, 1738. *out of all hoe*: this curious phrase, which is used in the two senses of intermission, measure, is thus explained by Nares and Halliwell, sub voce: 'Originally a call from the interjection *ho!* afterward rather like a stop or limit in the two phrases *out of all ho* for out of all bounds; and *there's no ho with him*, that is, he is not to be restrained. Both seem deducible in some degree from the notion of calling in or restraining a sporting dog, or perhaps a hawk with a call, or *ho!*' It is as old as Chaucer, cf. *Troilus*, ii. 1083: 'But that was endeles with-outen *ho*.' Barbour, xx. 429, and Blind Harry (see Wallace, ii. 264-5), also use it:

'Atour the wattir led him with gret woo
Till hyr awn horss withouten ony *hoo*.'

To the illustrations collected by Nares and Halliwell add *Lingua*, iii. ii: 'Because . . . some fantastic fellows make much on him there's no *ho* with him.' And see Dyce's note in his *Middleton*, iii. 106.

P. 68, 1766. *Crackfield*: Cratfield is a small village in Suffolk in the hundred of Blything; it is about nine miles from Framlingham.

P. 69, 1793. *Brodgates hall* was originally Segrim, or, as it was popularly called, Segreve Hall, in Oxford, a very ancient foundation dating as far back as the twelfth century. It was called Broadgates Hall because of its unusually wide entrance, 'aula cum lata porta.' In the seventeenth century, 1624, the present Pembroke College was founded within this Hall, new buildings being soon afterwards erected, and the name of Broadgates Hall was consequently lost, being absorbed in the College. For ample information see *History of Pembroke College*, and Chalmers's *History of the Colleges of Oxford*.

1809. *venie, man* : the word 'venie' is spelt in various ways: 'venue,' 'veney,' 'veny,' 'vennye,' 'venew,' and is from the French *venue*, 'a coming on,' and is synonymous with a bout, an assault or attack in fencing, cudgels, and the like. In Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, i. iv, it is used as a synonym for the stoccata. See Nares and Halliwell, and add to the illustrations given by them, *The Play of Stuckley* (Simpson's reprint, 602, 3): 'For forfeits and *vennyes* given upon a wager at the ninth bottom of your doublet'; Preface to *Defence of Conny-Catching* (Works, xi. 47): 'I meane to have a bout with this R. G. and to give him such a *veny* that he shalbe afayrd,' &c. So in Heywood's *Four Prentices of London*, i. 1: 'Into the fencing school to play a venew.'

1818. *fathers*: Dyce suggests 'scholars,' and certainly 'fathers' does not make very good sense.

P. 70, 1821. *braue lustie Brutes*. This is by no means easy to explain. Dr. Ward seems inclined to suppose that it means renowned or famous personages, in other words, as a metonymy for bruit, a report of fame, quoting very appositely two passages from Peele's *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*, scene xi. 23-4, ed. Bullen:

'And doth Neronis love indeed? to whom love doth she yield?

Even to that noble *bruit of fame*, the knight of the Golden Shield'; and again, scene xv. 11:

'Since I have given my faith and troth to such a *bruit of fame*

As is the knight of the Golden Shield.'

But although Greene frequently uses the word in the sense of report—spelling it almost always 'brute'—he never used it as a synonym for a famous person.

In the writers of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries the word is a synonym either for a Briton or for a prince or great or noble personage, taking its origin from Brutus, the fabulous great grandson of Aeneas and founder of the British Empire. So Peele in his *Edward I* (Dyce's ed. p. 384) makes Lluellen speak of himself as potentially 'chiefest Brute of Western Wales,' i. e. prince or ruler; so in *Euphues* (ed. Bond, vol. i. p. 187) it means a noble person: 'As thy birth doth shewe the expresse and liuely image of gentle bloude, so thy bringing vp seemeth to mee to bee a great blotte to the lineage of so noble a *brute*.' For this sense too cf. *The Beggars Bush*, v. ii: 'Then bear up bravely with your *Brute*, my lads.' In *Vox populi vox Dei*, a poem attributed to Skelton, and printed by Dyce in his edition of Skelton, vol. ii. p. 409, it seems to mean simply Britons:

'And thus this isle of Brutes

Most plentyful of fruits';

so also in Warner's *Albion's England*:

'Pledges . . . that Denmark great should pay
Continual tribute to the Brutes.'

In *Mamillia* (Works, ii. 21) it seems to be used in the sense of 'bloods' or riotous youths: 'Intending by solitarinesse to avoid all inconvenience as her presence among the lustie *brutes* might have procured.'

1835. *albe*: the white surplice of a bishop; cf. the directions in the Rubric of Edward VI: 'They (the bishops) shall have upon them in time of their administration besides their rochet a surplice or *alb* and a cope or vestment.' For *Pentageron* see note on l. 222.

1836. *wresting of the holy name*: cf. Marlowe, *Faustus*, ed. Ward, sc. iii. 47 seqq.:

'For when we hear one *rack the name of God*,
Abjure the scriptures, and his Saviour Christ,
We fly in hope to get his glorious soul.'

1838. *Manoth*. Greene's magical knowledge appears to be very loose and inaccurate. It is difficult to see what *Manoth* is doing here. Tetragrammaton is the Hebrew name of four letters, JHVH, represented in the English Bible by Jehovah; the true pronunciation was admitted by the Jews to have been lost, but it was supposed that certain persons acquired the knowledge of it by revelation or diabolic agency, and thus became possessed of magical powers. See Scot's *Discoverie*, Bk. xv. vi. Adonai (*id.*), Soter (*id.* xv. iv.), Eloim, and Alpha were also names of God. See also Dr. Ward's reference to Scheible's *Kloster*, iii. 293. It is difficult to see what is meant by 'the fiefold powers of heauen'; they were either fourfold or manifold, and not to be reduced to definiteness. For much information in these points see Scot's *Discoverie*, Bk. xv, and the First Book of the *De Occulta Philosophia* of Cornelius Agrippa.

P. 72, 1895. *mutton* in the ordinary cant sense of prostitute, though the term was generally 'laced mutton,' see *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. i. 102, with the notes of the commentators. So an immoral man was called a 'mutton-monger'; see *Sir John Oldcastle*, Act ii. sc. ii; while a well-known quarter of these women in Clerkenwell was called from them Mutton Lane. See Malone's note on *T. G. V.*, i. i. 102.

P. 73, 1930. *my Lord*, &c. On the words 'my lord' Dyce observes, 'most probably an addition by some transcriber, which not only injures the metre but is out of place in the mouth of Warren, who is himself "a lord," and who when he last addressed Lacy called him "Sirrah Ned."'

1944. Dyce queries 'thy husband, I.'

P. 74, 1958. *humbls*. *Umbles* are the liver, kidneys and other inward parts of a deer, which, according to Holinshed, i. 204, quoted by Nares and Halliwell, were the keeper's perquisites: 'The keeper hath the skin, head, *umbles*, chine and shoulders.' The word represents the M. E. *nombles*, *noumbles*, *nowmyllis*, from the Old French *nombles*, Late

Latin *lumbulus* ; the initial letter having dropped off, the word became 'umbles.' In both forms, umbles and numbles, it is not uncommon in our old writers. In Dekker's *The Roaring Girl* it is used for the human 'corporation': 'a good well set fellow if his spirits be answerable to his umbles.' Dekker, Works, ed. Pearson, vol. iii. p. 174. It was not obsolete in Pepys's time, who records, *Diary*, iii. 301: 'This day I had a whole doe sent me . . . and I had the umbles of it for dinner.' So the phrase 'to eat humble pie,' that is, pie made not from the best but from the inferior parts of a deer.

1990. *conformable . . . to the statute*: a reference to one of the numerous sumptuary laws passed for the regulation of dress. See note on the *Looking Glasse*, l. 575, vol. i. p. 295.

P. 75, 1998. *welt*: a welt is a facing to a gown, and is synonymous with guard. So in the *Mourning Garment* (Works, ix. 142):

'His coat was greene
With welts of white';

in the *Quippe for an Upstart Courtier* (Works, xi. 222): 'A plaine paire of cloth breeches without either *welt* or guard'; it is also used as a verb (*id.* 249): 'A blacke gowne *welted* and faced.'

1998. *paire of cardes*: a pair or 'payre' of cards is the ordinary term for a pack. See Preface to *A Notable Discoverie of Coosnage* (Works, x. p. 11): 'Out cometh an old paire of cards,' and the *Second Part of Conny-Catching* (*id.* p. 92): 'Having a payre of cards in his pocket.' For other illustrations see Nares and Halliwell, sub voce.

P. 76, 2028. *humbles*: for this uncommon use of the word, which as an active verb is common, cf. *All's Well that Ends Well*, i. 2. 45: 'In their poor praise he humbled.'

2042. *That gloried Ida*: cf. Greene's *Euphues his Censure*, &c. (Works, vi. 257): 'The honour whereof still *glories* your names with renowne'; and Epistle Dedicatory to *Tullie's Love* (Works, vii. 100): 'As well to grace the souldier as to *glory* the poet'; and the *Looking Glasse*, l. 108: 'That *gloried* Venus at her wedding day.'

P. 77, 2070. *Brute did build*, &c.: for this see Geoffrey of Monmouth, Bk. i. cap. xvii. (Giles' translation): 'Brutus, having thus at last set eyes upon his kingdom, formed a design of building a city, and with this view travelled through the land to find out a convenient situation, and coming to the river Thames he walked along the shore, and at last pitched upon a place very fit for his purpose. Here therefore he built a city which he called New Troy, under which name it continued a long time after, till at last by the corruption of the original word it came to be called Trinovantum.'

2084. *hyacinth*: in associating Hyacinthus with Venus Greene has probably confounded Hyacinthus with Adonis, or perhaps the hyacinth is used loosely for the flowers which sprang up from the nectar-sprinkled blood. If he means any particular flower by 'Ceres

carnation,' which he probably does not, for the whole passage is fancifully rhetorical, he must mean the poppy; possibly it may refer to the ruddy gold of ripened corn, like Virgil's 'rubicunda Ceres.'

2092. *Circled with Gihen*, &c.: with this compare *Orlando Furioso*, l. 41:

'From whence floweth Gyhon and swift Euphrates,'
which confirms Dyce's correction of 'first' into 'swift.'

IAMES THE FOVRTH

Page 89. Stage Direction. This play has been most carelessly printed, as is evident at the very threshold, in this first stage direction. I have followed Dyce in regulating it, but I have retained the old spelling. What is meant by 'attyred like a ridstall man' seems difficult to explain. Dyce supposes either misspelling or corruption. In his first edition he suggested Riddesdale. Mr. Deighton, *Conjectural Readings on the Texts*, &c., p. 183, proposes byrstall, i.e. cowherd. Neither is satisfactory. Professor Skeat has favoured me with a far more satisfactory explanation than has yet been given: he takes it to mean a stableman—a stable cleaner. *Rid* or *Red* is to cleanse or clear out, a *stall* is a 'stable.' *Rid*, or *Scotice Red*, to clear out, is akin to the Icelandic *ryðja*, to clear, Danish *rydde*, to grub up. German *reuten* is from the same root. Bohan is evidently in an unkempt state, a 'Stoic,' and might quite well have been represented as attired like a stableman.

1. *Ay* is of course put for 'I'; the Scotch pronunciation of the long *i* in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was often ridiculed by English writers, who represented it by the spelling *ay* or *ai*.

5. *may whayet*. This means 'my quiet'; see the preceding note. The pronunciation of *qu* as *wh* was not really Scotch, but Northern English; but Greene's Scotch is not very accurate.

recon. The Quarto at South Kensington, which belonged to Dyce, has a variant 'reson,' which makes no sense.

13. *year whayle*: bastard Scotch, for 'erewhile.'

20. *rid thee away*. For *rede*, advise, I advise you to go away; cf. *infra*, l. 589, 'I rid thee to view the picture still.'

P. 90, 25. *threap . . . whiniard*. To threap, spelt also *threpe* and *threip*, means to contradict or to affirm pertinaciously in opposition; it is English as well as Scotch, being derived directly from the A. S. *ðrēapian*. See Jamieson and the *Century Dictionary* for illustrations. A whiniard was a short crooked sword, but came to mean a sword or dagger generally. Allusions to it are common in the Elizabethan writers. Cf. *Ram Alley*, v. 1, 'By Heaven, I'll gar my

whyniard through your womb'; and *Edward III*, i. 1, 'Dismits their biting whinyards.'

26. *lope*: to leap, of which word it is a provincial form. Nares and Halliwell, sub voce, quote Cotgrave, *Wits' Interpreter*, p. 323, for the substantive, 'and comes down with a vengeance at a single lope.' For the verb cf. Middleton, *Spanish Gipsy*, iv. 1:

'He that lopes

On the ropes

Show me such another wench.'

28. *Gads fute*: God's foot. *Deele* is, of course, for Deil, Devil.

34. *Bread ay gad*: Bread of God.

52. *cog*. To cog properly denotes some mode of cheating at dice; hence in figurative use, to cheat, to falsify a narrative, to lie and deceive. For its primary sense see Middleton's *Father Hubbard's Tale* (Works, ed. Bullen, p. 83), 'Crying out for a new pair of square ones (dice) for the other belike had cogged with him'; and Lyly, *Sapho and Phao*, i. 3. 29 (ed. Bond), 'Wee fal from cogging at dice, to cogge with states.' As a synonym for deceiving or cheating it is too common to need illustration.

59. *nere the nere*: never the nearer. 'Nere' is the old comparative of 'nigh' (A. S. *nēak*). A very favourite phrase with our old writers; cf. *Robin Hood Ballads*, *Littel Geste*, Sec. Fytte:

'Though ye would give a thousand more

Yet were ye never the nere';

Middleton's *Wisdom of Solomon*, 25, 'Waking or sleeping they are ne'er the near.' It is often used with reference to the proverb, 'Early up and never the nearer'; cf. Field's *Amends for Ladies*, 'You say true, Master Subtle, I have been early up, but, as God help me, I was never the nere'; and *Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, sig. F. 4:

'In you yfaith the proverb's vented

Y'are early up and yet are nere the neare.'

Cf. Webster, *Cure for a Cuckold*, ii. 4, and Greene, *Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay*, l. 683, 'Your early vp, pray God it be the neere.' Shakespeare uses the phrase in *Richard II*, v. 1. 88, 'Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near.'

P. 91, 80. *Howe, boyes!* Dyce notes that this was frequently the spelling of 'Ho' in the old books; cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 43: the First Folio reads 'Ware pensals. How?' and *Hamlet*, v. 2. 325, 'Howe, let the doore be lock'd.'

83. *on* for *an*.

86. *whiniard*: see note on l. 25.

90. *Dance Humer*. Whether we read 'Humer' or, as Dyce reads in his first edition, 'Heimer,' each is equally unintelligible.

P. 92, 123. *louely*. The word 'lovely' is constantly employed for 'loving' or 'affectionate.' Dyce quotes to refute Collier, who had

pronounced the word here to be a misprint for 'loving,' *Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 2. 126, 'And seal the title with a lovely kiss'; Peele, *The Arraignment of Paris*, Act ii, 'And I will give thee many a lovely kiss.' In *Edward I*, i. 3, there is a very emphasized illustration of this sense of the word :

'And lovely England to thy lovely queen
Lovely Queen Elinor unto her turn thine eye
Whose honour cannot but love thee well.'

See too Greene's *Carde of Fancie* (Works, iv. 47), 'What lovelie looks which no doubt are signes that . . . she will not refuse me at the last.' So *passim*, *Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay*.

P. 93, 154. *With care*. Dyce's correction seems necessary, for it is difficult to see any point in the reading of the Quarto. Perhaps Greene wrote 'lief Doll'; in that case the text of the Quarto could be retained.

P. 94, 197. *Lest*. 'Lest' or 'least,' when meaning 'unless,' is always altered by Dyce into 'less,' but it is so constantly printed in the form it assumes in the text that it can hardly be an error. Cf. l. 568, 'I tell thee, Eustace, lest mine old eyes daze, This is, &c.' Cf. Peele, *Edward I*, i. 5, 'And least thou have thy love and make thy peace,' and Marlowe, *The Jew of Malta*, Act iii (ed. Dyce, p. 163), 'And least thou yield to this that I entreat, I cannot think,' &c., and his *Ovid's Elegies*, iv, 'Nor least she will can any be restrained.' It is indeed habitual in the old Quartos.

P. 95, 203. *employ on you*. This is a very rare use of 'employ,' exactly corresponding to the Old French '*employer une faveur*.' Godefroy quotes *Enf. Ogier*, 6744 :

'Bien emploïames l'ounour et la douçour
Que le monstrames.'

The *N. E. D.* quotes Gest's *Private Masse* (1548), 'Melchisedech, employing upon Abraham bred and wyne.' Cf. Lodge's *Alarum Against Usurers* (Laing's edit., p. 52), 'I employ my money uppon thee not to the use thou shouldst be lewde.'

223. *staies*: decoys.

232. *That, like a Bee*. This appears to be a reference to Rosalynd's madrigal in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 'Love in my bosom, like a bee.'

P. 97, 296. *drift*: 'drift,' in the sense of design or purpose, is a favourite word with the Elizabethans; cf. l. 1807, 'And if that faile, well fare another drift'; *Misfortunes of Arthur*, i. 4, 'See here the drifts of Gorlois,' and again, 'The mounting mind intoxicates the train with giddy drifts.' So in Peele, *Edward I*, i. 2, 'Of his intentions, drifts, and stratagems.' It often has the sense of a trick or stratagem; so in *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, v. 3, 'A hundred drifts she laid to cut me off.'

307. *detract*. For this sense of the word 'detract,' i.e. to hold back, see Nares and Halliwell; for its active sense see Peele's *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*, sc. xv:

'To frame

Their engines to detract our vows';

and *id.*, sc. xxii:

'Yet not detracting this your vow.'

P. 98, 332. *Trophonius*. As Trophonius, with his brother Agamedes, built the Temple at Delphi and had a famous oracle at Lebadeia in Boeotia there is propriety in Greene's reference to him.

P. 99, 351. *Then*: 'then' and 'than' are of course habitually interchanged.

360. *moaths*. Dyce silently prints 'motes,' and this no doubt makes much better sense than 'moaths' or 'moths,' but I have not altered the text.

379. *earbes*: this spelling of 'herbes' is an interesting illustration of the silence of the *h* in the word.

385. *Winne (me)*. A word has obviously dropt out here. Dyce proposes 'Win thou my love,' which Grosart adopts, or 'Win but my love.' I prefer 'Win me my love.'

P. 100, SCENE II. S. D. *billes*. This scene is drawn from one familiar enough to the Londoners of Elizabeth's time. If servants wanted places or masters servants it was usual to set up 'bills' in the body of old St. Paul's Church. See Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, iii. 1, for ample illustration; also Nares and Halliwell, s. v., 'Bills,' 'Paul's,' 'Si quis,' and add the very lively scene described in Greene's *News both from Heaven and Hell*, sig. C. 2. This interesting pamphlet ought to be reprinted.

P. 101, 436. *to the sea*. It is not necessary to illustrate this very common use of 'to' in the sense of 'compared with'—no fishing compared with fishing in the sea, no service compared to service with a king. For the proverb see Ray (ed. Bohn, p. 93), 'No fishing to fishing in the sea,' and the French 'Il fait beau pêcher en eau large.'

442. *leech*: Dyce, unnecessarily perhaps, alters to 'liege,' but 'liege' is spelt *lech*, as in *Sir Cleges*, 409. For the etymological history of this difficult word see *N. E. D.*, s. v.

455-6. *work with the sickest*. This is certainly a little obscure, but yet it makes good sense. The humour lies in the representation of disqualifications as qualifications: he can sleep—with the soundest, eat—with the hungriest, work—with the sickest, that is with those who are most disqualified for working. But Dyce, evidently not seeing the point, appends in a note the conjecture of a friend 'sickrest,' which must mean 'securest,' the superlative of 'sicker,' and makes nonsense, and suggests, with a query, 'stoutest'; he

might just as well have suggested 'quickest,' for both take away the whole point of the passage. Mr. Deighton in his *Conjectural Readings*, p. 184, proposes to insert 'shirk' before 'work'—'shirk work with the sickest,' which is not very happy. The passage seems to need no correction.

P. 102, 477. *Why, there you kill me*, &c. This passage is plainly corrupt. Dyce gives it up, but inserts in his note a conjecture of Mitford's, who would read, 'There am I a *per se*, turn me to a horse and a wench and I have no peer.' I would suggest, though with no confidence, 'Why, there you *will* me, there am I'—where you wish me to go there am I instanter.

479 seqq. For all that follows Greene seems to have been indebted to Fitzherbert's *Book of Husbandry*, first printed in 1523, where commenting on the properties of horses he thus writes:

'71. The Properties of Horses.

'Thou grasyer, that mayst fortune to be of myne opynyon or condityon, to loue horses and yonge coltes or foles to goo amonge thy cattel, take hede that thou be not begyled, as I haue ben an hundred tymes and more. And first thou shalt knowe, that a good horse hath .liiii. propertyes, that is to say .ii. of a man, .ii. of a bauson or a badger, .iiii. of a lyon, .ix. of an oxe, .ix. of an hare, .ix. of a foxe, .ix. of an asse, and .x. of a woman.

'72. The two properties, that a horse hath of a man.

'Two of a man. The fyrste is, to haue a proude harte; and the seconde is to be holde and hardy. . . .

'74. The .iiii. properties of a lyon.

'Four of a lion: The fyrste is to haue a brode breste; the seconde, to be stiffe-docked; the thirde, to be wylde in countenance; the fourthe, to haue foure good legges. . . .

'79. The .x. properties of a woman.

'Ten, of a woman. The fyrst is, is to be mery of chere; the seconde to be well-paced; the thyrd, to haue a brode foreheed; the fourth, to haue brode buttockes; the fyfthe, to be harde of warde; the syxte, to be easye to lepe vpon; the .vii. to be good at a longe journeye; the .viii. to be well sturryinge vnder a man; the .ix. to be always besye with the mouthe; tenth, euer to be chowyng on the brydell.' Skeat's *Reprint*, published for the English Dialect Society, 1882. For this information I am indebted to Mr. W. J. Craig.

483. *a stiffe docket*: Greene obtained this from 'stiffe-docked' in the passage quoted in the preceding note. There is no evidence of the existence of 'docket' as a synonym of 'dock,' the solid fleshy part of an animal's tail (M. E. *doc, dok*). See *N. E. D.* s.v.

488. *tables*: the common word for 'tablets,' memorandum book.

P. 103, 525. *By me*, &c. The words 'By me, *Andrew Snoord*' are not easy to explain. Dr. Grosart's note is 'Either the bill itself has

been omitted by accident, or he presents it merely repeating its last words and pointing to its signature.' This seems a satisfactory explanation, if the reading is to be retained. Mr. J. C. Smith conjectures 'by name.'

P. 104, 536. *may sale*: pseudo-Scotch for 'my soul.'

588. *watry moone*: cf. Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*,

ii. 1. 162, 'Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon.'

541. *woond*: for 'wonned,' dwelt.

542-3. *Welcome*, &c. The metre is defective. Dyce suggests the insertion of 'as' before 'welcome.' Grosart supplies 'aye'; and in the next line inserts 'my' before bonny.

568. *lest*: see note on l. 197.

P. 105, 590. *For by the persons sights there hangs some ill*. This is very difficult; the 'from' of the Quartos plainly makes no sense. Dyce silently prints 'some' and Dr. Grosart 'som.' This must be adopted, and then the sense would seem to be, I advise you to content yourself with seeing her portrait, for if you see her person, i. e. the person herself, mischief is likely to result; 'the person's sights' being an awkward expression for seeing the person, the plural possibly having the force of repeatedly seeing. Probably, however, Greene wrote 'person's sight,' i. e. seeing the person herself. In *Tullie's Love* (Works, vii. 112) 'sights' is used for 'eyes': 'troupes of beautiful ladies tickled with an earnest desire to satisfy the sights with his personage.'

591. *Oh, good sir Bartram*. The Quartos misassign these lines to Sir Bartram: they plainly belong, as Dyce prints, to Eustace.

597. *Be Gad, and sal*: 'By God, and shalt,' pseudo-Scotch.

604. *lewely*: Dyce retains the word, but adds in a note: 'I suppose "lovely." The Rev. J. Mitford, *Gent. Mag.* for March, 1833, p. 218, speaking of the present passage, says, "This word *lewely* we find in the old Romance of *Havelok*, ed. Madden, v. 2921:

"So the rose in roser
Hwan it is fayr sprad ut newe
Ageyn the sunne, brith and lewe."

But was Mr. Mitford aware that in the lines just quoted *lewe* means *warm*?' Mitford was quite off the point. Probably Greene wrote 'lowely,' purposely interchanging the 'v' for the 'w' to imitate the Scotch; or perhaps 'lewely' expresses his notion of the Scotch pronunciation of 'lovely.'

The *etc.* at the end of the line is sometimes found in the old Quartos, and appears to intimate that the player could extemporize anything he chose. See note on *Orlando Furioso*, l. 1133, vol. i. p. 318.

P. 106, 614. *strange doubts*. Dyce, though he does not alter the text, suggests that the limping metre should be mended by reading 'debates' for 'doubts,' supporting his suggestion by l. 1449, *infra*,

'Giue me a sword, and if there grow debate.' 'Doubts' used in the sense of 'fears,' as often; so 'doubts' as a verb in the sense of fear, and 'doubtful' in the sense of full of fear. Greene is particularly fond of these words in these senses.

619. *pride*: foolish pride, represented as it ought to be represented. Dyce quite unnecessarily proposes to read 'prize' for 'pride.'

S. D., following l. 622. In this stage direction the corruptions are obvious. The reference here is to the expedition of Semiramis against Staurobates, which is told in detail by Diodorus Siculus, II. ch. xvi-xviii. Diodorus was readily accessible to Greene by Thomas Stocker's translation published in 1599, and in his *Farewell to Follie* (The Tale of Cosimo) he has told the story of Semiramis and Ninus, drawing on Diodorus for some of the details, though not for the catastrophe.

624. *euery weane*: 'weane' is not, as Dyce thought, the modern Scotch 'wean' (for *wee ane*), young child, which makes no sense. Perhaps it is for *weane*, a Northern English form of 'quean,' woman. Cf. note on line 2.

633. *ene*. This is unintelligible. Wherever 'ene' occurs in the play it means 'eyen,' eyes, and is never used for '*ain*,' own, as Grosart proposes to take the passage. Perhaps the best interpretation is to substitute 'hast' for 'art,' as Grosart suggests, and this is the more likely as the Quarto has a full stop after 'ene.'

P. 107, 638. *allureth*: Walker, *Shakespeare's Versification*, observes that 'allureth' is here a quadrisyllable. All monosyllables ending in 'r' and 're' are habitually lengthened, and this word follows the analogy, thus becoming quadrisyllabic.

S. D., following l. 638. *Oliue Pat*. In this stage direction Olive Pat is apparently a desperate corruption. Dyce quite gives it up, saying that he could not even conjecture what the author wrote. Dr. Grosart conjectures 'Olive and Palm.' I am inclined to think that it may be the name of an actor.

639-43. The reference is to Plutarch, *Alexander*, ch. lxi, "Ἐπειτα τὸν Κύρου τάφον εὐρὼν διορωρυγμένον ἀπέκτεινε τὸν ἀδικήσαντα, καίτοι Πελλαῖος ἦν οὐ τῶν ἀσημοτάτων ὁ πλημμελήσας, ὄνομα Πολύμαχος. Τὴν δὲ ἐπιγραφὴν ἀναγνούς, ἐκέλευσεν Ἑλληνικοῖς ὑποχαράξαι γράμμασιν. Εἶχε δὲ οὕτως" ὦ ἄνθρωπε, ὅστις εἶ καὶ ὄθεν ἦκεις, ὅτι μὲν γὰρ ἤξεῖς οἶδα, ἐγὼ Κύρος εἰμί, ὁ Πέρσαις κτησάμενος τὴν ἀρχήν. Μὴ οὖν τῆς ὀλίγης ταύτης γῆς φθονήσης, ἢ τοῦμόν σῶμα περικαλύπτει. In North's version: 'After that, Cyrus tombe (King of Persia) being found and broken up he put him to death that did it, although he was a Macedonian of the city of Pella (and none of the meanest) called Polymachus. When he read the inscription on it in the Persian tongue he would needs have it written in the Greek tongue: and this it was: *O man whatsoe'r thou art and whencesoeuer thou comest, for I know thou shalt come: I am*

Cyrus that conquered the Empire of Persia : I pray thee envy me not for this little earth that covereth my body. The last words suggest that line 642 here should read : 'Enuie me not this little clod of clay.'

S. D. following l. 643. The word *vermeum* in the stage direction is plainly corrupt. Dyce suggests that it is a misprint for *vermium*, the first word of some Latin sentence on the vanity of human grandeur. Mitford, *Gent. Mag.* for March, 1833, p. 217, referred to by Dyce, agrees with him that it is an introduction to some moral reflection, but thinks that it is '*Ver meum*,' 'my spring' (has passed away), though he fails to establish the existence of any such Latin sentence. Possibly Greene wrote something beginning with *Vae*; cf. *Looking-Glasse*, l. 1546, 'Crying, *vae, vae*, wo to this Citie, woe !' where all the Quartos print 've.'

658. *Sesostris*. Sesostris did not die as Greene represents; having become blind he committed suicide in the fullness of his fame. See Diodorus, I. lviii, *ἐτη δὲ τρία πρὸς τοῖς τριάκοντα βασιλεύσας, ἐκ προαιρέσεως ἐξέλιπε τὸν βίον, ὑπολιπόντων αὐτὸν τῶν ὀμμάτων καὶ τοῦτο πράξας, οὐ μόνον παρὰ τοῖς ἱερεῦσιν ἀλλὰ καὶ παρὰ τοῖς ἄλλοις Αἰγυπτίοις ἐθαυμάσθη, δόξας τῇ μεγαλοψυχίᾳ τῶν πεπραγμένων ἀκόλουθον πεποιῆσθαι τὴν τοῦ βίου καταστροφὴν.*

P. 108, 662. *An he weelee meete ends*. The only sense which can be made out of these words, on which Dyce makes no remark, is, as Dr. Grosart suggests, to delete 'he,' but it is then obscure.

ACT II, Sc. i. *A Song*. The song is not inserted, as is often the case in the printed copies of the plays, as songs were often introduced which were not composed specially by the author for the play.

P. 109, 694. *The heavenly workeman*, &c. This passage bears some resemblance to Friar Laurence's remarks in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 3. 15-18:

'O! mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities;
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give.'

703. *The poore to earth*. I retain the text, though it hardly makes sense. Dyce reads 'rich'; perhaps Greene wrote 'worth' for 'earth'.

P. 110, 732. *there lurkes*. The rime is sacrificed to the grammar in the Quarto, and I see no reason why the grammar should be sacrificed to the rime by reading, as Dyce and Grosart do, 'lurke'; possibly Greene wrote 'must' or 'should' for 'there.'

760. *pickrell*: a pickerel is a young pike, the diminutive of pike. See Nares and Halliwell.

P. 111, 765. *thy words*: that is, the words appropriate to you, the words which describe you. To shift is to cheat or cozen. See the commentators on Shakespeare, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 3. 34: 'I must

cony-catch, I must shift.' Nares and Halliwell pertinently quote from the *Rich Cabinet*, &c. (1616), 'Shifting doth manie times incur the indignitie of reproach, and to be counted a shifter is as if a man would say in plaine terms a coozener.'

777. *letters pattendts*. '*Letters patenis* was the phraseology of the time (not, as we now say, '*letters patent*'). So in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*, Act iii, sc. 2, "Tied it by letters patents"; and in *Richard II*, Act ii. sc. 1, "Call in the letters patents," &c.—*Dyce's note*.

779. *a case of cogges*. The Quartos have 'dogges'; Dyce silently prints 'cogs,' and this is probably right, the *c* being changed into *d*. 'Cogs' is synonymous with 'devices' and 'shifts'; but possibly 'dogges' stands for 'dodges,' which means much the same thing.

793. *adrest*: prepared, ready, the sense which the word generally has in the Elizabethan writers; see Nares and Halliwell, and Dyce's *Shakespeare Glossary*, s. v. Address.

P. 112, 812. *warre*. There is no necessity to insert 'or' as Dyce and Grosart do; 'warre' is a disyllable, as is very common with monosyllables ending in 're.' See Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 480.

820. *live in graue*. It is no doubt absurd to speak of living in the grave, and one is tempted to correct, with Dyce, 'lie,' but the Elizabethan writers did not trouble themselves about exact accuracy of expression, but wrote *ad sensum*, and it is better not to alter the text into a flat and commonplace word by which the rhythm suffers.

824-6. *What tho*, &c. Tho = then (A.S. *þa*). The construction is awkward, but the sense is clear. The world may account it a shame to him to be a king of men, &c., and yet not to be able to govern himself. The Quarto, by an obvious blunder, assigns line 822 to Ateukin.

P. 113, 845. *blacke Iack*. A black jack was a kind of pitcher made of leather, and coated externally with tar (see *N.E.D.*). They are still in use in Winchester College. It is of frequent occurrence in the Elizabethan dramatists. So *Summer's Last Will*, &c., 'Thou talkst and talkst and dar'st not drink to me a black jack.' So in *Miseries of Enforced Marriage*, sc. 1, 'I have heard of many black jacks, sir, but never of a blue bottle.' In Cyril Tournear's *Atheist's Tragedy*, ii. 2, there is a play on the word: 'What, ha' you drunk yourselves mad. My Lord, the jacks abused me. I think they are the jacks indeed that have abused thee'; 'jack' commonly meaning an upstart or impudent fellow.

849. *why, this is quincy*, &c. What this jargon may mean I cannot explain, and probably no one can. It may be compared with Quintiliano's jargon in Chapman's *May Day*, iv. 2, 'Te dan, dan tidle,

te tan de dan, dan diddle,' &c., and with Lluellen's in Peele's *Edward I*, sc. ii (ed. Bullen):

'Who have we here
Tum data, dite dote dum.'

But it is not uncommon in Elizabethan drama.

870. *Disiest*: 'digest,' 'disjest,' or 'disgest' were the forms usually employed by the Elizabethan writers. See Nares and Halliwell, s. v. *Disgest*.

P. 114, 899. *raine*: so 'rein' is generally spelt, so also 'reign.'

903. *Whereon deemes*, &c. There is no need to query 'deems,' as Dyce does, and suggest 'dreams,' which Grosart adopts. It is used in the sense of 'judging' or 'thinking about or of,' as in Sidney, *Apologie for Poetrie* (ed. Arber, p. 24): 'Let us see how the Greeks named it (Poetry), and how they deemed of it.' So Greene, Preface to the *Groatsworth of Wit*, 'beseeching therefore to be deemed hereof as I deserve I leave the works,' &c. See *infra*, l. 1522, 'Stay, gentle Ida, tell me what you deeme.' So Milton, *Paradise Lost*, viii. 599, 600:

'Though higher of the genial bed by far
And with mysterious reverence I deem.'

P. 116, 957. *frumpe*: 'frump' is a very common expression for a 'flout.'

958. *Gnat(h)o*. Gnatho is the parasite in the *Eunuchus* of Terence, and so the name became a synonym for that profession; it is constantly so employed by the Elizabethan writers.

966. *misconstrest*. Though the forms 'construe' and 'misconstrue' are common in Elizabethan English, the forms 'conster' and 'misconster' are perhaps commoner. In like manner 'venture' and 'venter' are interchanged; the forms in -er are often employed in riming verse.

971. *Should we disdaine*, &c. For the sentiment cf. Shakespeare, 2 *Henry IV*, iv. 4. 54, 'Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds'; and Dante, *Purgat.* xxx. 118-20:

'Ma tanto più maligno e più silvestro
Si fa 'l terren col mal seme, e non colto,
Quant' egli ha più di buon vigor terrestre.'

P. 117, 986. *Ouid sings*. The passage referred to is probably *Remedia Amoris*, 91-2 (ed. Bullen):

'Principiis obsta; sero medicina paratur,
Cum mala per longas convaluere moras.'

987. *recurelesse*: 'recure' is commonly used for 'cure.' For this word see Peele, *Edward I*, sc. xxv, 'afflicted with recureless maladies,' and for the adverb, *Groatsworth of Wit* (Works, xii. 128), 'Until he perish recurelessly wounded.'

988. *Peace, Dwarf*: an epithet, as Dyce observes, would appear

to have dropt out: it is of course impossible to supply it; perhaps 'prating' was the word.

P. 120, 1104. *Soliciting*: 'The excellent correction of Walker, *Crit. Exam. of Text of Shakespeare*, &c., ii. 349.'—*Dyce's note*. Collier, *Preface to Coleridge's Seven Lectures on Shakespeare*, would read 'suiting.' Grosart reads 'sweet[n]ing.' Dyce quite unnecessarily substitutes 'lawless' for 'lucklesse' on Collier's suggestion.

1118. *disbuse*: Dyce alters 'disbuse' into 'abuse,' which is no doubt the proper word, but it does not follow that Slipper uses it: I therefore retain.

P. 121, 1125. *tarbox*. As tar was used for anointing sores in the sheep, a tarbox was the usual accompaniment of a shepherd (see the illustrations collected by Nares and Halliwell, s.v.), and 'tarbox' was sometimes used as a synonym for a shepherd; but here it appears to be a mere term of contempt.

1134-5. *trillill down his throat*: an onomatopoeic word which as an adverb may be paraphrased 'smoothly, with a pleasant gurgle,' 'down joyfully with it!' So in the *Looking Glasse*, ll. 1686-8, 'Come, let vs to the spring of the best liquor: whilst this lastes, tril lill'; Peele, *Old Wives Tale*, sig. G. G. 2, 'We'll to the Church stile and have a hot and so trill lill.' In Nash, *Lenten Stufte*, it is used as a verb: 'In nothing but golden cups he would drink or quaffe it, whereas in wooden mazers . . . they trilliled it off before.' It was used generally as an exclamation, so Dekker, *Ravens Almanacke*, ad init., 'Amongst the gentlemen that have full purses and those that cry "trillill," let the world slide'; and in his *Wonderful Year*, ad fin., 'The medicine . . . he poured it downe his throat and crying "trillill" he feares no plague.'

1141. *E(a)st Spring*: the name of some estate which it is, of course, impossible to identify. See *infra*, l. 1229.

1142. *trash*: 'trash' originally meant the clippings of trees, so rubbish, trifles. Cotgrave defines it as 'bobulaires, barbouilleries, baguenaudes, Triqueniques, Haligornes, nipes, agobilles, triqueden-daines.' It is often used as a cant term for money, as in *Julius Caesar*, iv. 3.73-4:

'To wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash';
and so in the same scene, l. 26, and Peele, *Battle of Alcasar*, iv. 1,
'With laundresses with baggage and with trash.'

1157. *Conuay*. See Pistol's remark in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 3. 30-1, "'Convey," the wise it call. "Steal!" foh! a fico for the phrase!' Nares and Halliwell quote from Marston, 'But as I am a Crack, I will Convey, crossbite and Cheat upon Simplicius.' It became a common synonym for stealing and dishonesty. So too 'conveyers' and 'conveyance.' See Commentators on Shakespeare,

1 *Henry VI*, i. 3. 2, 'Since Henry's death, I fear, there is Conveyance,' and *Richard II*, iv. 1. 317, 'Oh, good! convey? conveyers are you all.'

P. 122, 1164. *lifter*. For ample information about 'lifting' and 'lifters'—words which are not obsolete now—see Dekker's *Bellman of London*, and Greene's *Second Part of Conny-Catching*, chapter on 'The Discovery of the Lifting Law.'

1173. *Angell*: an angel was worth from 6s. 8d. to 10s.: see Lyly, *Mother Bombe*, v. 3. 43 (ed. Bond); and perhaps the commonest puns in the Elizabethan writers are those on this word, both in the sense of angel in its usual meaning and in its less common but literal meaning of a message or messenger.

1186. *bum*: to bum is to strike or beat. Cf. Massinger, *Virgin Martyr*, 'Bum my mistress'; Middleton, *Family of Love*, iv. 111, 'Sirrah you would be bummed for your roguery'; and a *Match at Midnight*, i. 1, 'What have you bumming out there? A vice, sir.'

P. 123, S. D. following l. 1200. *Iaques*. The Elizabethan dramatists are very fond of introducing foreigners talking in broken English; thus we have Italians, Spaniards, Dutchmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen, Welshmen. For Frenchmen see Pedro in *Marius and Sulla*, Dr. Dodypol in the play of that name, Margarita in *Anything for a Quiet Life*, Angelo in *The Wonder of a Kingdom*, the French tailor in *The Sun's Darling*, Monsieur John in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, Le Frisk in *The Ball*.

P. 124, 1240. *Philautia*. That is *φιλαντία*, self-love, Collier's certain emendation of the nonsense of the Quartos; the word, in the form of 'philautie,' became naturalized in English; see *Passenger of Benvenuto* (1612), quoted by Nares and Halliwell, 'They forbear not to make profession of shewing light to others, being so puffed up with philautie, and self-conceit.'

P. 125, 1269. *gentlemen*: the word 'gentlemen' is, as Dyce notes, plainly addressed to the audience, as in the third scene of the next act (ll. 1555-6) the same speaker, though alone on the stage, says, 'Is not this a wylie accord, gentlemen?' See too *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 'my masters,' l. 880.

1270. *harpe shilling*: a harp shilling was an Irish coin below the value of the earliest shilling, which is the point of Andrew's remark. Ruding in his *Annals of the Coinage*, vol. ii. p. 443, says, 'The harp first appeared upon the Irish money in Henry VIII's reign. By a proclamation issued in 1606 it was enacted that every of the said Harp-shillings should have and bear the name and value only of twelve pence Irish according to the old standard of that realm, being in true value no more than nine English.' See Ruding, vol. iii. p. 112. There are several allusions to this coin in the Elizabethan writers. Dyce quotes Barnfield's *Encomium of Lady Pecunia*:

'Lyke to another Orpheus can she play
Upon her treble harpe whose silver sound
Inchaunts the eare . . .

Although such musique some a shilling cost,
Yet it is worth but ninepence at the most.'

See too Webster, *Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt* (ed. Dyce, p. 147):

'His name was Harper was it not . . .
Henceforth all harpers for his sake shall stand
But for plain ninepence throughout all the land.'

1271. *prives*: 'hides,' the reading of the Quarto, makes no sense, and Dyce substitutes 'hinders' for 'hides,' but I would propose 'prives.' It is highly probable that the copy was read to the compositors when the play was set up, and while 'prives' approximates in sound to the corruptions, it makes at the same time better sense than 'hinders.'

P. 126, 1327. *binde*: the reading of the Quarto hardly makes sense, but neither Dyce's conjecture 'finde' nor Grosart's 'bide' is satisfactory; perhaps Greene wrote 'binde,' which is the technical phrase in hawking for tiring or seizing. See Gifford's note on Massinger's *Guardian*, ii, and the quotation given from *The Gentleman's Recreation*, 'To bind with is the same as to tire or seize. A hauke is said to binde when she seizeth her prey.'

P. 127, 1342. *Lucretius saith*: there is no such sentiment in Lucretius. These bold ascriptions of sentiments, sayings, and the like, to classical authors are very common with Greene and Lyly particularly.

1344. *What tho?* See note on l. 824.

P. 126, 1393. *Were I*: as often, 'were,' like other words ending in 're,' has in rhythm the power of a disyllable, and there is no need to suppose that a word has dropt out and to supply, as Dyce suggests, either 'if' before 'were,' or 'more' before 'baser.'

1415-16. *And noble mindes*, &c. For the sentiment cf. Marlowe's *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, ii. 1:

'Aeneas is Aeneas were he clad
In weeds as bad as ever Irus wore.'

P. 129, 1423. *vnmeete*: Dyce thinks that there is corruption here because the line does not rime, and Mr. Deighton in his *Conjectural Readings*, p. 185, proposes to substitute 'unmeet is such attire' for 'thy Mistress is vnmeete.' But there is no good reason for alteration: these lapses are habitual in Greene's rimed verses where there can be no suspicion of corruption.

P. 131, 1483. *I cannot hate*: Ida's remark reminds us of Antigone's οὔτοι συνέχθειν ἀλλὰ συμφιλῆιν ἔφυν.—*Antig.* 523.

1494. *Pura*: this suffix 'a' is often found in the Elizabethan poets, but it is common in comic, semi-comic, or lyrical passages, and is sometimes, as here, introduced for the rime. Cf. Massinger, *The Picture*, ii:

'Blow lustily my lad and drawing nigh-a
Ask for a lady which is clept Sophia';

and Middleton, *Black Book* (Works, Bullen, viii. 29):

'O Monsieur Diabla
I'll be chief guest at your tabla';

Lyly, *Sapho and Phao*, ii. 3. 100-1 (ed. Bond):

'Merry Knaues are we three-a
When our songs do agree-a.'

In songs and lyrics it is very common, as in the song in the second act of *The Maydes Metamorphosis*, ii. 2. 103-6 (ed. Bond):

'Round about, round about, in a fine Ring-a
Thus we daunce, thus we daunce, and thus we sing-a.'

1499. *saire beset*. I have no hesitation in accepting with Dyce Walker's most felicitous emendation.

P. 182, 1526. *Dictamnium*: see Virgil, *Aen.* xii. 411 seqq.:

'Hic Venus indigno nati concussa dolore
Dictamnium genetrix Cretaea carpit ab Ida,
Puberibus caulem foliis et flore comantem
Purpureo: non illa feris incognita capris
Gramina, cum tergo volucres haesere sagittae.'

and Aristotle, *Hist. An.* ix. 6. 1 ἐν Κρήτῃ φασὶ τὰς αἰγὰς τὰς ἀγρίας, ὅταν τοξευθῶσι, ζητεῖν τὸ δίκταμνον· δοκεῖ γὰρ τοῦτο ἐκβλητικὸν τῶν τοξευμάτων ἐν τῷ σώματι. Cf. Greene's *Carde of Fancie*, 'The deare being strodden though never so deep feedeth on the hearb Dictamnium and forewith is healed.'

P. 183, 1563. *penniless bench*. At the east end of Carfax Church (now demolished) in Oxford there was a seat for loungers which was known as Pennyless Bench, and so to sit on Pennyless Bench became a synonym for extreme poverty. Middleton in his *Black Book* (Collected Works, Bullen, vii. 27) refers to this: 'The time was at hand like a pickpurse, that Pierce should be called no more pennyless, like the mayor's bench at Oxford.' There is more than one allusion to it in Elizabethan writers. Greene again refers to it in *The Groatsworth of Wit* (Works, xii. 133), 'In this sorrow he sate doune on penniless bench.' So *Euphues* (ed. Bond, ii. 29, l. 17), 'That euery stoole he sate on, was peniles bench, that his robes were rags'; Massinger, *City Madam*, iv. 1:

'Bid him bear up, he shall not
Sit long on penniless bench.'

In Philips's *Splendid Shilling* there is a reference to it :

'Beneath thy shelter, Pennyless, I quaff
The cheering cup.'

See Warton's *Companion to the Guide*, &c., pp. 15-16.

1570. For Coventry blue see note on *Pinner of Wakefield*, l. 382.

1571. *tenpenny locrum*. This word assumes in Elizabethan English four forms—'lokram,' 'lockran,' 'lockeram,' and 'locorum'; it is a sort of coarse linen, and is derived from the French *locrenan*. In the *Dictionnaire de Trévoux* it is defined as 'sorte de grosse toile de chanvre écru,' and is said to have derived its name from Locrenan in Basse Bretagne, a place about three leagues from Quimper, where it was manufactured. See Nares and Halliwell, s. v., and the Commentators on Shakespeare, *Cor.* ii. 1. 228. In Greene it is generally spelt 'lockeram.'

1576. *storrie*: apparently a corruption, and Dyce, observing that he had never met with the word, does not attempt to explain it.

P. 134, 1595. †*lakus*† *skins*. Collier conjectured 'lackass'; but the word 'jackass,' according to the *N.E.D.*, has not been found earlier than the eighteenth century.

Calf is not very appropriate. Perhaps *Corke* (as a material for slippers) should be read.

1610. *a Rapier and Dagger*. Dyce adopts Collier's emendation 'a reaper and digger,' observing that in his former edition he had retained the text of the Quarto and had added in a note 'from the cutler's reply it seems that Slipper miscalled the weapons.' This no doubt is what Slipper had done, but it is hardly warrantable to assume that he had mispronounced them in the particular way indicated by Collier's substitution. I therefore retain the text.

1625. *clocks on Shroue-tuesday*. Shrove Tuesday was the holiday of the Prentices, and was generally a day of uproar and riot. See Dekker's *Seven Deadly Sins of London*, p. 35: 'They like Prentices upon Shrove Tuesday take the law into their own hands and do what they list.' So Spendall says in *Greene's Tu quoque*, 'I will make another Shrove Tuesday for them'; but countless references to this day and its doings are to be found in the Elizabethan dramatists. It was a day on which everything was 'upside out.' Cf. Fenner's *Compter's Commonwealth*, p. 17, 'But my braines like the wandering stars or clocks on Shrove Tuesdays are never at quiet.'

P. 135; 1626. Who Sisley of the Whighton was I cannot discover.

1636. The words 'wee, wee' are probably meant for 'oui, oui,' picked up from Jaques, *infra*, l. 1722; 'oui' is spelt 'wee' in the Quartos.

1639. *you gone*: i.e. 'are you gone?' Dyce's conjecture 'gome,' a man, is inadmissible, as the word, though common in M. E., has not

been found later than about 1516, and was by no means a contemptuous term.

P. 136, 1690. *calletta*. For the derivation and history of this word see Nares and Halliwell. Its employment in the form of 'callet,' 'callat,' 'calot,' and 'callot' in the sense of a trull, strumpet, or scold, is very common in the Elizabethan writers.

P. 137, 1698. *Morglay*. Morglay was the sword of Sir Bevis of Southampton, and became the common synonym for a sword, as is abundantly illustrated by Nares and Halliwell.

P. 138, 1738. *Thracian Stone*: from *Euphues*, 'There is a stone in the floud of Thracia, y^e whosoever findeth it, is neuer after grieved.' (Lyly's Works, ii. 90, ed. Bond).

1741-2. *a swarme of Bees*: an adaptation of the story told by Pausanias, ix. 33, and Aelian, *V. H.* xii. 45, about the bees settling on the infant Pindar's lips.

1759. *Of euills needs*: Dyce proposes to correct the metre by reading 'needeth,' and Grosart by reading 'needful,' but there is no need to alter, as the word is practically a disyllable like 'sweet,' *Hamlet*, i. 3. 8; 'seek,' *Henry VIII*, iii. 1. 38; 'sleep,' *Macbeth*, ii. 1. 51; 'feel,' *id.* 5. 58; 'steel,' *Coriolanus*, i. 9. 45. See Abbott's *Shakespearean Grammar*, p. 379. Monosyllables with long vowels when in emphatic places are not uncommonly treated as disyllables. The reference to Aristotle is in *Ethics*, II. ix. 4, ἐπεὶ οὖν τοῦ μέσου τυχεῖν ἄκρως χαλεπόν, κατὰ τὸν δεύτερόν φασι πλοῦν τὰ ἐλάχιστα ληπτέον τῶν κακῶν. Cf. too *De Imit. Christ.* iii. 12, 'De duobus malis minus est eligendum.'

P. 139, 1761. *blent*: from the simple sense of 'mix' blend has often the meaning of 'to mingle together, confuse, confound, or pollute.' Cf. *Looking Glasse*, l. 521, 'My Hesperus by cloudie death is blent'; Spenser, *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, l. 1329, 'And thy throne royal with dishonour blent'; and *Faerie Queene*, ii. 5. 6, 'So hast thou oft with guile thine honour blent.'

P. 143, 1899. *Daw* . . . *vp*: to daw is to awaken, so to revive or resuscitate, not to daunt or frighten, as Nares and Halliwell explain, confounding it with another word. *N. E. D.* quotes the *Morte D'Arthur*, xi. 10, 'The Queene fell to the earth in a dead swoone and then Syr Bors took her up and dawed her.' So Sir Thomas More, *Four things*:

'Tyll with good rappes
And heavy clappes
He dawde him up againe';

and Webster, *Westward Ho*, v. 1, 'An you be men help to dawe Mistress Tenterhook.' It must be distinguished from *daw*, to daunt or frighten, as in Ben Jonson, *Devil's an Ass*, iv. 1, 'You daw him too much, Sir.'

1917. *Will*: require, command, as often.

P. 145, 1981. *K. of Eng.* To the speeches of the King of England throughout this scene is prefixed *Arius*. Collier remarks, *Hist. of English Dramatic Poetry*, iii. 161, 'It is a singular circumstance that the King of England is called *Arius*, as if Greene at the time he wrote had some scruple in naming Henry VIII on account of the danger of giving offence to the Queen and Court.' Dyce seems to doubt this view on the ground that it is only in the present scene that the king is called *Arius*, and that in a stage direction (see *supra*, foll. l. 989) the Quarto gives the name Arius when the King of England cannot be meant. Collier's view is probably right; in any case the '*Arius*' in the former scene is plainly a mere error of the printer, for the King of England had no part in the scene.

P. 146, 1995. *Roseall*: Roseal is not, as it might seem, a purely poetical word, for Elyot uses it in his *Gouvernoure*, ii. 12, 'The roscall colour which was wont to be in his visage turned into sallowe'; and long afterwards Marvell, in his *Rehearsal Transposed*, ed. Grosart, iii. p. 471, 'I will henceforth admire only the maidenly modesty and rosial blushes,' &c. It occurs twice in *Locrine*, 'These roseal cheeks mixed with a snowy white,' iv. 1; 'That roseal face,' v. 1. See too Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, i. 2, 'The honour'd cradle of the roseall morning.' In *Jack Drums Entertainment*, ii. 2,

'Softly sip

The Roseall juice of your reviving breath,'

it is perhaps used for *rosical*, 'dewy,' or possibly it may be used like *purpureus* in Horace, i. e. divine, heavenly.

2011. Cf. *Titus Andronicus*, iv. 4. 82-5:

'The Eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing
He can at pleasure stint their melody.'

2023. *Mas*: this title is very common, and always employed respectfully. Gifford (see his note on 'Mas Stone,' Ben Jonson, *Fox*, ii. 1) corrects Whalley for explaining it as a contraction of 'Master' by contending that it was from the Italian *Messer*, familiarly applied to a priest or person above the lower rank of life. But it is certainly a contraction of 'master.' See Greene's *Defence of Conny-Catching* (Works, xi. 50), 'Mee thinkes I heare your maship learnedly reply.' It was applied to various ranks. Cf. 'Mas, my Lord,' *Troublesome Reign of King John*; 'Mas broker,' Jonson, *Staple of News*, ii. 1; 'Mas doctor,' *Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay*, l. 826; 'Mas Monke,' Greene's *Spanish Masque* (Works, v. 266); 'Mas Constable,' *Life and Death of Ned Browne* (id. xi. 14).

P. 147, 2046. From Ovid, *Ars Amat*. ii. 279-80:

'Ipse licet Musis venias comitatus, Homere,
Si nihil attuleris, ibis, Homere foras.'

2056. *powle*: 'poll,' or 'poule,' or 'powl,' is to pillage or plunder, and is frequently joined with 'pill,' which means the same thing; for which see l. 2063.

P. 148, 2080-8. With these lines cf. Tennyson, *Morte D'Arthur*:

'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.'

2093. Both Dyce and Grosart print the text of the Quarto, which makes no sense. I venture to conjecture and print 'Priest.'

P. 149, 2119. For *Hob* and *Sib* see Nares and Halliwell.

P. 150, 2153. *seene*: curiously parallel with the Latin *spectatus*, tried, proved, skilled, very common in Elizabethan English. Cf. Greene's *Tritameron* (Second Part) (Works, iii. 132), 'Well seene in the art of divination'; 'As one well seene in Philosophie,' Greene's *Arcadia* (*id.* vi. 93). It is common in this sense in the prose and poetry of the seventeenth century, but became obsolete in the eighteenth century.

2168. 'She' is evidently a misprint for 'he,' for Nano is keeping up the deception.

P. 153, S. D. following l. 2272. Dyce inserts the stage direction after the line 'away with them' (l. 2272), observing that the Quarto makes Oberon and the Antiques enter too soon, and adding that the stage directions in our old dramas, which were generally printed from prompters' copies, are often prematurely marked in order to give the players notice to be in readiness. This is no doubt true, but there seems to me no reason to alter the text. Oberon and the others enter while Slipper and the King are talking. I prefer therefore to keep to the text, supplying the name of the speaker, the King of Scotland, before the speech 'Why stay you?' adopting Dyce's arrangement and reading by printing 'them' for 'the' and taking Lords for the vocative. In the stage direction, Dyce's substitution of 'mops' (grimaces) for the nonsensical 'pots' of the Quarto must be adopted. The 'Adam' of the Quarto is no doubt, as Dr. Grosart suggests, the name of the actor who took the part of Oberon.

P. 154, 2310. *nocent*: cf. *Damon and Pithias*, 'He is not innocent whom the king thinketh nocent,' Dodsley (edit. 1744, vol. i. p. 253), and Taylor (Water-poet), *News from No Place* (reprint 1870, p. 11), 'And whether he be innocent or nocent.'

P. 156, 2380. *Ah, mightie Prince, this King and I am one!* This construction is common in the Elizabethan dramatists. See *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes* (Dyce, p. 501, 1st col.), 'For he and I am both of one consanguinity'; *London Prod.* iii, 'Huswife, you hear that you and I am wrong'; Heywood, *Engl. Trav.* i. 2, 'What need I fear the ghost and I am one'; *Philaster*:

'Two things so opposite and so contrary
As he and I am.'

P. 157, 2403. *alder* is of course the old genitive plural of all. 'Alder best,' 'alder fairest,' 'alder first' and the like are common in Chaucer: Skeat's *Glossary*, s.v. This archaism is not uncommon in Elizabethan English. Cf. 2 *Henry VI*, i. 1. 28, 'With you, mine alderliest sovereign'; Gascoigne's *Voyage into Holland*, 5, 'And lo, mine alderliest lord, I must indite'; Marston, *Dutch Courtesan*, i. 2, 'O mine alderliver (alderliefer) love.' It came to be used loosely without reference to its derivation as a sort of superlative; so Marston, 'Pretty sweetheart of mine alderliest affection.' For other illustrations see the commentators on 2 *Hen. VI*, i. 1. 28.

GEORGE A GREENE, THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD

Page 181. TITLE. *Pinner*. There are four variations of the spelling of this word—*pinner*, the spelling of the Quartos; *pinder*, so spelt in the reprint of 1632, and often in seventeenth-century writers; *pyndare* and *pinnar* in the *Prompt. Parv.* p. 400. It is derived from the A. S. *pyndan*, 'to pen up,' which is itself derived from A. S. *pund*, a pound for cattle, so that it properly means one who impounds stray cattle, or as Junius in his *Etymologicon* under *Pende*, 'qui pecora ultra fines vagantia septo includit.'

P. 183, 10. Swearing by the sword was a very common form of oath. Cf. *Much Ado about Nothing*, iv. 1. 278-80, 'By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me. . . . I will swear by it that you love me.' For ample illustrations see Nares and Halliwell, s.v., and Steevens' note on 'Swear by my sword,' *Hamlet*, i. 5. 154.

11. *For to relieue*. Dyce unnecessarily conjectures 'Or.'

P. 184, 47. *Vayle their plumes*: 'lower,' French *avaler*. Cf. Peele, *Edward I*, sc. xii, 'So vail your budgets to Robin of the Mountain'; Marlowe, *Edward II* (ed. Dyce, p. 186), 'Whom he vouchsafes for vailing of his bonnet, One good look'; Lyly, *Woman in the Moon*, v. 1. 164 (ed. Bond), 'The Iocund trees that vald when she came near.' For other instances see commentators on Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 28, and Nares and Halliwell. The word had become obsolete at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

55. *listen out*: cf. *infra*, l. 726, 'And listen out your fellow Wily,' i.e. inquire after. Cf. Nash, *Strange Newes*, sig. E. 4, 'He had a very fair cloak . . . if you be wise play the good husband and listen after it.' So 'hearken out'; cf. *Wily Beguiled*, i. 1, 'Now if I can hearken

out some wealthy marriage for her,' and *Faire Em*, iii. 11, 'Let us leave this guest and hearken after our king.'

P. 185, 80. *ouerthwart deniall*: see note on *Alphonsus*, l. 310.

95. *You of the bench*. Dyce suggests that 'you' is a misprint for 'yon,' adding that the whole passage is corrupt; surely the passage, both in construction and in meaning, is clear enough, and there is no reason for altering the text.

P. 186, 103-4. I have adopted Dyce's silent rearrangement of the lines, which mends the metre.

127-8. *eate them, or eate my daggers poynt*. Cf. what Nash, *Straunge Newes*, sig. C. 3, tells of Greene: 'Had hee lived and thou shouldst so unartificially and odiously libeld against him as thou hast done hee would have made thee an example of ignominy to all ages that are to come, and driven thee to eate thine own book buttered, as I saw him make an appariter once in a tavern eate his citation, waxe and all, very handsomely served betwixt two dishes.' In *The First Part of Sir John Oldcastle*, ii. 1, Harpool makes the Summoner do the same thing: 'If this be parchment and this wax, eat you this parchment and this wax or I will make parchment of your skin. Dispatch, devour, &c.'

P. 187, 141. *hight pinner*: Dyce's certain correction for 'right.'

145. It is better to divide the line as the Quartos do, for the sake of emphasis.

158. *that strides a launce*: not to leave even a child of them alive, one who 'equitat in arundine longa' (Hor. *Sat.* ii. 3. 248). Dyce.

159. *and, wanyng, age unto the graue*: to age, in the sense of to grow old, has been in regular use from the fourteenth century. The expression in the text, though condensed, is quite intelligible. It may be compared with Tennyson's *Lucretius*:

'Gout and stone that break

Body toward death.'

P. 188, 170. *in any roade*: inroad or raid. Cf. Peele, *Edward I*, 'To make our roads in England mightily,' sc. ii; and again, 'Meet me on our roads in England's ground,' *id.* sc. ix. So in *Edward III*, i. 2, 'Persist, with eager roads beyond their city York.'

200. *rubies, sparkes*: Dyce suggests 'ruby-sparks,' with which he might have compared Tennyson's *Morte D'Arthur*, 'All the haft twinkled with diamond sparks'; but 'sparkes' seems quite right. Halliwell and Gifford say that the word occurs 'several times in old plays in the sense of 'diamond.' It does occur undoubtedly, but, *pace* both, very rarely, as in Shirley, *Bird in a Cage*, ii. 1, 'This madonna invites me to a banquet for my discourse; t'other bona roba sends me a spark, a third a ruby, a fourth an emerald.' Perhaps it simply means a flashing gem or jewel: in Massinger, *The Picture*, ii. 2:

'Good madam what shall he do with a hoop ring

And a spark of diamond in it.'

So in Pepys's *Diary*, Feb. 18, 1667, 'She showed me her ring of a Turkey stone set with little sparks of diamonds.' In Chapman, *Widows Tears*, i. 1, 'The lovely sparke, the bright Laodice' is no doubt a metaphorical application: all then which can be certainly said about it is that it means a flashing jewel, not necessarily a diamond. See Davies's *Supplementary English Glossary*, s. v.

P. 189, 213. *stand on their termes*: see note on *Alphonsus*, l. 32.

220. *by no beggers swore*: that is, swore by no mean people; the phrase is from the Romance, 'Hee swore by no beggars but by the lyfe of good King Richard'; cf. Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. ii. cap. 26, 'I sweare unto you by no little ones I had rather give my teeme of Oxen,' &c.; also Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse*, p. 33, 'Caligula . . . bid his horse to supper . . . and swore by no bugs that hee would make him a Consul' (*N. E. D.*).

225. Cf. *Titus Andronicus*, iv. 4. 80, 'King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.'

233. *faire*: i. e. beauty.

P. 190, 255. *Scrasblesea*. Dyce conjectures that this is a corruption either for Scrivelsby, a parish in Lincolnshire, in the south division of the hundred of Gartree, or Scamblesby, a parish in the north division of the same hundred. But why should the place of meeting be in Lincolnshire?

271. *Nought*: Dyce would read 'None,' but Dr. Brinsley Nicholson's emendation is much happier. He contributed some textual corrections of the present play to *Notes and Queries*, Series vi. vol. iii. p. 81, and where I cite him it is from the same place. Possibly the author wrote 'not'; cf. the widespread dialectal form 'nobbut' for only.

P. 192, 331. *My husbands loue*, &c.: there is no necessity for Dyce's alteration of 'ioynes,' the aphetic form of 'enjoins,' into 'join'; the singular follows the number of the last substantive.

ACT II. SC. ii. *Enter olde Musgroue*, &c. Not only is there a change of scene, but some engagement must have taken place, in which King James surrendered to Musgrove. From l. 1158 seqq. it would appear that the Middleham Castle there mentioned was identical with John a' Barley's Castle.

P. 193, 367. *Sousewife*: a woman who sells 'souse' or brine for pickling. Dyce says that 'souse' means properly the head, feet, and ears of swine boiled and pickled. In *The Three Ladies of London*, Dodsley, vi. 291, it means 'hog's face': 'Hast thou no great bagpudding nor hogs face that is called *souse*.' Cf. too *Wily Beguiled*, Dodsley (ed. 1744), ix. 240. In 'Poor Robin,' quoted by Nares and Halliwell, we have this triplet:

'Nor is a breast of pork to be
Despised by either thee or me,
The head and feet will make good souse.'

'Souse-wife' was a common term. Cf. Greene's *Quippe for an Upstart*

Courtier (Works, xi. 284), 'What the souse-wives are able to make of the inwards.'

374. *a greene gowne*. 'To give a woman a green gown' was to roll her on the grass; hence 'to take a green gown' was often used to imply loss of virginity. See the quotations in *N. E. D.*, s. v. *Green*, A. 1. g.; also a ballad called *The Greene Gowne* in the *Westminster Drolleries* (ed. Ebsworth), Appendix I. iv, of which a couplet may suffice:

'And Prudence prevented what Rachel repented,

But Kate was contented to take a green gown,'

and Middleton's *Fair Quarrel*, ii. 2, 'A yard of green gown put together on the inturn is as good a medicine for the green sickness as ever breathed.'

P. 194, 382. *Coventrie blew*. The manufacture of blue thread was formerly a material part of the trade of Coventry. Gifford, in his note on 'Be not Coventry blue' in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Owls*, quoted an old writer, W. Stafford, 'I have heard that the chief trade of Coventry was heretofore in making blew thred and then the town was riche ever in maner onely and now our thredde comes all from beyond sea.' Allusions to Coventry blue are very common. Cf. Greene's *James IV*, l. 1585; *Greene's Vision*, Works, xii. 225, 'His ruffe was a fine lockram stiched very faire with Couentrie blew,' and the *Quippe for an Upstart Courtier*, Works, x. 222; Ben Jonson, *Gipsies Metamorphosis*, 'I have lost my thimble and a skein of Coventry blue.' Taylor the Water-poet, *Short Relation of a Long Journey*, speaks of 'Coventry most famous for true blue.'

395. Dyce inserts 'set.'

P. 195, 411. *veluet horses*. Allusions to velvet as being costly, fine, and luxurious are very common in the Elizabethan writers. See Greene's *Quippe for an Upstart Courtier*, *passim*. Abundant illustrations are given by the commentators on Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV*, iii. 1. 260, 'Velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.' A velvet jacket was part of the distinctive dress of a prince's or nobleman's steward (see Nares and Halliwell). So that velvet horses mean fine horses such as belonged to some rich man or nobleman, horses caparisoned with velvet. Cf. Greene's *Spanish Masquerado*, Works, v. 260, 'The trappings and furniture of his horse richly studded, his footcloth of velvet,' and *Euphues his Censure*, &c., Works, vi. 157, 'An Arabian courser whose furniture was blue velvet,' and *Histriomastix*, Act v. 1, 'I wonder how much velvet will apparell me and my horse.'

430. The Quarto gives this line to George, but it plainly belongs, as Dyce prints, to Jenkin.

P. 196, 465. *they shall amend*: for this use of 'shall' = should see cf. Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 315.

476. *aby this blow*: pay the penalty for it, from the A. S. *abycgan*.

Cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, iv. 1. 53, 'Yet thou, false squire, his fault shall deare aby'; and *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*:

'Had I his sword and buckler here
You should aby these questions.'

It is frequently confused with 'abide.' In Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 175, the Folios read, 'Lest to thy peril thou abide it dear,' and so in the same scene, ll. 333-4:

'Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt abide it.'

479. *Hercules against two*: 'Ne Hercules quidem contra duos'; cf. Erasmi, *Adagia*, *sub prov.*; cf. *Match at Midnight*, i. 1, 'Cousin Hercules was not stand against two.'

P. 197, 500. *considering me*. Dyce's queried proposal to read 'conceding' is needless. The verb 'consider' often meant 'to reward (a person) by doing something for him.' Here it takes a double object, of the person and the thing to be done by way of 'consideration.'

510. *a prophecie*. See Introduction.

P. 198, 539. *Martilmas* or *Martlemas* is a common corruption for Martinmas, the feast of Saint Martin, the 11th of November. See Steevens's note on 2 *Henry IV*, ii. 2. 112.

548. *Venus, for me*. This passage is plainly corrupt. I adopt Dyce's conjecture, 'of all the Gods alone,' without approving it. Reed, in his reprint of the play in Dodsley, prints, 'Venus, be for me, and she alone.' 'Venus for me, and all gods about' would be nearer the original. Dr. Grosart, interpreting *and as an* = if, thinks there is no need to disturb the text of the Quarto, and is contented with nonsense. The probability is that a line or more has dropt out and the passage is hopeless.

P. 199, 553. *daughter* is here, as in 556, a trisyllable.

572. The Quarto omits to specify that the *Exil* refers to Wily.

581. *in a prouerbe said*. What the proverb referred to is I am unable to say, unless it be 'An old man who weds a buxom young maiden bids fair to become a freeman of Buckingham,' that is, 'an ass and something more.' See Ray's *Proverbs* (ed. Bohn, p. 198).

P. 200, 620. *perseuerance*: power of perceiving, discernment. Dyce compares *The Widow* (a play attributed to Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton), iii. 2:

'Methinks the words
Themselves should make him do't, had he but the perseverance
Of a cock-sparrow.'

Cf. Grove's *History of Pelops and Hippodamia*, 1587, sig. H. 1111:

'And when perceiurance did him take
That every wight was gone, &c.'

P. 201, 629. *leese*. This verb, now superseded by the cognate

synonym 'lose,' is very common in Elizabethan English, both in prose and poetry. (See *N. E. D.*)

638. *my honor Christ*. Dyce queries 'honoured'; there is no need to alter. Cf. 'wonder Vandermast' in *Frier Bacon*, &c., and the note on it.

652. I restore the metre by supplying 'I.'

658. The Quartos and all the editors read 'But'; it makes no sense and I correct 'It'; 'holde you taske' is analogous to the common phrase 'hold you play.'

P. 203, 700. *her ielous father*. The blank verse in this play is so irregular that rearrangement to make it smooth is hardly necessary, but Walker, in his *Crit. Exam. of Shakespeare*, &c., proposes to arrange the passage thus:

'Her jealous father doth wait over her
With such suspicious eyes, that if a man
But dally by her feet, he thinks it straight
A witch to charm his daughter.'

703. *witch*, though originally common, is generally feminine, but is often applied to men. So Iachimo of Posthumus:

'Such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him.'

(*Cymbeline*, i. 6. 166-7). So Charmian of the soothsayer, 'I forgive thee for a witch' (*Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 2. 42). Latimer uses it in the same way: 'We run hither and thither to witches or sorcerers whom we call wise men' (*Sermons preached in Lincolnshire*, sermon v). So Tourneur, *Revenger's Tragedy*, v, 'Tis well he died: he was a witch.' Possibly it here means a charm or spell.

715. *Tell mee, sweete loue*. Dyce supposes, but surely unnecessarily, that something has dropt out of the text here; it makes perfectly good sense.

726. *listen out*. See note on l. 55.

P. 204, 745. Dyce proposes to mend the metre by transposition, 'And one of valiance more resolute.'

750-1. The repetition of 'yet' makes Dyce suspect some corruption, but such carelessness is not infrequent.

755. *manner of a prouerbe*: 'As good as George a Greene' was a proverb. See Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatorie* (ed. 1630, p. 3), 'Were you as good as George a Greene I would not take the toile at your handes.' See too *Wit's Recreations* (1640), where it occurs. Ritson, *Robin Hood Ballads*, vol. i. Introd. p. xxxii, says it is still a common saying. Cf. Ray's *Proverbs* (ed. Bohn, 188).

P. 205, 787. *buy this treason*. Dyce alters the reading, without any note, into 'by' for 'aby,' but there is no reason why the text of the Quarto should not be retained.

800. *into*: commonly for 'unto.'

801. Dyce properly alters 'him' into 'them'; see the account of what is referred to in the preceding scene.

P. 206, 805. Cuddy is not very consistent, for just before (l. 759) he said that he had never seen George a Greene.

821-2. Dr. Nicholson would regulate the couplet thus:

'But, gentle king, and Edward's betters both,
For so you would aver, I salute you.'

P. 207, 859. *dares*: here, of course, a disyllable.

862. *And nill repent*. 'Nill,' will not, A. S. *nyle*, contraction of *ne wile*. The preterite was *nołde*. It seems a pity that this useful and euphonious verb should have become obsolete.

867. *bright . . . of blee*. A stock expression in the old ballads, and always poetical in Middle English. Cf. *The Marriage of Sir Gawayne*, 'that bride so *bright of blee*,' and innumerable other places. The word is pure A. S. *blēo*, colour or hue. So in *Blow, Northern Wind*, Harl. MSS. 2253, 'Hire bleo blykyeth so bryght.' It generally means complexion. Cf. Grimoald, *Tottel's Miscellany* (ed. Arber, p. 100), 'Who nothing loves in woman but her blee,' and often in the ballads; but sometimes it is used in the sense of colour, and applied to inanimate objects, as in *The Boy and the Mantle*, Percy, vol. iii. p. 5:

'She threw downe her mantle
That bright was of blee.'

It was becoming obsolete in Greene's time, and is not found in Shakespeare or Ben Jonson.

871. *bat on his necke*. A bat is a club. Cotgrave in his *French Dict.* explains 'Baston' as 'a staffe, bat or cudgell'; 'With this my bat I will beate out thy braines,' *Mucedorus*, iii. 1; 'I'se try whether your costard or my bat be the harder,' Shakespeare, *K. Lear*, iv. 6. 248. In *Coriolanus*, i. 1. 57 it is distinguished from a club. 'Neck' is frequently used in the sense of 'shoulders.' See Dekker, *Belman of London*, sig. E. 2, 'A long staffe on his necke.' See, for abundant illustration, Farmer and Steevens's notes on 'With bills on their necks,' *As You Like It*, i. 2. 132.

875. *ashen planke*. Dyce originally conjectured 'plant,' but afterwards adopted Rev. J. Mitford's conjecture 'planke.'

P. 208, 878. *morning day*. For 'day' Dyce suggests the obvious correction 'ray,' but prints the reading of the Quartos.

880. *My masters*. See note on *James IV*, l. 1269.

897. Dr. Nicholson was the first to point out, what has escaped the notice of all the editors, that 'Wakefield' is an obvious misprint for 'Bradford.' In l. 725 George a Greene had told Jenkin to go to Bradford, and it is after his walk there that Jenkin is thirsty and seeks for a companion to drink with him, and at the same time gives him

information about Grime's house. It is of the Bradford custom, not of the Wakefield, that he is ignorant.

908. Cf. Ray's *Proverbs* (ed. Bohn, p. 69), 'The greatest barkers bite not sorest.' Ital. 'Cane che abbaja non morde.' French 'Chien qui aboie ne mord pas.'

909. *clapperdudgeon*. The exact explanation of this word, which is so often found in the Elizabethan dramatists, is not easy to determine: its meaning is clear. In his *English Villanies* Dekker tells us it means 'a beggar borne,' and in the *Canting Dictionary* a 'Clapperdudgeon' is described as 'a thorough bred beggar, a beggar born of a beggar.' So in Beaumont and Fletcher, *Beggar's Bush*, ii. 1:

'Jarkman or Patrico or Clapper dudgeon
Fratr or Abram man I speak to all
That stand in fair election for the title
Of King of Beggars';

and Ben Jonson, *The Staple of News*, ii. 1:

'What? A *clapperdudgeon*!
That's a good sign, to have the beggar follow him
So near, at his first entry into fortune.'

The derivation of the word is more difficult. Dudgeon was a word used for the wooden handles or hilts of knives or daggers; Cotgrave explains a 'dague à roëlls' as a Scottish dagger, or dudgeon-haft dagger; it then came to mean by metonymy the hilt or handle itself, or the knife or dagger, as in *Macbeth*, ii. 1. 46, and *Hudibras*, ii. 379. So Collier explains the word as meaning that beggars clapped the dish with a knife or dudgeon to attract attention, and this is supported by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Beggar's Bush*, iv. 5:

'I would my clapper
Hung in his baldrick, what a peal could I ring.'

But Gifford explains it differently. Lepers, we know, were furnished with a clap-dish, that is, a dish with a cover which they could rattle to warn people to get out of their way. See Massinger, *Parl. of Love*, ii. 2:

'A leper with a clap dish, to give notice
He is infectious.'

So Robert Henryson, *Testament of Faire Cresseide*:

'Thou shalt go begging fro house to house
With cuppe and clapper like a Lazarous';

and ordinary beggars sometimes had clap-dishes, impudently assuming them from the lepers, which they rattled for alms; see Heyward's *Edward IV*, Part II: 'Enter M. Blague very poorly, a begging with her basket and clap-dish.' So that a clapperdudgeon literally signified, according to Gifford, one who claps or opens and shuts his covered dish at doors or in the streets for alms; according to the other explanation

one who rattled on his dish with a knife or dagger; probably clapper-dudgeon did both, and each interpretation is right. See Gifford's note on *Staple of News*, ii. 1, and cf. with Cunningham's note l. c., where 'dudgeon' is taken to represent the wooden dish 'clapped' by the beggar.

P. 209, 918. *Now we are at the townes end.* Here we are to suppose that Jenkin and the shoemaker walk to the town's end—and there is a change of scene. I have not marked it as a fresh scene, as the two characters would probably only step across the stage.

P. 211, 987. *forsake Wakefield*: see the ballad printed in the Introduction.

1013. *Downe with your staues*: for this and for what follows, see Introduction.

P. 212, 1025. *King or Kaisar.* A very common expression in the Elizabethan poets. It occurs in *Piers Plowman* and in other Middle English works, but first with frequency in *The Mirror for Magistrates* and in Spenser. See Warton's *Observations on Spenser*, vol. ii. p. 245, where he collects several examples from Spenser.

P. 213, 1054. *shrub.* Dyce substitutes 'drub': but 'shrub,' which has the advantage of an appropriate assonance, may be quite right; as an active verb 'shrub' means to 'prune down.' Halliwell notices a provincial use of the word to reduce a person to poverty by winning his whole stock, which is no doubt simply a figurative application of the original use of the word: so it may quite well mean here, 'I will bring down your shoulders—reduce you to your proper proportions.'

1063. *baste you.* Perhaps Greene wrote 'bash,' which would avoid the not very pointed repetition in 'basted' in the following line.

1067. *cut, and longtaile.* It is impossible to determine exactly the origin of this phrase. Three explanations have been given. Hawkins conjectures that it is an allusion to a fashion which prevailed of wearing gowns distinguished by being of the court cut, with a long train or tail: this is almost certainly wrong. Steevens says that its origin was from the Forest Laws, by which the dog of a man who had no right to the privilege of chase was obliged to be cut, i.e. to have his tail cut, a dog so treated being called a 'cut' or curtail, and so by contraction 'cur.' The editor of Dodsley's *Old Plays* (ed. 1825), ad loc., suggests that it originally referred to horses when their tails were either docked or left to grow their full length; a horse used for drudgery might well have his tail docked, while those which served for pomp or show might well have been allowed to have their tails long. But the second explanation is probably the right one, or at all events points to the origin of the phrase; and this seems borne out by the passage quoted by Dyce from Ulpian Fulwell's *Art of Flatterie*, 1576, sig. G. 3, 'Yea, even their verie dogs, Rug, Rig, and Rislie, yea cut and longtaile, they shall be welcome.' So that it seems to mean

dogs of all kinds, dogs with long and dogs with docked tails. It is of not infrequent occurrence; as in Shakespeare, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii. 4. 47, 'Ay, that I will, come cut and longtaile, under the degree of a Squire.' Cf. *A Match at Midnight*, A. 1, 'I send all in, cut and longtaile'; *The Return from Parnassus*, iv. 1, 'As long as it lasts, come cut and longtaile, we'll spend it,' &c.; Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit at Several Weapons*, ii. 3, 'She shall be honest whatsoever she does by day or night . . . with cut and long tail.' 'Cut' was a common form of reproach; see *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 'Thou slut, thou cut,' iii. 3; 'That lying cut is lost that she is not swinged at and beaten,' v. 2. See Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, ii. 3. 206. As in this sense it was applied to a bad horse—see instances collected by Stevens on 1 *Henry IV*, ii. 1. 6, 'I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle'—this is a point in favour of the third conjecture as to its origin. In any case 'cut and long tail' is a synonym for people of all sorts, good and bad.

1069. *found you!* Aphetic form of 'confound.' See *N. E. D.*

1071. *crush a pot*: a cant phrase exactly equivalent to our 'crack a bottle.' It is very common in the Elizabethan dramatists. So in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 'Fill the pot, hostess, and we'll crush it'; Greene's *Defence of Conny-Catching* (preface), 'If ever I brought my conny but to crush a pot of ale with me'; *Hoffman's Tragedy*, 'We'll crush a cup of mine own country's wine.' See too Nares and Halliwell, and the commentators on Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 2. 86, 'Come and crush a cup of wine.'

1074. *stand of Ale*: a cask, barrel, or butt. In Hollyland's *Dict.* (1593), *sub* 'Tine,' he translates 'il a respandu la tine pleine de good ale' as 'he hath spilled the full stand of ale,' and Cotgrave defines 'tine' as 'a stand, open tub or soe,' adding that it was most in use during vintage, so that it seems to have been a sort of vat or open tub. In Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, ii. 5. 32 (ed. Bond), it is distinguished from a hogshead: 'And mine shall learne the oddes betweene a stand and a hogs-head.' Cf. too Dekker's *Wonderful Yeaere* (ed. Grosart, vol. i. p. 124), 'As for the tapster he fled into the cellar rapping out &c. &c.—that he would drown himself in a most villanous stand of ale.' So in *The Young Tamlaine* (Child's *Ballads*, i. 122, quoted in the *Century Dictionary*):

'First dip me in a stand of milk,
And then in a stand of water.'

Cf. also *Mucedorus*, iii. 6, 'I'll to the ale stand and drink as long as I can stand.'

1081. *carouse*. This interesting and curious word is derived from the German *garaus*, 'right out,' and means to drink right out, to the bottom of the cup; so the French *carousser*, to swill or quaff deeply, and the Old Spanish *caraos*, the act of drinking a full bumper.

In a passage of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*, ii. 3, its etymology is illustrated:

'Why give's some wine then, this will fit us all.

Here's to you still my captain's friend! *all out!*'

see Skeat, s. v. The word has two forms in Elizabethan English—*rouse* and *carouse*, but the former meant also a large glass in which a health was given, the drinking of which by the rest of the company formed a carouse. There is a curious passage in Barnaby Rich's *Hue and Cry* (ed. 1617, p. 24), 'In former ages they had no conceit whereby to draw on drunkenness, their best was "I drink to you" and "I pledge you," till at length some shallow witted drunkard found out the carouse, an invention of that worth and worthlessness as it is a pity the first founder was not hanged.' Continuing, he describes it: 'The leader soupes up his breath, turnes the bottom of the cup upward, and in ostentation of his dexterity gives it a phylp to make it cry *lynge*.' 'Rouse' having the double sense of the full cup itself and of the process of emptying it, exactly answers to the modern 'bumper.' 'Carouse,' either as verb or substantive, is, I believe, confined to the act itself, i.e. swilling.

P. 214, 1108. *bright of blee*: see note on l. 867.

1120. *and* is of course for *an*.

P. 215, 1137. *but you and yours*, &c.: see Introduction.

1152. *kneele vp*. Dyce perhaps needlessly reads 'stand up.'

1158. *Meddellom castle*. Middleham Castle, of which the ruins are still to be seen, stands in the hundred of Hang West in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and was the head of the Honour of Middleham. There are two pictures of the remains and a full account of its history in Grose's *Antiquities of England and Wales*, vol. iv.

P. 216, 1165. *And hold of me*. There is some corruption here. The Quartos read 'The hold of both.' Dyce makes no attempt to rectify it, but the correction seems to me obvious; for 'both' should be read 'me,' that is 'hold of me,' not of King James, who had been captured before the Castle (see line 1158), or it may be, not of any intermediate landlord, but directly from the crown. See *infra*, ll. 1189-90:

'And what as Bradford holdes of me in chiefe,
I giue it frankly vnto thee for euer.'

For the privilege cf. Cade's words in 2 *Henry VI*, iv. 7. 130, 'Men shall hold of me in capite.'

P. 217, 1214. *King James*. Dyce is obviously right in giving this line to the King.

1218. *Aske*: Ask, or Aske, is a township in the parish of Easby, Wapentake of Gilling West, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. For many generations it was in the possession of the family of the Askes. See Whitaker's *History of Richmondshire*, vol. i. 115-6.

A MAIDENS DREAME

18. *pall*: A.S. *þell*, purple cloth. 'Pall' was a cloth of which the robes of noblemen were made. In Ælfric's *Colloquy*, quoted by Skeat, we find *þellas* and *sidan* as a gloss on *purpuram et sericum*. It is of frequent occurrence in the old ballads, cf. *King Estmere*, Percy Series, I, book i, 'With ladyes lac'd in pall'; while the phrase 'in purple and in pall' is of frequent occurrence. See *Sir Cauline*, 58; *Old Robin of Portingall*, p. 63, 'All clad in purple and in pall.' For further illustrations see Nares and Halliwell.

26. *adrad*, or *adread*, means 'frightened, or terrified'; for etymology see *N.E.D.*, s.v. It was becoming obsolete in the early part of the seventeenth century. Cf. Tourneur's *Transformed Metamorphosis*, liv. 377, 'The beast gan looke as one that were adrad'; and for further illustration see Nares and Halliwell.

28. *greet*: sorrow, from the verb 'greet' or 'greit,' A.S. *grētan*, *grētan*: both the verb and the substantive are common in the ballads.

67. *dilated*: Dyce explains 'dilated' as 'delayed.' This was a common use of the word (see *N.E.D.* s.v. *Dilate* v.¹); but here the sense may be rather extended, spun out, as we say. Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 2. 38:

'More than the scope
Of these delated articles allow.'

He is referring to 'the law's delays.'

71. *The poore mans crie*: so Phillips in his *Commemoration*:

'To suitors poore he ever was most kind
He sought dispatch.'

The whole of the eulogy by Justice may be compared with Hatton's admirable speech on the elevation of Dr. Robert Clarke to a serjeantship-at-law. See Nicholas, *Life of Hatton*, p. 476, and Lord Campbell's *Life of Hatton* in his *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, vol. ii. 289-90.

89. *glose*: Greene is fond of this word, but elsewhere uses it in its proper sense, an explanation or commentary; here it is used in a very strained sense; cf. *infra*, l. 206, 'He wel obseru'd the meaning of this glose.'

111. *grees*: degrees, so rank.

115. *heale*: the M.E. form of the word *hele*, A.S. *hǣlo*, health or welfare.

116. *Secret conspiracies*. A reference to Hatton's services as one of the Commissioners on the trial of Anthony Babington and his coadjutors in September, 1586, and perhaps to his prayer in Parliament for the preservation of the Queen, when he urged on the Bill

against Jesuits and seminary priests, which was passed in December, 1584.

143. Hatton's stables were celebrated, and he was famous for his prowess in horsemanship. A trotter is a high-stepping horse, the Low Latin *tolutarius*.

165. *Loues luring follies*: a reference, no doubt, to the fact that Hatton was never married—the price he had to pay for the Queen's continued favour.

175. *brickle* is Dyce's certain correction of 'fickle'; it is very common in the Elizabethan writers, and is in this form hardly obsolete now.

186. *geason*: cf. Philomela's Second Ode, 'And faire Flora's wealth was geason'; its meaning is 'scarce, rare, or uncommon,' and it is from the A.S. *gæsnæ*. For illustrations in Elizabethan English see Nares and Halliwell, s.v., and add Spenser, *Prosp.* 12, 'That it to leaches seemed strange and geason,' and Harrison's *England*, 'scant and geason.' It lingered in our language as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century. According to Grose and Ray it is an Essex word.

225. The hospitality of Hatton is especially noted by Barnaby Rich in his *Fare-well to the Military Profession* (reprint in Shaks. Soc., p. 12), 'And here I can not but speake of the bountie of that noble gentleman, Sir Christopher Hatton, my verie good maister and upholder, who having builded a house in Northamptonshire called by the name of Holdenby, . . . and although this house is not yet fully finished yet it differeth farre from the workes that are used now a daies in many places. I meane where houses are builte with a greate number of chimnies, and yet the smoke comes forth but at one only tunnel. This house is not built on that manner for as it hath sundrie chimnies so they caste forth severall smokes: and such worthy porte and daiely hospitalitie kept that although the owner hymself useth not to come there once in two yeares yet I dare undertake there is daiely provision to be found convenient to entertaine any noble man with his whole train. And how many gentlemen and straungers that comes but to see the house are there daily welcomed, feasted, and well lodged.' Cf. too De Champanaye's testimony quoted by Campbell, *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, vol. ii. 294-5.

242. *ther*: original misspells 'her,' plainly a misprint of 'ther.' Cf. *infra*, l. 244, 'And with ther teares and sighes.'

265. *Lip-holines in Cleargie men*: Dyce queries 'Lip-holy clergymen,' and as this is the only Alexandrine in the poem his suggestion may be right, but I retain the original text.

274. A reference, no doubt, to Hatton's hostility to the Brownists. The only judgement of Hatton's which has been preserved happens

to be in the case of Sir Richard Knightley, who was fined £2,000 for allowing the printing of Brownist books. See Howell's *State Trials*, i. 1270.

284. *Nor was he in religion, &c.* Exactly what Camden says of him, 'religionis causâ non urendum, non secandum censuit,' *Annales*, sub 1591; and he was noted for his moderation both with respect to the Puritans, that is the Presbyterians, and the Roman Catholics.

286. *Then base report.* It was commonly said of Hatton that he was in favour of Roman Catholicism, and a report was current that he had secretly professed that religion; to this the passage in the text refers. See Nicholas, *Life of Hatton*, p. 499. See too the passage in the preface: 'As virtutis comes est invidia, so base report, who hath her tongue blistered by slanderous envy, began as far as she durst now after his death to murmur.' It was for this reason that Greene emphasizes Hatton's hostility to Romish superstitions, and so also does Phillips in his *Commemoration*.

330. All this part of the poem is an excellent illustration of what the Greeks called *ψυχρότης*, but it may be doubted whether nonsense ever went further than it does here.

341. *might foile.* This is a very unusual use of the word; it is generally active; here it means 'take the foil,' sustain defeat. The word in its usual sense is a very common one in Greene, but I know no parallel to this.

347. *hent*: generally the preterite of the active verb, as in Spenser, *Daphnida*, l. 358, 'The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,' or active participle as in Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 6. 49, 'What hellish furie hath at earst thee hent,' and in Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, iv. 6. 14; here in a very rare use the passive participle.

356. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 9. 43, 'The longer life, I wote the greater sin'; and *Greene's Vision* (Works, xii. 206), 'The life of man is as the panther, the longer he live the more spots he hath in his skinne.'

370. *sing*: Dyce ingeniously conjectures 'hymn,' and analogies are certainly not wanting in our poets to what is so common in Italian and French poetry.

377. Cf. Chaucer, who however is not so ridiculous, *Parlement of Foules*, ll. 693-5 (ed. Skeat):

'And with the showing, whan hir song was do,
That foules maden at hir flight a-way,
I wook.'

Cf. the conclusion of *The Court of Love*, and of Dunbar's *Thrissil and Rois*.

THE POEMS FROM THE NOVELS

I HAVE arranged the poems as nearly as possible in chronological order, that is, according to the dates of the novels in which they all, with the exception of *The Maiden's Dream*, appeared. Where a novel was licensed, and there is reason to believe that there was an earlier edition than any edition extant, I have assigned the poem to that year. The *Second Part of Mamillia*, for instance, only exists in the edition of 1593, but it was entered on the Stationers' Registers in 1583, and was probably printed in that year. I have therefore placed this poem first as belonging to 1583. All the poems have been transcribed from the original editions of the novels, and where more than one edition exists, they have been collated, and the variants noted. Where any of them have appeared in contemporary, or nearly contemporary, miscellanies, these texts also have been collated.

I.

From the *Second Part of Mamillia*, licensed and probably printed in 1583, but only existing in the edition dated 1593. These verses are supposed in the novel to have 'been compiled by an injurious Gentlewoman in Saragossa, who with despicable taunts hath abused the Gentlewomen of Sicillia, most peevishly describing their apparel and presumptuously decyphering their nature.' Greene's hexameters are as detestable as Gabriel Harvey's and Stanihurst's.

6. *vale*: no doubt rightly explained by Dyce as a mark of recognition, from *vale*, bonnet, that is, lower. See note on *George a' Greene*, l. 47.

14. *frounst*: curled, or twisted, from the French *froncer*. Cf. *Quippe for an Upstart Courtier*, 'Hair cut after the Italian manner, short and round, and then frounst with the curling yrons.' So Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 4. 14, 'Some frounce their curled hair in courtly guise.' In Chaucer 'frounce' is used for a wrinkle, and 'frounced' for wrinkled.

17. *side*: A.S. *sīd*, long, wide, particularly applied to dress. See Nares and Halliwell, so *Perimedes* (Works, vii. 19), 'a side gowne'; *Mamillia* (Works, ii. 19), 'a side stoppe.' What is meant by 'wide with a witness,' I do not know; there is apparently some corruption.

II.

The song of the old man in *Arbasto* as he contemplates the picture of Fortune. My text is, with such exceptions as are marked, from

the Quarto of 1584, collated with that of 1617 in the Malone collection. The Quarto of 1626, from which Dyce prints, is the same as that of 1617.

4. *supplie*: the 1617 and 1626 Quartos correct the 'supplie' of 1584.

III.

This is the song sung by Doralice. The variants in the three Quartos are not material.

IV.

From *Morando, The Tretameron of Love*. There is only one Quarto, that of 1587. This should be compared with the 'Description of the Lady Maesia,' which is a repetition, with some variations and omissions, of the present poem.

18. Dyce seems doubtful whether an Alexandrine was intended or whether there is some corruption.

22. Before this line in the original is inserted 'To be brief, madam,' and this line is metrically incorrect. I follow Dyce in inserting the words 'In fine' from LXXI. 17.

V.

From the same.

12. *petigree*: for the various spellings of this word, see *N. E. D.*

VI.

From the same.

VII.

From *Penelope's Web*. There are two Quartos of this, that of 1587, a copy of which is in the Bodleian Library, and that of 1601, a copy of which is in the British Museum. This 'sonnet' is introduced in the Novel with the words: 'A wise woman when she sees her husband in a choller (should) appease him with patience and when he is quiet then seeke to persuade him with reasons. Whereof Ariosto in a sonnet hath this censure Englished thus.' There is certainly no such sonnet to be found in Ariosto's extant works, nor can I find any passage in his poems which could be the original of this supposed translation.

VIII.

From the same.

IX.

From the same. The title of this poem is the line *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*. The authorship of this line is unknown; the metrical licence suggests that it is more probably of mediaeval than of Renaissance origin. The earliest place in which it has hitherto been found is Harrison's *Description of Britain*, 1577, Part III. ch. iii. p. 99, where it is quoted as 'the saying of the Poet.'

In 1613 John Owen ('Audoenus') uses it in a distich, which is evidently intended to be understood as a humorous 'gloss' on a well-known adage; his version has the transposition *nos et* for *et nos*. An altered form of the line ('*Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis*') occurs in a distich of Matthias Borbonius, published in 1612, in *Delitiae Poetarum Germanorum*, i. 685; the distich is one of two which purport to be versified renderings of a saying of the Emperor Lothair I. Possibly the words paraphrased by Borbonius may be found in Lothair's correspondence with Rabanus Maurus, or in some chronicle; but the discovery of them would throw no light on the origin of the proverbial line, of which Borbonius's line is merely an accommodation.

4. This is an invention of Greene's; there is no such incident recorded of Semiramis.

22. *These three*: something, as Walker suggested, seems to be wrong here; perhaps a stanza explaining the 'three' has dropt out.

X.

From *Alcida*. This novel was licensed to John Wolfe in 1588, and was probably printed in that or the following year. It is referred to in *Greene's Funeralls* in 1594, but the earliest known edition is that of 1617. My text is that of the copy in the British Museum.

4. *aym'd to faire*: Grosart reads 'to farre,' which is perhaps a variation in the Huth copy.

13. *Gigglets*: see note on *Orlando Furioso*, l. 167.

14. *Creeple*: a not uncommon form of the word, both as adjective and substantive, in older English.

XI.

From the same.

6. Dyce suggests an emendation of the metre by reading 'and his vain glorious.'

XII.

From the same.

XIII.

From the same.

XIV.

From the same.

XV.

From the same.

7. This is from the well-known ode in the *Pseudo-Anacreon*, *Poetae melici*, xxxi. It occurs again with some variations in *Orpharion*. Cf. *infra*, XLVI.

XVI.

The next six pieces, from XVI to XXI inclusive, are from *Perimedes*: there is only one Quarto, that of 1588.

22. *swad*: whatever may be the etymology and history of this word, its meaning in the Elizabethan writers is certainly a lout or lumpkin, and it is used as a term of reproach. For illustrations see Nares and Halliwell, but add *Three Ladies of London*, Act i, 'Thou whoreson rascal swad be still'; and Greene, *Never too Late* (Works, viii. 180), 'I see swaynes are not such swads but they have thoughts and passions,' and it is of frequent occurrence in the novels. Nares says it is a northern word for pea-shell or pod, and this is correct. Cf. Cotgrave, sub *Goussepillier*, 'to take pulse out of the swads.' It probably passed thence into a term of contempt as indicating rusticity or something contemptible. So Ben Jonson, *Tale of a Tub*, ii. 1, 'A blunt squat swad'; and Gabriel Harvey, *Pierces Super.* (Works, ii. 287), 'A verie Chimera to this swad of swaddes.'

XVII.

This expresses Melissa's gloom and depression at having to marry a suitor whom she does not love, or be guilty of disobedience to her father.

XVIII.

The points of this poem will not be clear without the prose context. 'One of the Caldees having an insight into the lascivious lyfe of <the young prince Psamnetichus> persuaded him to desist from such fading pleasures, whose momentary delights did breede lasting reproche and infamie: the young Prince making light account of his words went into his studye and writ him an answer sonnet-wise to this effect.'

21. *cares*: 'cures' would make better sense.

XIX.

The reply of the old man.

XX.

'Done by a lover whose mistress was hard-hearted.'

15. *shines*: see note on LVII. 19.

XXII.

From *Pandosto, or The Triumph of Time*. The first Quarto, 1588, was frequently reprinted. I have collated the 1614 Quarto in the British Museum. For the point of this epitaph see the romance. It reminds us of the inscription on Hero's monument, 'Done to death by slanderous tongues,' *Much Ado about Nothing*, v. 3. 3.

XXIII.

This beautiful lyric does not appear in any of the early editions of *Pandosto*. When it first appeared I cannot say, for I have not been able to collate several of the reprints. Dyce reprints it from the edition of 1694.

12. The expression 'compass'd . . . with . . . canker'd flower' is certainly not very intelligible; and flower can scarcely be repeated. Dyce adopts Rev. J. Mitford's conjecture 'bower,' supported by *infra*, LXVI. 19 'Solemne and sad within a withered bower.'

XXIV.

The verses which follow from the present to XXXVII inclusive are from *Menaphon*. My text is the Quarto of 1589, collated with the reprint of 1610. It was first printed in Quarto in 1587, but that edition I have not been able to procure, if indeed it be in existence.

6. *fauchens*: the word is directly from the French *fauchon*, and the Elizabethan spelling generally follows it, instead of the Italian form *falcione*. It is sometimes spelt 'fauchin.'

XXVI.

With this charming lyric cf. the lullaby in *Patient Grissil*.

XXVII.

Cf. the old proverb so often quoted by the Elizabethan writers, *Aquila non capit muscas*.

XXX.

6. For *pheare* see note on *Looking Glasse*, l. 1490.

XXXII.

10. *waile . . . bemonings*: Dyce suggests 'waile,' apparently not being aware that that is the reading in the 1610 Quarto; he also unnecessarily proposes 'moanings' for the reading of the Quartos.

XXXIII.

13. Dyce appositely compares *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 170:

'Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strond,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.'

25. Burns could hardly have been a reader of Greene, but a writer in *Notes and Queries*, vol. xi, First Series, p. 66, aptly compares:

'Her cheeks like lilies steeped in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.'

Greene's gorgeous and elaborate picture may be compared with the *Song of Solomon*, from whom he seems to have borrowed some touches, with Ovid's description of Corinna, *Amores* v. 17 seqq., but more particularly with Ariosto's description of Alcina (*Orl. Fur.* vii. st. 11 seqq.), of Olympia (*id.* canto xi. st. 65 seqq.), with Tasso's description of Armida (*Gerusal. Lib.*, canto iv. st. 27-32), with

Spenser's of Belpheobe, *F. Q.* ii. 3. 24 seqq.; and of his bride, *Epithalamion*, ll. 148 seqq.; of Venus in *Britain's Ida*, canto iii. 2.

39. *where Senesse woons*. I can make nothing of this. 'Senesse' may possibly be a corruption of Cynus: for the transformation of Cynus, the friend of Phaeton, into a swan, see Ovid, *Met.* ii. 366 seqq., and Virgil, *Aen.* x. 188-93. Three other youths of this name were also fabled to have been changed into swans. See Ovid, *Met.* vii. 371 seqq., *id.* xii. 144. Ariosto describes Ferrara as the 'bella terra,' where 'Cigno si vesti di bianche 'piume,' *Orl. Fur.* iii. st. 34. In *England's Parnassus* the words are omitted.

62. *truchman*: generally spelt 'truchman,' from the French *trucheman*, but sometimes 'trouchman.' It is of frequent occurrence in the Elizabethan writers, but became obsolete in the seventeenth century. To the illustrations in Nares and Halliwell add Whetstone, *Heptameron*, 'For he that is the Truchman of a strangers tongue may well declare his meaning'; Peele, *Polyhymnia*, 47, 'And having by his trouchman pardon crav'd'; *Queen of Arragon*, ii. 1, 'And now I have with labour attain'd the language I'll thy truchman be.'

65. *complaine*: I alter with Dyce, though 'am plaine' may possibly be defended.

XXXIV.

22. *taint*: see note on *Frier Bacon*, l. 67.

39. *stowre*: 'stour,' 'stower,' or 'stowre' means properly a battle or contest, so tumult and disorder; then it came to mean trouble or distress, and in all these meanings it is common in the Elizabethan writers. Dyce, however, noticing the difficulty, takes it to mean here 'time or moment,' and supports this by a quotation from Lodge's *Forbonius and Prisceria*:

'Whose dire disdaine (the god that kindles love,
And makes impressions strangely from above,
Misliking) strake with fancie at that stowre';

but the word here is ambiguous, and he might have quoted other passages, particularly in Spenser, where it is equally ambiguous; cf. *infra*, XLIII. 89, 'So did Phillis at that stowre'; and LXX. 41. It is possible that it might mean a 'crisis,' and so pass to mean, a particular moment. Greene is often very loose in his phraseology, and perhaps hardly troubled about precision in meaning here.

53. The Fons Acidalius was, according to Servius, *Comment. on Aeneid*, i. 720, a fountain near Orchomenus in Boeotia, where the Graces used to bathe, 'in quo se Gratiae lavant,' the right explanation, he says, of the epithet 'Acidalia' applied to Venus, as the Graces were consecrated to her. This fountain seems, however, to have been quite unknown to geographers. Allusions to it are very frequent in the Elizabethan poets, who were doubtless attracted by its musical name.

XXXV.

1. *cobs*: I alter with Dyce, as doubtful as he whether what is meant are 'cob-apples,' 'cob-nuts,' or the loaves called 'cobs.'

XXXVI.

With this compare Shakespeare's 129th Sonnet.

XXXVII.

14. *Astraeus* was the father of the primaeval stars. Dyce compares Aratus, *Phaenom.* 98-9:

'Ἀστραῖος . . . ὃν ῥά τέ φασιν
ἄστρον ἀρχαίων πατέρ' ἔμμεναι,

and cf. Marlowe and Nash, *Dido*, i. 1:

'Ay, me! the stars surpris'd like Rhesus' steeds
Are drawn by darkness forth Astraeus' tents.'

Mitford (see Dyce's note) notices the parallel between this passage and a passage in the *Thracian Wonder*, printed in Webster's Works, first edition, Dyce, iv. p. 211.

XXXVIII.

From *Tullie's Love*. The three Quartos collated have been those of 1589, 1597, and 1605.

XXXIX.

Neither in scansion nor in purity of Latinity do these Sapphics reflect much honour on Greene's scholarship.

XL.

3. As Dyce remarks, Greene seems to have forgotten that Venus had the name of Erycina from mount Eryx: an obvious correction would be 'Erycina's mount,' but Dyce doubts whether Greene would have so written. Greene seems to have been under the impression that there was some place called Erycine; see *infra*, LXVII. 8.

10. *Must it be Mars?* Dyce well queries 'must I be Mars?' but there is no reason to alter.

XLI.

4. There is no point in *Daphnis*, and much point in *Daphne*, which I therefore adopt from Dyce.

XLII.

These elegiacs—if we except *Venustata* . . . *verbis*, the fifth line, *Rubea* in line 7, *lilius* in 8, and the questionable Latinity in 10—are respectable, and much above the level of the average Latin verse of the Elizabethan writers. The English version hardly corresponds, even as a paraphrase, to the Latin.

XLIII.

12. *musicke*: Dyce reads 'music,' but perhaps the plural was intended.

XLIV.

The three following poems are from *Orpharion*. The only edition extant, or at all events known to be extant, is dated 1599, but it was probably written and perhaps published in the spring of 1590, as in the Address prefixed to *Perimedes*, published in 1588, Greene mentions that it was his intention to give it to the world 'next term.' 'I vowe to make amends in my Orpharion, which I promise to make you merry with next tearme.' We learn from the Address to it that there had been a delay of a year in bringing it out, and that at last it had 'crept forth in the spring.' In *Greene's Funeralls*, by R. B. (1594), it is mentioned among his other published writings.

12. It is certainly surprising to find Theseus helping Orpheus, and to find Eurydice in love with Pluto.

XLVI.

Compare with this XV, and see note there.

XLVII.

The following poems to LII inclusive are from *Greene's Mourning Garment*. It appeared originally in 1590, but that edition I have not been able to procure, nor do I know whether any copy of it is extant. It was reprinted in 1616, and that is the text I print.

18. *welts*: see note on *Frier Bacon*, l. 1993.

21. *side*: see note on l. 17.

29. *whigge* is from the A.S. *hwæg*, and is a thin liquor made from whey. See Nares and Halliwell for a full account of the word.

30. *ligge*: from the A.S. *licgan*, through the M.E. *liggen*, to lie; it is not uncommon in the Elizabethan writers, but was becoming obsolete, and is only, I think, found in those who affect archaism. Spenser uses the plural, *Shepherd's Calendar*, May, l. 217, 'Many wilde beastes ligen in waite.' Cf. *F. Q.* vi. 4. 40, 'His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost.'

42. *Alderleefest*: see note on *James IV*, l. 2403.

57. *May*: maid, A.S. *mæg*. This is an archaic form of Chaucer, *Troilus*, v. 1720, 'But trewely, Criseyde, swete may'; Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 1. 11, 'How shamefully that may he did torment.' Nares and Halliwell quote *Percy Relics*, vol. i. 4. 43, 'But deerlye he loved this may.'

XLVIII.

Compare this charming poem with the lines beginning, 'Ah! what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!' in 3 *Henry VI*, ii. 5. 41,

and with the soliloquy in *Henry V*, iv. 1. 250 seqq. Cf. also Peele's *Hunting of Cupid*:

'What thing is love, for wel I wot love is a thing?
It is a prick, it is a sting,
It is a prettie, prettie thing.'

42. *syth*: A.S. *sīð*, time. It was almost obsolete at the end of the sixteenth century; it is often used in Spenser (cf. *F. Q.* iii. 10. 33, 'And humbly thanked him a thousand sith'), who uses it also in the plural form (*Shep. Cal.*, Jan., 49, 'A thousand sithes I curse that careful hour').

45. *Where*: Dyce's correction seems certain, as it is not likely that the 'where' of the preceding stanzas would be changed here.

L.

5. *record* is commonly used for singing or tuning. In Coles's *Dictionary* we have, 'To record as birds, *certatim modulari, alternis canere*.' Cf. *Old Wives Tale*, ad init., 'The lark is merry, and records her notes'; *Penelope's Web* (Works, v. 179), 'She fell to work and hearing the prettie birds recording their sweete and pleasant note, she warbled,' &c.: from the Latin *recordare* through the Old French *recorder*.

39. The Rev. J. Mitford endeavours to defend Greene for this apparent blunder in mythology by suggesting that 'Cytherea,' as an epithet of Venus, is used as a generic term for a lady-love; i.e. Cynthia was the *Cytherea* of Endymion. See Dyce's note.

LI.

8. *eyes gree* is both dissonant and obscure, but is probably right; 'gree' means here, as often, pleasure, or favour; she was delighted with what grieved her.

72. Dyce thinks 'eyes' is an error caused by the occurrence of the word in the next line, but he suggests no remedy; it is probably only due to haste and carelessness. Cf. LXXXI. 13, 'Who chain blind youths in tramels of their hayre.'

79. Obscurity again, due to haste. Dyce's queried suggestion 'dews' is very plausible, and may be right. Cf. LII. 10, 'And teares, like dewe, be-drencht vpon his face.'

LII.

7. *linne*: cease, leave off, from A.S. *linnan*; it is common in Elizabethan English, but became obsolete in the seventeenth century. See for ample illustrations Nares and Halliwell, and add Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 3. 30, 'And if he then with victorie can lin,' and *Return from Parnassus*, 'Whose name is time who never lins to run.'

20. The Alexandrine is unusual, but need not be suspected.

LIII.

This and the following poems to LXXI inclusive, are from *Never too Late*. It was originally published in 1590, and was reprinted in 1600, 1607, 1616, 1631, and in a copy with no date. I have collated Q. 1590 and Q. 1607, which are in the British Museum, and 1600, which is in the Bodleian. The variations are not at all important.

17. *he plaines*. Though Love is often feminine as Venus, it must be masculine here as Cupid; see *infra*, l. 28.

32. *decyphred*: this is a favourite word of Greene's; he uses it in the sense of to set forth or describe, and to display or indicate.

37. *approue*: in the common sense of 'prove.'

LVI.

33. *borrow*: give warrant, guarantee, assure. It properly means to receive money on trust, to borrow in the ordinary sense. A.S. *borgian* and M.E. *borwen*; it then passed into the sense in which it is used here: cf. the vulgarism, 'I'll go bail for that.' *N.E.D.* (s.v.) quotes *The Squire of Low Degree*, l. 451:

'I shall borowe for seven yere
He shall not wedde my doughter dere.'

LVII.

19. *shine* is here 'active, cf. *supra*, XX. 15, 'Her eyes shines fauour, courtesie, and grace.' So in Milton, *Paradise Lost*.

LVIII.

30. *darkt*: see note on *Orlando Furioso*, l. 969.

37. *straines*: I know of no exact parallel to this use of the word; it evidently means pompous struts, laborious efforts to proceed with dignity. Drayton, *Polyolbion*, vi. 182-3, describing the Wye, says, in a curiously illustrative passage (quoted by Nares and Halliwell):

'The often wandering Wye, her passages to view,
As wantonly she strains in her lascivious course.'

The word is frequently applied to a river pursuing an impeded course.

38. With 'heuens brasse-paued way' cf. Homer's *χάλκεος οὐρανός*, *Iliad*, xvii. 425.

43. The constellation usually called Bootes. Cf. Aratus, *Phaen.* 92; Cicero, *De Nat. Deor.* ii. 42. 109; and Hyginus, *Poet. Astron.* ii. 4. Its brightness is referred to by Greene more than once. See the romance from which this poem is taken (Works, viii. 36): 'As the star Artophillex is brightest yet setteth soonest.'

LIX.

This is Infida's song. I have sought in vain to find the original of these French verses. Dr. Paget Toynbee is of opinion that they were

in all probability Greene's own composition, doubting whether any Frenchman would have written 'bel' before a consonant.

LX.

This poem is printed, as Dyce notes, in Hind's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606, p. 91, where it is described as 'borrowed of a worthy writer.' Hind's text varies from that of the Quartos: he anticipates Dyce in correcting 'blossomes' in l. 7 to 'blossome'; his text is evidently that of the 1600 Quarto.

16. Dyce alters 'Oh' into 'Or'; he may be right, but I prefer to retain the reading of the Quartos.

20. *lauolta*: a very favourite word with the Elizabethan poets, written in four forms—*lavolta*, *lavolt*, *lavalto*, *levalto*. 'It was a kind of dance for two persons, consisting a good deal in high and active bounds,' Nares and Halliwell; it is described in Sir John Davies, *Orchestra*, st. 70:

'Yet is there one the most delightful kind,
A loftie jumping or a leaping round,
Where arm in arm two dancers are entwined
And while themselves with strict embracements bound,
And still their feet an anapest do sound:
An anapest is all their music's song.'

Of its origin Scott (quoted by Nares and Halliwell) in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, E. 5. b, says, 'Those night walking or rather night dancing witches brought out of Italy into France that dance which is called *la volta*.' The epithet usually applied to it was 'light.' So Massinger, *City Madam*, iii. 1, 'We come not to fright you but to make you mery, a light levolta.' *Duke of Florence*, iv. 11, 'Dance a light lavolta with her.' It is employed with exquisite poetic felicity to the sunbeam dancing on the waves. See *Menaphon* (Works, v. 36), 'Noting how Phoebus fetched his Levaltos on the purple plaines of Neptunus, as if he had meant to have courted Thetis in the royalty of his robes.' So again of the Dolphin's playing, *Frier Bacon*, ll. 980-2:

'Like *Thetis* shalt thou wanton on the waues,
And draw the Dolphins to thy louely eyes,
To daunce lauoltas in the purple streames.'

It is also used of love sparkling in the eyes. See the beautiful line in *The Return from Parnassus*, v. 1:

'Love

Dances levaltos in her speaking eye.'

27. See XXXIII. 25.

LXI.

5. *yblent*: blend, A.S. *blondan* and M.E. *blenden*, is to mix together, so to spoil with mixing, to corrupt. So Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 5. 5,

'So has thou oft with guile thine honour blent,' and *Ruines of Time*, l. 1330, 'And thy throne royal with dishonour blent.' Cf. the *Looking Glasse*, l. 521, 'My Hesperus by cloudie death is blent.' Then it came to have the sense 'confounded,' like the Lat. *confusus*, as here and in *James IV*, l. 1761, 'Then all the helpe of *Scotland* should be blent.'

18. *stales*: decoys; A.S. *stalu*, theft, M.E. *stale*, the usual word for decoy in the Elizabethan writers. Cf. *Mamillia* (Works, ii. 17), 'He had been too sore canvased in the nettes to strike at every stale.' Cf. *Looking Glasse*, l. 1966, 'Hence, tooles of wrath, stales of temptation!' So courtesans are habitually called 'stales.'

28. *blin*: to 'blinne' is to cease, A.S. *blinnan*; cf. *infra*, LXX. 63, 'When in the Ballance Daphnes Lemman blins,' and *Glasgerion* (*Percy's Reliques*, sect. iii. bk. i. vii):

'Strike on Glasgerion
Of thy striking doe not blinne';

and *Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, v. 2:

'She never would blin telling how his grace
Sav'd her young son.'

It is used actively by Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 5:

'For nathemore for that spectacle bad
Did th' other two their cruel vengeance *blin*.'

LXII.

9. *sackles* is guiltless, innocent, A.S. *saclēas*, from *sacu* lawsuit, accusation, and *lēas*. In Scotch it has the sense of useless, silly, feeble. See Jamieson, s. v. It often occurs in Greene's novels. So *Pandosto* (Works, iv. 263), 'I will offer my guiltless blood a sacrifice to those sackles soules'; *Mirroure of Modesty* (Works, iii. 37), 'Thou hast . . . borne false witsnesse against the sacklesse soul.'

22. *secret-searching time*. This admirable emendation of Walker's, adopted by Dyce, restores the metre, and is supported by LVIII. 6, 'From setting foorth heauens secret searching eie.'

LXIII.

6. Dyce suggests 'That' for 'The,' and would, I suppose, remove the colon in l. 5. I prefer to retain the text of the Quartos.

LXIV.

3. *siege*, as usual in Elizabethan English, means 'seat,' the strict French meaning: to modern ears the word is a lucky substitute in this place.

5. *prest*: see note on *Alphonsus*, l. 1227.

LXV.

73. *mine eare vpon mine arme*: Dyce proposes to substitute for the reading of the Quarto of 1590 that of the Quarto of 1600, being under the impression that it was a correction of his own. He has before suggested as his own the corrections of the 1600 Quarto, which he had apparently not consulted.

91. *Nymph*: Dyce's substitution of the singular for the plural is clearly right.

106. Dyce omits the Latin line, unjustifiably.

LXVI.

21. Mars must have been a heavy load. Greene has too many of these sillinesses. The whole of this poem is a revelry of nonsense.

LXVII.

8. *Erecine*: see note on XL. 3.

LXVIII.

62. *lous braids*. This is not easy to explain. Dyce suggests that it means crafts, deceits, and quotes *All's Well that Ends Well*, iv. 2. 73, 'Since Frenchmen are so braid.' The *N.E.D.*, which connects it with the Old Norse *bregðask*, to change unexpectedly, to deceive, gives some instances of the word being apparently used in this sense, as in Robert of Brunne, *Chron.*, 'Full stille away he went, þat was a theue's braid.' Its more obvious meaning, about which there can be no ambiguity, is in the sense of assaults and attacks, as in Golding's Translation of Ovid's *Met.* xiii, 'To have Ulysses ever a companion of the braid.' The original meaning of the word indicated a sudden movement, A.S. *bregdan*, and from this have been deduced the various meanings attached to it. For its history and etymology see *N.E.D.*

LXIX.

6. *stoand horse*: a stallion. Cf. Cotgrave, s. v. *entier*, 'Cheval entier, a stone-horse.' The French verses may again be expected to be Greene's own composition; such an hiatus as 'je serai un jeune roi' would scarcely have been possible in a French poet.

LXX.

23. The bull which bore away Europa is said to have been in Chaucer's phrase 'stellified' as a reward. This rests, according to Eratosthenes, on the authority of Euripides, *Καραστερισμοί*, xiv, Ταῦρος οὗτος λέγεται ἐν τοῖς ἄστροις τεθῆναι διὰ τὸ Εὐρώπην ἀγαγεῖν ἐκ Φοινίκης εἰς Κρήτην διὰ τοῦ πελάγους, ὡς Εὐριπίδης φησὶν ἐν τῷ Φρίξῃ. See too Hyginus, *Poet. Astron.* ii. 21.

30. *vade*: pass away, from Lat. *vadere*; not the same word

as 'fade,' as Skeat says, nor to be confounded with it as it often is, for it is often used with 'fade,' as in Spenser, *Ruines of Time*, xx. 13:

'Her power, dispersed through all the world doth vade,
To show that all in th' end to nought shall fade.'

Brathwaites, *Strappado for the Devil*, 1615, p. 53, 'Thy form divine, no fading, vading flower.' In many cases where it occurs it is either misprinted or confounded with 'faded,' as in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, ll. 131, 132, cited by Skeat; but often its proper force, 'vanishing, going away, or vanished and gone,' will be lost if it is confused with 'faded.' So in Greene, *Carde of Fancie* (Works, iv. 92), 'Not his vading riches but his renowned virtues'; and Peele, *Arraignment of Paris*, i. 5, 'Reproves disdain and tells how form doth vade.'

41. *stowre*: see note on XXXIV. 39.

63. *blins*: see note on LXI. 23.

88. *baine*: from the French *baigner*.

LXXI.

The following pieces from the present to LXXIV inclusive are from the *Farewell to Follie*, which was first printed in 1590 and reprinted in 1617. The two Quartos have been collated; the variants are many, but chiefly in differences of spelling. This first poem is an alteration and abridgement of *supra*, IV.

LXXII.

The sentiments in this beautiful poem are platitudes with the Elizabethan poets, but it may be compared with Lodge's 'Old Damon's Pastoral' in *England's Helicon*, and the still more charming lyric 'Art thou poor,' &c., in *Patient Grissell*.

LXXIII.

These verses are introduced thus: 'I allow those pleasing poems of Guazzo, which begin *Chi spinto d'amore*.' The attribution of the original of these verses to Guazzo—whether Marco Guazzo or Stefano Guazzo be meant—appears to be a fiction. The most careful search through all the extant works of both of these writers has failed to find anything in the least resembling them. I have also consulted the anthologies of Italian poetry popular in Greene's time for their identification, but without success.

LXXIV.

These verses are thus introduced in the novel: 'And by the waye I remember certaine verses written by our countriman Dante to this effect:

Il vizio che conduce.'

This again is fiction. There is no passage in Dante, either in the *Divine Comedy* or in his minor poems, genuine or apocryphal,

which could possibly form the original of this supposed translation. Mr. A. J. Butler has kindly confirmed my suspicion that the attribution of the verses to Dante is fictitious.

LXXV.

The next five poems, to LXXIX inclusive, are from *Philomela*. It was first printed in 1592, and reprinted in 1615 and 1631. I have not had access to the edition of 1592, but have collated the second and third Quartos.

LXXVI.

2. *geason*: see note on *A Maidens Dreame*, l. 186.

44. For the manifest corruption 'fall' in the text Dyce reads 'face'; I venture to propose 'fere.'

LXXVII.

This sonnet forms the postscript to the letter written by Lutesio to try the honour of Philomela, the wife of Philipppo.

2. *Heauen's*: I adopt Dyce's correction. The corruption is a strange one, and hardly likely to have happened with a simple word like 'heavens.' Could Greene have written '*Hemera's* bright lamp,' personifying day from the Greek?

LXXVIII.

This is Philomela's postscript to her letter in reply.

10. The emerald, as the Euphuists are constantly harping on, is the emblem of constancy, and consistency; cf. *Euphues and his England*, ed. Bond, vol. ii. p. 177, 'Loue is likened to the *Emerald* which cracketh rather then consenteth to any disloyaltie,' and cf. *Euphues—the Anatomy of Wit*, *id.* vol. i. 206 and 219.

LXXIX.

Supposed to be written by Philomela.

LXXX.

This and the following three pieces are from *The Groatesworth of Wit*, which was first published in 1592, and was reprinted in 1596, 1600, 1616–17, 1620, 1621, 1629, 1637, and in an undated edition. I have collated that of 1592 (through Dr. Grosart's transcript), that of 1617, and that of 1621.

LXXXIII.

This fable is not included in the edition of 1621.

LXXXIV.

This and the following three pieces are from *Greene's Vision*. The *Vision* exists only, so far as I can ascertain, in an edition undated, but undoubtedly published after his death, and probably just after

his death, which occurred at the beginning of September, 1592. It was no doubt one of those many papers in booksellers' hands of which Chettle speaks in the Address to the Gentlemen Readers prefixed to *Kind-Hart's Dreame*. It is stated on the title-page that it was 'written at the instant of his death,' and in the words of Newman to Nicholas Sanders that 'it was one of the last workes of a wel known author,' and again it is spoken of as this 'last vision of virtue.' This is certainly not true. It was written, as internal evidence shows, before the publication of the *Mourning Garment* in 1590. On p. 274 (Works, xii) he says, 'But for all these follies that I may with the Ninivites show in sackcloth my hartie repentaunce look as speedily as the press will serve for my mourning garment, a weede that I know is of so plaine a cut that it will please the gravest eie.' It was in fact the work which initiated his repentance. See (Works, xii) p. 273: 'My pamphlets have passed the presse and some have given them praise, but the gravest sort whose mouthes are the trumpets of true report have spoken hardly of my labours. . . . I will begin from henceforth to hate all such follies, and to write of matters of some import: either moral to discover the active course of virtue, how man should direct his life to the perfect felicity,' &c. Again: 'Hence forth Father Gower fare-well, the insight I have had into love's secrets, let Venus rest in her spheare.' On *id.* p. 274 there is a reference to his unfinished novel *Never too Late* (published in 1590). Speaking of his determination not to write any more amorous pamphlets, he adds, 'Onely this (father Gower) I must end my *nunquam sera est* and for that I crave pardon,' and that the Latin proverb is the title to the novel is proved by the fact that Greene speaks of it by the motto; cf. the Epistle Dedicatory to *Never too Late*, 'this pamphlet shall be attributed to your worship as to the man by whose meanes this *Nunquam sera* came to light.' It will be observed, too, that there is the same reference to Nineveh; indeed, the whole of the preface to the *Mourning Garment* is little more than a repetition of the promises which in the *Vision* he makes to Gower and Chaucer, and embodies in the Ode. This is confirmed also by the opening sentence, where he says, 'After I was burdened with the penning of the *Cobler of Canterbury* I waxed passing melancholy.' Now the *Cobler of Canterbury* was an invective against *Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatory*, which was licensed June 26, 1590, to Thomas Newman and Thomas Gubbin, though no copy earlier than the edition of 1630 is extant. We may with much probability assume that *Tarleton's Newes* was published at the time or shortly after it was licensed, and that the invective must have appeared not long after the publication of the *Newes*, presumably then in 1590. See for more on this question the General Introduction. Dyce, who says that his acquaintance with this piece was confined to the description

and the extracts from it in Collier's Introduction to *Pandosto*, does not print it.

91. I correct 'places' for 'place,' an obviously necessary correction.

LXXXV.

10. *side*: see note on l. 1. 17.

11. *water Chamlet*: also Camelot, Chamelot, or Chamblet. The derivation of this word is uncertain, but it was a kind of stuff originally made of silk and of the hair of the Angora goat. Water or watered camelot was camelot with a wavy or watered surface. Cotgrave's 'Camelot à ondes.' Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.*, iv. 11. 45, 'Vesture . . . with glittering spangs . . . and wav'd upon like watered Chamelot,' and Bacon, *New Atlantis* (Bacon's Works, ed. Bohn, vol. i. 203), 'He had on him a gowne with wide sleeves of a kind of water-chamblet of an excellent azure colour.'

12. *whittell* is explained by Coles as *cultellus*; it was a small clasp knife, and also a dirk or dagger. Cf. *Hick Scorer* (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, i. 168), 'Sheathe your *whittle*.' Nares and Halliwell quote Hall, *Sat.*, 'This knife a very dull whittle may cut asunder.'

LXXXVII.

Not printed by Dyce.

LXXXVIII.

Not printed by Dyce.

11. *Bisse*, spelt also *bise*, *bis*, *lys*, is from the Greek *βύσσω* through the Old French *bysse*, fine linen, but Roquefort, *Glosse de la langue romane*, i. 196, explains it as 'sorte d'étoffe de soie'; it seems to have been used vaguely for a fine fabric. Cf. *Tullie's Love*, 'Clad in a robe of Bisse so thine as the whiteness of her skin did appeare'; and *A Knack to know a Knave* (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vi. 56):

'I will be attir'd in cloth of bisse

Beset with Orient pearles fetch'd from rich India';

Peele's *Honour of the Garter*, l. 190, 'Under a canopie of crimson bysse.'

APPENDIX

IN 1600 appeared the anthology entitled *England's Parnassus*: 'Englands Parnassus: or the choysest Flowers of our Moderne Poets, with Poeticall comparisons: Descriptions of Bewties, Personages, Castles, Pallaces, Mountaines, Groues, Seas, Springs, Riuers, &c. Whereunto are annexed other various discourses, both pleasaunt and profitable. Imprinted at London for N. L. C. B. and T. H., 1600.' The dedication and address to the reader, which are in verse, are signed with the initials R. A., and of this collection R. A. was the compiler; and there can be little doubt that R. A. was Robert Allot¹. Allot's variants in his readings are sometimes remarkable, and seem to indicate that he had taken his quotations from copies which are not now extant, or at all events known, though many of them are probably, and some of them certainly, mere errors in transcription or printers' blunders. No confidence can be placed in Allot's accuracy in the assignment of his quotations, which are not infrequently so absurdly erroneous that we can only suppose either that he resorted recklessly to conjecture, or that his transcripts had got mixed. He assigns, for example, to Greene three passages from Spenser—two from *Virgil's Gnat* and one from *Mother Hubbard's Tale* (see 22, 24, and 25); and he attributes (pp. 361, 399) to D. (=Dr.) Lodge lines 1323-45 of the *Looking Glasse* and the verses to Samela in *Menaphon*². His attribution of *Selinus* to Greene has been discussed elsewhere (see General Introduction). To Greene Allot assigns altogether thirty-two extracts. Of these all, with the exception of 4, 6, 8, 10, 11, 15, 21, 24, and 32, were identified by Collier. Numbers 6, 8, 10, 15, 21, 24, and 32 have been identified by Mr. P. A. Daniel, and 4 and 11 by Dr. Grosart. For the reasons stated I have thought it desirable to print Allot's citations *in extenso*.

I.

—Beautie is a baine

To such as feed their fancy with fond loue,
That when sweet youth with lust is ouerthrowne,
It rues in age.

Under 'Beautie,' p. 18. *Perimedes*, p. 292, col. 2 (Dyce), *supra*, p. 246.

¹ See Dr. Farmer's MS. note in his copy of the *Parnassus* in the British Museum, where he records that he had seen a copy of the work with the initials filled up, R[obert] A[llot], in contemporary handwriting.

² There may possibly be other extracts in the *Parnassus* taken from Greene and assigned to other poets.

II.

Where *Venus* strikes with Beautie to the quicke,
 It little vailes safe reason to apply:
 Fewe are the cares for such as are loue sicke,
 But loue.

Under 'Beautie,' p. 18. *Perimedes*, p. 293, col. 1 (Dyce), *supra*, p. 246.

III.

—The Court is counted *Venus* net,
 Where gifts and vows, forestalls are often set:
 None be so chaste as *Vesta*, but shall meete,
 A curteous tongue, to charme her eares with sweete.

Under 'Court,' p. 42. *James IV*, ll. 222-5.

IV.

He that will stop the brooke must then begin
 When sommers heat hath dried vp the spring:
 And when his pittering streames are low and thin.
 For let the winter aid vnto them bring,
 He growes to be of watry fouds the king:
 And though you damme him vp with loftie rankes,
 Yet will he quickly ouerflow his bankes.

Under 'Delaie,' p. 55. *Selimus*, ll. 503-9 (Temple Dramatists).

V.

Demogorgon ruler of the Fates.

Under 'Fate,' p. 86. *Orlando Furioso*, l. 1272. See also *Frier Bacon*, l. 1636, '*Demogorgon maister of the fates*.'

VI.

Whom feare constraines to praise their Princes deeds,
 That feare eternall, hatred in them feeds.

Under 'Feare,' pp. 89-90. *Selimus*, ll. 1389-90.

VII.

The bodies wound, by medicines may be eased,
 But griefes of heart, by salues are not appeased.

Under 'Heart,' p. 129. *James IV*, ll. 1662-3.

VIII.

Hate hits the hie, and windes force tallest towers.
 Hate is peculiar to a Princes State.

Under 'Hate,' p. 129. Collier wrongly attributes both lines to *James IV*. The second line is in *Selimus*, l. 1396. The first line I have not traced.

APPENDIX

IX.

Who passeth iudgement for his priuate gaine,
He well may iudge he is adiudg'd to paine.

Under 'Justice,' p. 155. *Looking Glasse*, ll. 726-7.

X.

He knowes not what it is to be a King,
That thinkes a Scepter is a pleasant thing.

Under 'Kings,' p. 157. *Selimus*, ll. 39-40. Collier wrongly attributes the lines to *James IV*.

XI.

Too true that tyrant *Dyonisyus*
Did picture out the image of a king:
When *Damocles* was placed in his throne,
And ore his head a threatning sword did hang,
Fastened vp only by a horses haire.

Under 'Kings,' p. 158. *Selimus*, ll. 853-7.

XII.

Where whoredome raignes, there murder follows fast,
As falling leaues before the winters blast.

Under 'Lechery,' p. 164. *Looking Glasse*, ll. 893-4.

XIII.

The Rose although in thornie shrubs she spread,
Is still the Rose, her bewties waxe not dead.
And noble mindes, although the court be bare,
Are by resemblance knowne how great they are.

Under 'Nobilitie,' p. 219. *James IV*, ll. 1428-31.

XIV.

The head that deemes to ouertop the skie,
Shall perish in his humane pollicie.

Under 'Pollicie,' p. 240. *Looking Glasse*, ll. 1724-5.

XV.

Heauens are propitious vnto fearfull prayers.

Under 'Prayer,' p. 242. *Looking Glasse*, l. 2014.

XVI.

Sinnes haue their salues, repentance can do much.

Under 'Repentance,' p. 253. *Frier Bacon*, l. 1843.

XVII.

Seld speaketh loue, but sighes his secret paines,
Teares are his truch-men, words do make him tremble.

Under 'Teares,' p. 282. *Menaphon*, p. 290, col. 1 (Dyce).

XVIII.

Few words well coucht, doe most content the wise.

Under 'Words,' p. 309. *Menaphon*, p. 289, col. 2 (Dyce), *supra*, p. 258.

XIX.

Discurteous women natures fairest ill,
The woe of man, that first createst curse,
Base female sexe, sprung from blacke *Ates* loynes,
Proude, disdainefull, cruell, and uniust,
Whose words are shaded with inchaunting wiles,
Worse then *Medusa*, mateth all our mindes;
And in their hearts sits shameles trecherie,
Turning a truthlese vile circumference,
O could my fury paint their furies forth,
For hell, no hell compared to their hearts,
Too simple diuelles, to conceiue their arts;
Borne to be plagues vnto the thoughts of men,
Brought for eternall pestilence to the world.

Under 'Women,' p. 315. *Orlando Furioso*, ll. 672-84.

XX.

If crooked age accounteth youth his spring,
The spring the fayrest season of the yeere,
Enricht with flowers, and sweetes, and many a thing
That fayre and glorious to the eye appeares:
It fits that youth the spring of man should bee;
Richt with such flowers as vertue getteth thee.

Under 'Youth,' p. 322. *Perimedes*, p. 293, col. 1 (Dyce), *supra*, p. 246.

XXI.

— *Lycaons* sonne,

The hardy plough-swaine vnto mightie *Ioue*,
Hath trac'd his siluer furrowes in the heauen,
And turning home his ouer-watched teeme,
Giues leaue vnto *Apolloes* chariot.

Under 'The Diuision of the day naturall—Diliculum,' pp. 326-7. *Orlando Furioso*, ll. 374-8.

XXII.

By this the night from forth the darksome bower
Of *Erebus*, her teemed steedes gan call,
And lazie *Vesper* in his timely howre,
From golden *Oeta* gan proceede withall.

Under 'Vesper,' p. 333. Spenser, *Virgil's Gnat*, ll. 313-6.

XXIII.

The fairest flower that glories Affrica,
 Whose beautie Phebus dare not dash with showres,
 Ouer whose climate neuer hung a cloude,
 But smiling Titan lights the Horizon.

Under 'Of Aegipt,' p. 349. *Orlando Furioso*, ll. 16-9.

XXIV.

The heauens on euery side inclosed be,
 Black stormes and foggs are blowen vp from farre,
 That now the Pilot can no Load-starre see,
 But skies and Seas doe make most dreadfull warre ;
 The billowes striuing to the heauens to reach,
 And th' heauens striuing them for to impeach.

Under 'Of Tempests,' p. 364. Spenser, *Virgil's Gnat*, ll. 571-6.

XXV.

It was the month in which the righteous mayde,
 That for disdaine of sinfull worlds vpbraid,
 Fled backe to heauen where she was first conceiu'd
 Into her siluer bower the sunne receiu'd,
 And the hote Syrian dog on him awayting
 After the chafed Lyons cruell bayting,
 Corrupted had the ayre with noysome breath,
 And powrd on earth, plague, pestilence and dearth (*sic*).

Under 'August,' p. 369. Spenser, *Mother Hubbard*, ll. 1-8.

XXVI.

Disquiet thoughts the minutes of her watch,
 Forth from her Caue the fiend full oft doth flie,
 To Kings she goes and troubles them with warres,
 Setting those high aspiring bonds on fire ;
 That flame from earth vnto the seate of *Ioue* :
 To such as *Midas*, men that dote on wealth,
 And rent the bowels of the middle earth
 For coine; who gape as did faire *Danae*
 For showres of gold; there discontent in blacke,
 Throwes forth the violls of her restlesse cares
 To such as set at *Paphos* for releefe :
 And offer *Venus* many solemne voves
 To such as *Hymen* in his saffron robe
 Hath knit a gordian knot of passions
 To these, to all, parting the gloomy ayre
 Blacke discontent doth make her bad repaire.
 Obscure and darke is all the gloomy aire,

The curtaine of the night is ouer-spread ;
 The silent mistresse of the lowry speare,
 Put on her sable coloured vale and lower,
 Nor starre, nor milk-white circle of the skie,
 Appeares where Discontent doth hold her lodge,
 She sits shrin'd in a canapy of clouds,
 Whose massie darknes mazeth euery sence,
 Wan is her lookes, her cheekes of azure hue,
 Her haire as *Gorgons* foule retorting snakes ;
 Enuie the glasse, wherein the hag doth gaze,
 Restlesse the clocke that chimes her fast a sleepe.

Under 'Of Discontent,' p. 377. *Perimedes*, p. 292, col. 2 (Dyce). This No. 26 should really include the whole of the 'Ditty,' commencing 'Obscure and dark,' *supra*, p. 245. The printer blundered: he printed the *second half* commencing 'Disquiet thoughts,' and gave Greene's name at the end. Then he followed with the *first half*, as a separate extract, without any author's name. The punctuation in line 10 is plainly wrong in the original; I have corrected it.

XXVII.

Her locks are plighte like the fleece of wooll
 That *Iason* with his Grecian mates atchiu'd,
 As pure as gold, yet not from gold deriu'd,
 As full of sweets, as sweet of sweetes is full:
 Her browes are pretty tables of conceate
 Where Loue his records of delight doth quote,
 On them her dallying locks doe daily floate,
 As loue ful oft doth feede vpon the baite.
 Her eyes, faire eyes, like to the purest lights
 That animate the sunne, or cheere the day,
 In whom the shining sun-beames brightly play
 Whilst fancie doth on them deuine delights.
 Her cheekes like ripened Lillies steept in wine,
 Or fayre Pomegranate kirkels washt in milke,
 Or snow-white threds in nets of Crimson silke,
 Or gorgeous clowdes vpon the sunnes decline.
 Her lips like Roses ouer-washt with dew,
 Or like the Purple of *Narcissus* flowre,
 No frost theyr faire, no wind doth wrest theyr powre,
 But by her breath theyr beauties do renew.
 Her christal chin like to the purest mould
 Enchast with dainties, Daisies soft and white,
 Where Fairies faire pavilion once is pight,
 Whereas embras'd his beauties he doth hold.
 Her necke like to an Iuory shining towre,

Where through with azure vaines sweet Nectar runnes,
 Or like the downe of swanns,
 Or like delight that doth it selfe deuoure.
 Her paps are like fayre apples in the prime,
 As round as orient pearles, as soft as downe,
 They neuer vaile theyr faire through winters frowne,
 But from these sweets Loue suckt his sommer time :
 Her bodies beauties best esteemed bowre,
 Delicious, comely, dainty, without staine,
 The thought whereof (not toucht) hath wrought my paine.
 Whose face so faire all beauties doth distaine,
 Her maiden wombe the dwelling house of pleasure,
 Not like, for why no like surpasseth wonder :
 O blest is he may bring such beauties vnder,
 Or search by suite the secrets of that treasure.

Under 'Description of Beantie and personage,' pp. 397-9. *Menaphon*, p. 289, col. 1 (Dyce), *supra*, p. 257. In line 27 the words 'where Senesse wonnes' are omitted.

XXVIII.

Apollo when my mistris first was borne
 Cut off his locks, and left them on her head,
 And sayd, I plant these wyres in natures scorne,
 Whose lustre shall appeare when time is dead :
 From forth the christall heauen when she was made,
 The puritie thereof did taint her brow,
 On which the glistening that sought the shade
 Gan set, and there his glories doth avow.
 Those eyes, fayre eyes, too faire to be describ'd,
 Were those that erst the Chaos did reforme,
 To whom the heauens theyr beauties haue ascribd,
 That fashion life in man, in beast, in worme,
 When first her fayre delicious cheekes were wrought,
Aurora brought her blush, the Moone her white,
 Both so combinde as passed natures thought,
 Compild those prety orbes of sweet delight :
 When loue and nature once were proud with play,
 From forth theyr lips, her lips their colour drew,
 On them doth fancie sleepe, and euery day
 Doth swallow ioy such sweet delights to view.
 While one while *Venus* sonne did seeke a bowre
 To sport with *Psyche* his desired deere,
 He chose her chin, and from that happy stowre
 He neuer stints in glory to appeare.
 Desires and ioyes that long had serued loue,

Besought a hold where pretty eyes might wooe them,
 Loue made her neck, and for her best behoue
 Hath shut them there where no man can vndoe them.
 Once *Venus* dreamd vpon two pretty things,
 Her thoughts, they were affections cheefest nests,
 She suckt and sigh'd, and bath'd her in the springs,
 And when she wakt, they were my mistres breasts.
 Once *Cupid* sought a hold to couch his kisses,
 And found the body of my best belou'd,
 Wherein he cloyd the beauty of his blisses,
 And from that bower can neuer be remou'd.
 The Graces erst when *Acidalian* springs
 Were wexen dry, perhaps did finde her fountaine
 Within the bale of blisse, where *Cupids* wings
 Doe shield the Nectar fleeting from the fountaine.

Under 'Description of Beantie and personage,' pp. 404-6. *Menaphon*, p. 290,
 col. 1 (Dyce), *supra*, p. 259.

XXIX.

— Her sparkling eyes

Doe lighten forth sweet loues alluring fire
 And in her tresses she doth fold the lookes
 Of such as gaze vpon her golden hayre.
 Her bashfull white mixt with the mornings red
Luna doth boast vpon her louely cheekes:
 Her front is Beauties table, where she paints
 The glories of her gorgeous excellence:
 Her teeth are shelues of pretious Margarite,
 Richly inclosd with ruddy Currall cleeuues.

Under 'Description of Beantie and personage,' p. 408. *Frier Bacon*,
 ll. 52-61.

XXX.

Faire is my loue for Aprill in her face,
 Her louely breasts September claimes his part,
 And lordly Iuly in her eyes hath place,
 But cold December dwelleth in her hart,
 Blest be the months that sets my hart on fire
 Accurst that month that hindreth my desire.
 Like Phoebus fire, so sparkles both her eyes,
 As ayre perfum'd with Amber is her breath,
 Like swelling waues her louely teates doe rise
 As earth her hart cold, dateth me to death.
 In pompe sits mercy seated in her face,
 Loue twixt her breasts his trophies doth imprint,

Her eyes shines fasson, cortisie, and grace,
 But much her hart, wh that is made of flint.

Under 'Description of Beautie and personage,' pp. 411-2. *Perimedes*, p. 293.
 vol. 2. *Iyngre*, supra, p. 240. (The last two lines of the second and third
 verses are omitted.)

XXXI

Fayre then was the Nymph of *Mercurie*,
 Who when bright *Phaëtor* mounteth vp his coach,
 And tracks *Aurora* in her silver steps,
 And sprinkling from the folding of her lap,
 White Lillies, Roses, and sweet Violets.

Under 'Description of Beautie and personage,' p. 415. *Orlando Furioso*,
 l. 99-102.

XXXII

The Phoenix groweth on the sunnes bright beames,
 The Echineaes swims against the streames.

Under 'Phoenix,' p. 206. *Salmasius*, II. 458-9. Collier wrongly attributes
 this to *Orlando Furioso*.

XXXIII

Like to *Diana* in her sommer weede
 Girt with a Crimson robe of brightest die
 goes fayre *Samela*,
 As fayre *Aurora* in her morning gray,
 Deckt with the ruddy lustre of her loue
 is fayre *Samela*,
 Like lovely *Thetis* on a calmed day,
 When as her brightnes *Neptunes* fancie moues,
 Shines faire *Samela*.
 Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassie streames,
 Her teeth are pearle, the breasts are luory
 of faire *Samela*.
 Her cheekes like rosie-lillies yeeld forth gleames,
 Her browes bright arches, framde of Ebonie,
 thus faire *Samela*.
 Passeth faire *Venus* in her brauest hue,
 And *Iuno* in the shew of maiestie,
 for she is *Samela*.
Pallas in wit, all three if you will view,
 For beauty, wit, and matchlesse dignitie
 yeeldes faire *Samela*.

Under 'Description of Beautie and personage,' p. 399. Ascribed by the
 printer of *England's Parnassus* to D. Lodge.

GLOSSARIAL INDEX

ABBREVIATIONS USED

- A.* = Alphonsus, King of Arragon.
L. G. = A Looking Glasse for London and England.
O. F. = Orlando Furioso.
F. B. = Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay.
J. = James the Fourth.
P. = Pinner of Wakefield.
M. D. = A Maidens Dreame.

The Roman numerals refer to the Poems.

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